

WHY BOUILLON FLEET SHOULD BE USED IN PREFERENCE TO EXTRACT OF MEAT. BECAUSE BOUILLON FLEET is a natural food, and is easily assimilated. BECAUSE BOUILLON FLEET is a natural food, and is easily assimilated. BECAUSE BOUILLON FLEET is a natural food, and is easily assimilated.

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL. A SPINALL'S ENAMEL. Treasures of former days, and bygone to me, which seemed, to all appearance, past gloom, I've rescued from that den of dust and gloom. That great perpetuity—the lumber-room. And now, they glow and gladden, side by side, with sister arts, in all their former pride. There is a charm, a brightness, and a glow, by the presiding genius, ASPINALL'S.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] LONDON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1888. MILFORD LANE } STRAND.—No. 376.

See that you GET AN EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT GRATIS THIS WEEK.

THIRD EDITION. "THE PEOPLE" OFFICE. Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

HOW WE FIGHT IN THE SOUDAN.

WHAT OUR TROOPS DID. The Relief of Suakin.

We have received the following communications from the War Office:—

FROM SIR F. GRENFELL TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. SUAKIN, December 20, 8.30 A.M. Attacked trenches seven a.m. to-day, Black Brigade storming them with great gallantry. Enemy fought desperately, losing very heavily. We captured both their guns.

King's Own Borderers and Welsh punished enemy severely by their excellent volley firing. Navy assisted greatly by machine-gun fire and 66-pounder.

Enemy in full retreat on Hasheem and Handoub. No English officers touched.

Estimate Dervish loss at 400. Barrow still in pursuit. 20th Hussars charged Dervish cavalry very brilliantly. Our loss—

Killed—20th Hussars, 2,685 Private Thomas, 2,630 Private Howe, 1,461 Trumpeter Newton, 2,763 Private Jordan. Slightly Wounded—Lieutenant Brown, Royal Irish Rifles; Lieutenant David, Marines; 1,998 Private Gasley, King's Own Scottish Borderers, very slightly.

Quartermaster-sergeant Pateman, Egyptian Army, 10th Battalion, wounded; twelve 9th Battalion, five 11th Battalion, 13 others slightly wounded, but still outside with their battalions. I understand some more slight wounds with 20th Hussars.

Trenches nearly filled in; two temporary redoubts now building. English troops and black battalions are entrenched, and will bivouac on field to-night. Naval machine guns, manned by blue-jackets, will remain entrenchments.

I sent Starling and all available steamers to anchor off Handoub, with a view of preventing Handoub force coming on us during action. Dervish force so severely punished anticipate quiet night.

(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.) SUAKIN, December 20. General Grenfell attacked the rebel trenches at an early hour this morning, the men being paraded before sunrise, in accordance with an order of the day issued last night.

Under a heavy artillery fire the infantry advanced and finally rushed the redoubts and trenches in brilliant fashion. The rebels fled, those who stood the ground being bayoneted on the spot. The credit of this gallant piece of work is due to the Egyptian black regiments.

At the same time the British Hussars made a charge upon the rebel cavalry, scattering them in all directions. The cavalry are now pursuing the rebels, who are flying across the desert.

The allied forces will encamp for the present in the rebel lines and construct fresh defences there to prevent the rebels from again harassing Suakin.

The rebel loss is estimated at 500 killed and wounded. The British Hussars have six men killed and wounded, and the Egyptians thirty-two killed and wounded. No officers were killed, and only two Egyptian officers were wounded.

The victory is complete, and reflects the highest credit upon all concerned. The Egyptian forces behaved splendidly. General Grenfell's plans were admirably conceived and carried out.

(STANDARD TELEGRAM.) SUAKIN, December 20, 8.30 A.M. At half-past four o'clock this morning H.M.S. Racer opened battle firing shells at the enemy's trenches. The ships up coast followed suit. By landing parties, burning fires, and placing mines they made a demonstration to deceive the enemy coming from Handoub. The whole force moved out to the enemy's left flank, accompanied by a naval detachment with machine-guns, under Captain Paget, the cavalry and Mounted Infantry scouting and protecting flanks and rear.

The form of attack was as follows:—Two lines, composed of battalions in double companies, rushed towards the left corner of the enemy's trenches, the British infantry and Egyptians in reserve lining the embankment between the water forts, the general and staff occupying a position on the left of the Water Fort.

From five o'clock there were heavy salvos of guns and mortars from every fort bearing on the trenches. At half-past seven o'clock the force attacked the enemy, and, after a fearful fire, they rushed into the trenches, and were masters of the whole position in half an hour, the enemy taking to the bush in all directions, the cavalry and Horse Artillery giving chase, and the forts and ships firing.

The enemy were in large numbers. The troops will zero for the night. The transport, under the command of Hackett and Paine, is just going out with entrenching tools and sandbags.

The Troops Engaged.

The detail of the troops engaged was as follows:—British.—The Welsh Regiment, 300, under Colonel Smyth; Captains Parkinson and Gifford, and Lieutenants Jenkins, Thomas, Young, Hall, Pritchard and Penn.

King's Own Scottish Borderers, about 800, under Colonel Coke; Major Ross and Dixon, Captains Carver, Wigram, Macfarlane, Keene, and Pennington, and Lieutenants Wilkinson, Dent, Glendon, Connelly, Bellar, Haig, Cobbold, Rose, Carlton, Carruthers, Rattigan, Bell, and Madan.

Mounted Infantry, about 400, from various

regiments, under Colonel Barrow; Captain Tudway, Lieutenants Fox-Strangways, Fryse, Thelasson, and Ryan.

20th Hussars, 130, under Major Irwin; Captain Graham, and Lieutenants Kelly, Manton, and Jollie.

Detachments of Engineers, under Captain Foley. Medical Staff Corps, under Surgeons M'Creery, Robertson, Bond, Miles, and Rowney; and Veterinary-surgeons Case and Griffiths.

Other officers attached are Paymaster Small, Mr. Mallen, Ordnance, and Messrs. Johnson, Loader, and Chaplain, Commissariat; with Hospital Sisters Connell and Russell.

Egyptian.—First Brigade, under Colonel Kitchenier. Lieutenant McMurdo, A.D.C., Lieutenant Brown (special service).

9th Black Battalion, under Lieutenants Kempster, Campbell, and Mitford.

10th Black Battalion, under Lieutenants Donne, Martyn, and David.

12th Black Battalion, under Lieutenants Besant and Machell.

Second Brigade, under Colonel Hotted Smith. Lieutenant Hunter, A.D.C.; Lieutenant Princep, brigade-major; Captain M'Whinnie, special service; and Lieutenants Benuchamp and Beech, for special service with the cavalry.

3rd Egyptian Battalion under Lieutenants Silet and Judge.

4th Egyptian Battalion, under Lieutenants Lloyd and Hickman.

11th Black Battalion under Lieutenants Macdonald, Cotton, and Hunter.

The Egyptian and Soudanese troops numbered about 2,400 men. The medical staff were Surgeon-major Rogers, Surgeons Hayes, Pennington, Hunter, Galbraith, and Keatinge.

Naval Brigade, about 100, under Commander May; Lieutenants Shirley and Smith, of her Majesty's ship Racer, Commander Paget, Surgeon Miles, and Gunner Carvin, of her Majesty's ship Starling.

The total force numbered about 4,000 officers and men.

The Black Battalion advanced in two lines, in double companies, and assailed the enemy's left flank, the British infantry being held in reserve, together with the Egyptian troops, while the general and his staff took up a position facing the enemy's position. The black troops charged at the trenches in the most gallant fashion, supported by a heavy fire from the forts and ships.

The Dervishes withstood them for a moment, fighting desperately and with fierce fanatical courage, but the terrible hail of bullets, shot, and shell from the machine-guns of the Naval Brigade, the forts, and the British infantry so terribly thinned them, that after half an hour's sharp fighting, in which they were shot down or bayoneted by hundreds, the survivors turned and fled to the bush. The enemy's cavalry, stated at 100, were engaged by the Hussars, who attacked them with the sabre. A smart hand-to-hand conflict took place, and in this the most serious loss to the British troops occurred, the Hussars losing four of their number killed and one wounded.

The encounter was soon over, however, and the enemy's horse and foot fled to the hills, followed by the Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Barrow, and the Egyptian cavalry. These killed many more of the fugitives, who fled towards Handoub and Hasheem, pursued for some miles by Colonel Burrows' men, but after going within four miles of Handoub the Mounted Infantry returned to the main body, which occupied the evacuated position of the enemy and formed an entrenched zereba. The men of the Transport Corps and Engineers were occupied during the remainder of the day in filling up the rebel trenches containing the dead and in constructing a couple of redoubts. The loss of Osman Naib's force is estimated by General Grenfell at about 400; while the allied forces lost four men of the Hussars and two Egyptian soldiers killed; five English officers and men and one officer and fifty men of the Egyptian troops injured.

Killed and Wounded.

The official list of killed and wounded is as follows:—Killed—20th Hussars: Private Thomas, Private Howe, Trumpeter Newton, and Private Jordan. Egyptian Battalions.—Two privates.

Slightly wounded—Lieutenant Brown, Royal Irish Rifles; Lieutenant David, Royal Marines; Private Gasley, King's Own Scottish Borderers; 20th Hussars: Corporal Wakefield, 20th Hussars; Quartermaster-sergeant Gatemann, Army Pay Department, and about fifty men of the Egyptian and black battalions.

Message from the Queen.

Telegrams from Suakin of Friday's date give the following items of intelligence:—The troops bivouacked in the zerebas during the night. All was quiet and there were no signs of the enemy. The night was cool and bright, and all the men were wearing their overcoats.

The mounted corps was patrolling since daylight and sighted the enemy's horsemen in small parties. Two zerebas, or sandbag redoubts, strong, and compactly built, were completed on Thursday, and two iron framed block-houses were erected in entrenched positions. The four Hussars who were killed were buried on Friday morning. The charge of the Hussars is described as a very gallant performance.

The 9th Black Battalion has received a telegram from the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders at Edinburgh expressing admiration of their behaviour, and this has greatly delighted the Blacks. The Blacks were brigaded together on the Nile, and the 9th Battalion received presentation colours from the Highlanders. There was no firing on Friday, and the townspeople were greatly relieved. Their cattle are out grazing, and supplies are shortly expected. There is locally great consternation at the rumour regarding a withdrawal of the troops, and a general petition is being signed, expressing thanks for the relief of the town, but begging thanks for the occupation or destruction of Handoub and the capture of Osman Digma.

The natives declare that the withdrawal of the troops will inevitably lead to a renewal of hostilities against Suakin. There is a unanimous feeling on this subject, which the Government should not coldly neglect.

Intelligence has been received that Osman Digma has collected his forces at Handoub in expectation of an attack on that place. During the night the Sirdar sent to the troops the Khedive's expressions of admiration at their bravery in expressions of engagement. Sir Francis Grenfell Thursday received a message of congratulation from the Queen. One of the zerebas constructed after the battle has been done away with, and one

of the Soudanese battalions returned to their previous quarters, dragging with them the guns captured from the rebels. The troops displayed much enthusiasm.

LETTER FROM STANLEY. The Explorer and Emin Pasha Safe and Well.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.) ZANZIBAR, December 21.—Letters dated from Stanley Falls on August 29th last reached here by Tipoteo Tib's men to-day, stating that on the preceding day a letter had been received from Mr. Stanley. He was then at Bonalya, on the Aruwimi. He had left Emin Pasha eighty-two days previously, in perfect health, with plenty of food, and had himself returned for his rear guards and loads. He had arrived at Bonalya on August 17th, and intended leaving ten days later, presumably to join Emin Pasha. All the white men of the expedition were in good health, and wanted nothing.

The Exchange Telegraph Company learns that the following telegram has just been received by the West African Telegraph Company, from their station at St. Thomas:—"Friday, 2.0 p.m.—I have just received information that Stanley has arrived with Emin Pasha on the Aruwimi. The news is reliable. Further details follow.—PARSONS."

With reference to the reported safety of Emin Pasha and Mr. Stanley, the Press Association says the agent of the West African Company at San Thome, who communicated the news of Stanley's arrival at the Aruwimi, is considered to be perfectly trustworthy, and his information has been received with every confidence and satisfaction. Most of the members of Emin Pasha's Relief Association have left town for the Christians and the news was immediately telegraphed to them. The point at which Stanley is reported to have arrived is that from which he wanted to plunge into an unknown country, and after which he is known to have encountered much difficulty and peril. Having got back to this point the way will be clear and safe for him now in the region of mission stations, and of trading posts, which convey the news to the mouth of the Congo.

The presence of Emin Pasha with him is accounted for on the supposition that the Pasha, finding his soldiers becoming mutinous, decided to return with Stanley on the second visit of the latter, that is, after he had brought up his rear-guard and baggage. The Europeans with Stanley, who are reported to be in good health, are Lieutenant Stairs, Dr. Parker, Mr. Jephson, and Mr. Nelson, when, as is supposed to be the case, Emin relinquished his post, his troops would for their own safety have gone over to the Mahdi, and this, it is thought, is the origin and the only portion of truth in Osman Digma's letter to General Grenfell.

THE POSITION AT SUAKIN. Osman Digma's Nephew Captured. Probable March on Handoub.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.) SUAKIN, December 20, 7.0 p.m.—The bush round the positions captured from the rebels has been cut down for the space of 500 yards, disclosing several new but unoccupied trenches. Three zerebas and a stockade constructed over the hills, which have now been completed, and are manned by four Soudanese battalions and British troops, while the space between the water forts is occupied by a battery of Horse Artillery. The Sirdar, with the headquarter staff, will pass the night in the Gemayseh or Right Water Fort. Among the rebels wounded and brought into the hospital is Osman Digma's nephew. Two British and two Egyptian ships are anchored at Samat, eight miles from Handoub. A march on Handoub is regarded as probable.

DECEMBER 21, 10.0 a.m.—A perfectly quiet night has been passed in the camp. Only a few of the enemy's horsemen have been seen, and at a great distance. The gunboat Starling and the two other vessels, which have been demonstrating opposite Handoub, have been recalled. The Sirdar went the round of the zerebas at eleven o'clock last night, and again at six a.m. this morning.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.) THE CHITTAGOON EXPEDITION. CALCUTTA, December 21. Colonel Vincent, Treasurer of the 9th Bengal Infantry, will command the Punitive expedition against the Chittagong hill expedition.

EXPLOSION OF A BOMB IN MADRID. MADRID, December 22. A petard was exploded at midnight, outside the door of Senor Canovas del Castillo's residence. The explosion, however, caused no damage.

ENGLAND, CHINA, AND TIBET. CALCUTTA, December 21.—The Chinese Resident at Lhasa has arrived at the British camp at Ghatag.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF SPANISH OFFICERS. MADRID, December 22.—Last night some officers of the Military Staff entered the offices of the military journal, Correspondencia Militar, and insulted the editors. The police interfered and took down the names of the officers, who remain at their homes arrested under parole. The act of the officers is attributed to certain articles published by the journal in question on the subject of the proposed military reforms.

THE FIGHTING IN HAYTI. (CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.) NEW YORK, December 21st. A steamer which has arrived bringing the latest advices from Hayti reports that at the battle of Mirabal recently the rebels defeated the Government troops, with heavy loss of life. M. Cavallo, the nephew of the leader Hippolyte, has arrived in New York. He states that the Government will be unable to maintain their position. It is understood that exact reparation for the damage recently inflicted upon the German vessel Cremona by one of the blockading squadron. It is reported that Hippolyte is sending an agent to Europe, with the view of buying a man-of-war to further the interests of his party. Despatches from Washington report that Mr. Secretary Bayard told the agent from Hayti that he would recognise neither faction there until the people had declared themselves.

The Crofters' Commission on Wednesday decided to grant an average reduction of 42 per cent. to 150 tenants on Lady Matheson's property in the island of Lewis, the centre of the land agitation last winter. The arrears of rent due, which was a striking feature in Lewis, have been cancelled to the extent of 84 per cent. Of a total of £2,422 the commissioners have cancelled £2,042.

MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT THE EAST-END. A Woman Strangled in a Yard.

Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, the coroner for South-east Middlesex, opened an inquiry at Poplar Town Hall on Friday into the circumstances attending the death of a woman unknown, whose body was found lying in Clarke's Yard, High-street, Poplar, on Thursday, under circumstances which lead to the supposition that she was the victim of foul play. Inspector Parlett, K Division, attended to watch the case for the commissioners of police.

Police-sergeant Robert Golding, 26 K, stated that at 4.15 a.m. on Thursday he was on duty in High-street, Poplar, in company with Police-constable 426 K. While passing Clarke's Yard he saw a heap of something lying some distance up the yard. He went up and examined it, and found it to be the body of a woman apparently dead. She was lying on her left side, with her left arm under her. The right leg was under her and the left at full length. The body at that time was warm.

The clothes were not disarranged. The body was lying parallel with and under the wall. He left the constable in charge and went down the divisional surgeon, whose assistant came and pronounced life extinct. The body was then removed to the mortuary, where the witness searched it and examined the clothing. He found one shilling in silver and twopence in bronze, together with a pin, which was empty. The woman was wearing a black dress made of alpaca, a brown stuff skirt, and a red flannel petticoat. She also had on a dark tweed double-breasted jacket, blue striped stockings, and spring-side boots. She had no hat on, and her hair was done up in a bun. The witness did not see any one in High-street while he was patrolling it. He examined the ground, but could not find any signs of a scuffle having taken place there. The features of the woman were familiar to him, and he believed she was an unfortunate.

Thomas Dean, a blind-maker, of 159, High-street, Poplar, deposed that he passed through Clarke's Yard late on Wednesday night. He did not notice the body then, and he must have done had it been there. The witness knew that women of ill-fame were in the habit of frequenting the spot, which was open to any one, there being no gate. His house was right opposite the yard, but during the night he heard no noise.

The Medical Evidence.

—Mr. Matthew Brownfield, of 170, East India-road, Poplar, divisional surgeon of police, deposed that at 4.30 on Thursday morning he was called by the police to a woman who had been found lying in Clarke's Yard, and his assistant, Mr. Harris, attended and pronounced her dead. The witness made a post mortem examination on Friday morning. He found the body to be that of a woman about 30 years of age, 5ft. 2in. high, complexion fair, hazel eyes, and moderately stout. The body was well nourished. Blood was oozing from the nostrils, and on the right side was a slight abrasion. On the right cheek was a scar, apparently of old standing. The mark on the nose might have been caused by any slight violence. On the neck he found a mark which had evidently been caused by a tightly-drawn cord. He had since found that the mark could be produced by a piece of four-stranded cord. In addition to that mark, the impression of thumbs and middle and index fingers was plainly visible on each side of the neck. There were no injuries to the arms or legs. The cause of death in the witness's opinion was suffocation by strangulation. There were no signs of a struggle, except the mark on the neck. The Coroner: Do you think she could have done it herself?—Witness: No, I don't think so. If she had done it she would have expected to find the cord round the neck, but it was not; nor has any cord been found near the spot.—The Coroner: To what do you ascribe the finger marks?—The Witness: I think they were made in her efforts to pull off the cords.

The Murderer's Method.

—The Coroner: I think you said that the string had not gone right round the neck, but only from the spine to beneath the left ear, travelling round by the throat. How do you account for that?—The Witness: I think the murderer must have stood at the left rear of the woman, and having tied the end of the string wrapped round her hands, thrown the cord round her throat, and, crossing his hands, so strangled her. Where the hands crossed would be just where the marks of the cord are absent.—The Coroner: Do you think the woman was held like that for any length of time?—The Witness: I think the cord was pulled tight after death had ensued. The cord being tight would prevent the woman from calling out for help. I may say that having studied the question as to the position of the body, I think it quite probable that the cord was run through two poles or rings, and then twisted by a turn of the wrist till death ensued.—A Juror: Can you say whether the deceased is a woman who has led an immoral life?—The Witness: No.—Police-constable Costello, 15 K R, deposed that his beat extended the whole length of High-street, and took in the spot where the woman was found. He went on duty at 10.0 p.m. on Wednesday, and between then and the time the woman was found he passed the spot six times. On none of these occasions did he see anything to arouse his suspicions.—By the Jury: Besides the witness there was another constable who patrolled the left hand side of High-street.—A Juror: Yes, how often? I have seen a light lasting over an hour take place in High-street, and people screaming, without a constable appearing on the spot. The inhabitants of Poplar are left far more unprotected than the people of Whitechapel and it is a great wonder that more murders of this kind have not been done in the neighbourhood.—The Coroner said the law only allowed him to call in one doctor, but the jury had power to summon a second one if they thought it necessary. Dr. Harris's evidence was most important, but before the evidence could be got the jury must give him (the coroner) power to summon Dr. Harris. It seemed very much as if a foul murder had been committed, and all the available evidence should be obtained before the jury concluded the case. Under those circumstances he thought it would be better to adjourn at this point, and give his officer and the police time to make inquiries.—This was agreed to, and the inquiry was then adjourned.

Latest Particulars.

The Press Association says:—"The mystery surrounding the murder, for murder it undoubtedly is, although the revolting mutilations are in this case absent, of a woman at Poplar on Thursday morning, can only be compared to that which attended the recent series of crimes in the same district. The yard—Clarke's Yard, High-street, Poplar—in which the body of this

woman was found at 4.15 on Thursday morning in one of those neglected byways which afford every facility for the commission of vice and crime. It is a cul-de-sac. This yard is the property of a Mr. Clarke, carman, and is situated at the southern end of High-street, which is one of the numerous market places in the neighbourhood. On either side of the entrance are well-lighted shops of business, the lights at the rear of which are the only ones that relieve the dreadful darkness which prevails around. It appears that several small traders in the neighbourhood have premises, workshops, and the like down the yard, amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. Meade, a blind and tarpaulin manufacturer, whose main premises are at 159, High-street, Shadwell, nearly opposite the scene of the discovery. Mr. Meade, one of whose workmen was a witness at the inquest on Friday, in an interview with our correspondent on the same night, said that he and Thomas Dean, the man in question, closed the workshop about ten o'clock on Wednesday night but saw no one in the yard when they came up into High-street. Even had there been any one lying on the ground it is highly improbable that they would have seen them, for it is a matter of impossibility to see a yard in front of you by night, and especially when a person was lying in a position such as the deceased was found, on the ground and near the wall. No one appears to have passed through the yard after this hour—ten o'clock—until the body was discovered on Thursday morning by Sergeant Golding. As previously stated, on either side of the entrance to the yard are occupied houses and shops, the back windows of the dwellings looking out on to the yard in which this unfortunate woman was found. Strange enough, no cry of distress was heard throughout the earlier part of the night, although people were working in their shops until three and four o'clock on the morning of the discovery, preparing their stock for Christmas. Mr. Paine, manager to Mr. Williams, provision merchant, of 184, High-street, adjoining the scene of the murder, stated to our representative on Thursday evening, that he was working in his shop until four o'clock in the morning in question preparing his stock for Christmas, and he heard nothing unusual to attract his attention. Had there been a cry of distress from the yard he must have heard it. The crime appears to have been perpetrated in the most silent manner if it was committed in the yard at all. It would have been impossible to have entered the yard from any other entrance except in the High-street, for immediately at the rear runs the North London Railway, at the back of which is located the docks. The latter place is guarded by police, therefore the assassin must have escaped over the roofs of some sheds into Harrow-lane, or have adopted the same means of egress or of ingress. The yard is accessible to any persons, for there is no gate, and it appears to be generally believed amongst the inhabitants that the yard is made a place of resort by questionable characters. As regards the assertion that the woman was of the unfortunate class, there are yet doubts as to the allegations of the authorities. The woman is entirely unknown to them, and they have been kept up to the present to bring persons to identify the body, which is that of a rather respectable class. The motive for the crime is equally as mysterious as the crime itself. Robbery was certainly not the motive, and unless it was one of jealousy, it can only be construed to the desire of the murderer to watch the dying struggles of his victim, such as was apparently the motive of the Whitechapel fiend. At a late hour on Friday night the body was still unidentified, and the police had no one in custody in connection with the crime.

SATURDAY'S PARLIAMENT. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Speaker took the chair at 12.15. The Parnell Commission.

Mr. KIMMS presented a petition from Messrs. Soames, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, praying that leave be given to the proprietor of the House of Commons to produce the test roll of the House of Commons from 1873 to 1888 inclusive, for the purpose of the proceedings before the Commission. He moved that the petition be complied with.

Mr. SEXTON said this was an unprecedented proceeding, and he therefore wished to ask whether any notice had been given to Mr. Parnell that the petition was to be brought forward to-day. He understood that this day's sitting was for the formal business necessary to close the session. He appealed to the Government as Mr. Parnell was not present, that the motion should not be proceeded with in his absence, though he had no doubt that Mr. Parnell would cheerfully accept the motion. He moved that notice be given to Mr. Parnell, and that the prayer of the petition be considered when the hon. member was in attendance.

The SPEAKER said that during the adjournment a similar petition was presented to him, and he only allowed the roll to be supplied on condition that it was accessible to both parties. He declined to supply it when the House was sitting, but suggested the course now adopted.

Mr. SEXTON said he would divide the House on the motion; and after some discussion a division was taken and the motion was carried by 54 against 13. (Left sitting.)

SUPPOSED MURDER NEAR SLOUGH. Early on Saturday morning the body of a coal merchant named Druce was discovered in a yard, near the Foresters' Arms, at Chalfont, near Slough. The remains of the deceased, who is supposed to have been murdered, were lying upon a wheelbarrow in the vicinity of a small outhouse, and his face was injured by some heavy instrument, with which he is supposed to have been struck down and killed.

CRUEL PARENTS. At the Liverpool Assizes on Friday, Ann Jane Moss and William Thomas Moss, her husband, who were on the previous day charged with starving and neglecting two of their children, were brought up for sentence. The woman was found guilty of manslaughter of her infant, three months old, whose death was alleged to be partly due to starvation. On this charge the husband was acquitted, but both were afterwards convicted for inflicting grievous bodily harm upon another child, aged 2 years, who, it was stated, was neglected and insufficiently nourished. The former prisoner was sentenced to ten and her husband to five years' penal servitude.

BY ARTHUR G. MORRISON.

STREETS.

special and individual characters appertaining to
German. Germans approach and mingle socially

So many people carry parcels. If this gentleman's hat were to blow off, and along

of _____
ery _____

ter Murphy, described as a labourer, liv
gal at St. Clement's-road, Notting Hill, was brou

old the During November 9, 727lb, of unsound meat seized in Edinburgh.

VERE SENTENCE.—David Robinson, 44, led guilty to stealing a quantity of coal.

Prosecutor in the first case lived at Dartmouth
ark Avenue, Highgate, and is a timber me

w a shadow thrown on to the wall from th

—Sentence was postponed.

ROBBING FOREIGNERS AT THE WEST-END.

—Kobbing Duvos, 28, described as an upholsterer, was indicted for stealing a watch and other articles valued at the sum of £115, from Vincenzo Marzulli, a prisoner loaded, not guilty. Mr. G. G. Wallis interpreted the evidence; and Mr. Douglas prosecuted.—The prosecutor is the keeper of a restaurant in Frith-street, Soho, and at about half-past nine o'clock on November 17th, when the defendant, who was a stranger, came to the restaurant, he met the prisoner and another man, who said they were police-constables, a woman must go to the station with them. He went some distance, and then invited them to have a glass of wine. They went into a restaurant from which they were ejected after having drunk a bottle of claret. When outside the prisoner seized hold of him by the neck and the

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ON CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS. By G. Congreve. New edition. One vol. Price 1s. Published by Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row. Mr. Congreve claims to know an infallible cure for that dread scourge of these isles, consumption. With commendable generosity, he places it at the service of the public in this book. As to success, we are debarred from expressing an opinion by our freedom from the disease. Our own strong impression is that the best chance of a cure—and this only during the earlier stages—lies in a long sea voyage in a sailing ship.

A DETECTIVE'S ADVENTURE.

The Empress Frederick travelled from Windsor on Monday, and paid a visit to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, addressing a few words to nearly all the little patients.

In Anglessey, says the *Christian Commonwealth*, much scandal has been caused by the fact that one church has not opened its doors for three months. It is stated that there are twenty-seven churches in Anglessey in which only service is held on Sunday.

the forty-third anniversary festival of the Com-

ACTION FOR ASSAULT AND FALS

IMPRISONMENT.
At the Clerkenwell County Court, Judge Edd

ASSOCIATES AT ZANTIPAR

ATROCITIES AT ZANZIBAR.
Zanzibar was startled and shocked early

tribe, at the base of Mount Meru, enticed the Masai warriors, or El Mor...

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DAMAGES FOR BREACH OF PROMI

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THE MADMAN'S WIFE.

By ELIE BERTHET.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Being incapable of further resistance, Clemence abandoned herself to her husband's wishes. She no longer doubted that his mind was deranged, but as she knew the slightest contradiction on her part would only exasperate him, she tried to disarm him by softness and resignation.

Whilst they were making their way into the depths of the forest, she cast a sidelong look at her companion, who still held her tightly by the arm. The same sardonic smile appeared on his face and his eyes glittered in an ominous manner.

She was soon quite out of breath, and said imploringly to him:

"Raymond, you are walking too quickly; I cannot possibly keep up with you."

"Bah! You rest—for a long time—when we have reached the spot we are going to."

"But where are we going?" she replied.

"I am looking for a favourable place."

"I suppose you want to sketch, and have not found a suitable subject?"

Raymond made no reply.

They had penetrated far into the forest. The broad alleys had been left to follow the winding footpaths which led through the dense underwood, and silence reigned around. Even the birds were mute, the heat being excessive, and nothing could be heard save the hum of insects hovering over the wild flowers, and an occasional shot in the distance from some sportsman or keeper.

Clemence was at length quite exhausted, she panted for breath, and her hair was dishevelled by coming in contact with passing brambles. Added to this, the bottom of her dress and her boots were wet through with dew.

"Raymond! Raymond!" she cried, "we are going too far. I am unable to walk any longer. Pray have pity on me and let me rest for a moment to regain my breath."

"I tell you you will have plenty of time for rest by-and-by. I have not yet hit upon the spot which seems to me suitable for the picture in my mind. A dramatic subject! You understand, my dear, that I contemplate, as usual, a masterpiece."

They continued to advance. At length Madame Lalande was unable either to complain or even to speak; she could only moan convulsively. She stumbled at every step, and struck repeatedly against projecting roots, whilst the brambles tore her veil into shreds. At length she fell half-fainting on the grass. Her companion tried to raise her, in order to make her walk farther, but as he could not succeed, he ceased tormenting her, and, looking round, said carelessly:

"This spot will do as well as any other. The effect on these masses of verdure will be very powerful, and here are some tufts of holly and elder, which will make a capital background."

The spot they had reached was an open glade surrounded on all sides by the high trees of the forest. The ground was covered with heath in full flower, and every here and there were shrubs and bramble bushes. The sun shone brightly and warmly on this particular spot, but the neighbouring underwood was in deep shadow.

Clemence remained for several minutes extended without movement, her eyes were shut, and she appeared quite exhausted. Her husband gazed on her unmoved.

"She is superb!" he murmured, "and there is nothing to improve in the pose. By Jove! the spot would be as suitable for a love scene as a drama. But, hang it, he headed immediately, "there is not much of love in this one! Enough of such idyllic and ridiculous notions!"

He threw his sketch-book on the ground, then proceeded to feel in his pocket for the object his wife had seen him select, and which she fancied was his case of pencils.

Madame Lalande was almost unconscious, but the instinct of danger roused her, and she looked up.

It was not a case of pencils that Raymond held in his hand, but a Chinese knife, enclosed in an enamelled sheath of great beauty of workmanship. It had been given to him by a naval officer, who had obtained it at the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking. The blade of the knife was long, narrow, sharp, and finely tempered.

The artist having drawn it from its sheath, it glittered in the sun. Clemence suddenly recovered herself, and raised herself.

"My dear George," she asked, in a voice of intense terror, "what are you going to do with that knife?"

"It is clear enough," he replied, with a sneer, "you are de Varigny's mistress. In all countries the law permits a husband to kill the wife who has deceived him—I am going to kill you."

The poor victim mechanically sprang to her feet. "Raymond," she stammered, "recover yourself, I implore you. You know I have never loved any one but you; you, who are my benefactor, as well as that of my family."

"Bubbiush! You would like me to believe it! Woman is a lovely creature, but false and artificial as the devil! Now, no nonsense. The spot is not badly chosen. The masses of leaves, this bright sunshine, and the dark shadows will form an excellent background to the picture. Certainly in my twined suit I have a rather commonplace appearance, and do not much resemble an Othello, but you are magnificent, notwithstanding your dark-coloured dress. Throw off that ugly straw hat and let your hair down over your shoulders."

They are deadly pale, and your eyes express intense fear. The attitude is perfect."

He tore off her hat, which he threw away. Then, holding a knife between his teeth, he convulsively tore down her black tresses, whilst she tried to push him away.

"Leave me, leave me," she implored. "You cannot be serious in wishing to kill poor Clemence, who has loved you so; Clemence, your companion and friend!"

"As you have deceived me, I have no alternative. Come, there must be an end to all this!"

He had taken the knife again into his hand, and was holding it above her head in a melodramatic manner. His lips were compressed, he foamed at the mouth, and his eyes were turned to heaven.

The poor creature felt she was lost. A struggle ensued, impossible with a young man of such strength. A sudden inspiration seized her.

"Raymond," she cried, wringing her hands, "have you the courage to destroy one you have so much admired, to see her covered with blood and wounds, and disgraced by suffering and death?"

She gained her point by appealing to the artistic feeling of her husband.

"By heavens!" he cried, "you are right; it would never do to spoil you; you are so beautiful. But what is to be done, then? We must hit upon some kind of death which does not detract from your appearance; something which will leave you white, peaceful, and in no way distorted. Let us both think what it shall be." And he gazed up into the sky as if reflecting.

Deceived by his calm appearance Clemence was beginning to feel more hopeful, when he addressed her with the old wicked smile:

"What do you think of the kind of death common among certain savages of America? The adulteress is strangled by a flowering woodbine. This does not cause any flow of blood. I wish we could manage it so. Let us see if we cannot find one of these woodbines which are so common in the New World."

Having said this, he began to search all the neighbouring bushes. There was not much chance of his finding exactly what he wanted, but it was not long before he discovered a trailing shrub with long flexible shoots, the strength of which he tested.

"This will do well enough," he said, joyfully, "No doubt this is the plant in question. It is true there are no flowers on it, but it is better than the other and willow which are used in certain

parts of Europe for the same purpose. Come now, Clemence, my dear, don't make any bother! You will not be 'spoilt' by me."

Speaking thus, he twisted together several shoots of the shrub, so as to form a species of cord which might easily be used in the manner contemplated. Clemence looked on, aghast, hardly believing that he intended to carry out his horrible design. Her fears were re-awakened, and she exclaimed:

"Pray reflect, Raymond, you will make me suffer dreadfully without effecting what you desire. I entreat you to give up these horrible notions and let us go home."

"No! no!" replied Raymond, impatiently, and showing her the species of cord he had twisted. "This woodbine will answer as well as that of the sunnys of the harem at Constantinople. Come, now, don't irritate me; here is a necklace of greenery, a garland of leaves, quite worthy of a pretty woman," and at the same moment he tried to place it round Clemence's neck.

The latter, who had somewhat regained her strength by the few minutes' rest, pushed Raymond from her with all her force.

This resistance was so unexpected that he almost fell backwards and uttered a cry of rage. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she turned and fled, crying out:

"Help! help! may God protect me! My husband has lost his reason!"

The madman, for it was no longer doubtful that he now was one, suddenly changed his mood. In place of the sneering, quiet manner which he had hitherto shown, he burst into a paroxysm of rage. His face became livid, he threw away the woodbine with which he had tried to make a lace, and, taking up the Chinese knife which had fallen at his feet, rushed after his wife.

"Ah, hussy!" he growled, "you wish to escape punishment for the abominations of which you are still unrepentant. You insult me. You pretend to believe I am mad! Well, we shall see. In one way or the other you shall receive your punishment."

Taking advantage of her husband's surprise, Clemence darted into a thick undergrowth which bordered the glade, hoping to make her escape, but she vainly tried to push her way through the thorny paths, which tore her hands and face, and at every step she heard the panting breath and curses of her husband, who, like a wounded boar, forced his way through the brushwood.

The pursuit continued for some minutes, and they advanced farther and farther into the thicket. Quite worn out and breathless, Clemence could only utter from time to time a faint cry for help; she was half paralysed with terror, her light dress was torn to ribbons, and her long hair, which she had no time to brush on one side, hung over her face, which was covered with blood. At length, gasping for breath, and without being able to utter a sound or even to move, she hid herself in a high fern-brake, hoping that her husband, who had been somewhat delayed by the briars, might have lost all trace of her.

His stratagem seemed likely to be successful, as Raymond fought his way through the brambles, uttering fearful oaths, and stood motionless, endeavouring to detect the presence of the fugitive by the sound of the crackling leaves.

At this moment, far off in the forest, the yapping of a sporting dog was heard, the animal being evidently in pursuit of game. Raymond did not seem to notice this circumstance, but the young woman whose keenest intellect was aroused, concluded that the sportsmen could not be far off. She never stirred, but remained motionless in her hiding-place, whilst Raymond wandered backward and forward searching for her, and calling out to her in an angry voice.

She continued thus hid in the fern brake with her face close to the ground, when she perceived a movement in the underwood close to her; it was the hunted hare, not less tired and frightened than herself, endeavouring to escape from the pursuit of the dogs. Unfortunately, Clemence did not see the animal, and, being unacquainted with sporting matters, she fancied that her husband had discovered her. She called out in a piercing tone—

"Help! help! He will kill me!"

This unfortunate impulse attracted the madman's attention. He darted in the direction of the voice, exclaiming, in a mixture of joy and anger:

"Ah, there you are, you hussy! I'll pay you out for the trick you have played me. Now I'll settle you."

A shot was heard at the end of the thicket. Clemence, now convinced that the sportsmen were near, made one last effort, and screamed out:

"Save me! Save me! Help!"

She was still calling out when Raymond came up to her, swearing and laughing in turns and brandishing his knife.

"Well, we must have an end of this which ever way it is."

The knife was on the point of falling on the young woman, who had no further power of resistance, when several persons appeared in the middle of the brushwood and rushed towards her, followed by their dogs. One of them dashed behind the madman, whom he disarmed before he was able to recognise him.

Raymond turned round in a furious manner. He who had just disarmed him was a young sportsman fashionably dressed and accompanied by two gamekeepers, with their hunting knives by their sides. A little behind them was a young man carrying the game, and at that moment he was holding up a hare which had just been shot.

Raymond only seemed to pay attention to the man who had prevented his act of frenzy. He looked at him in a kind of stupor. Suddenly his features assumed a terrible expression.

"You! So it is you?" he exclaimed. "Then it was a rendezvous; but you shall pay dearly for it," and he instantly threw himself on the newcomer, who, as may be guessed, was George de Varigny.

George, who was both tall and vigorous, had little to fear from such an adversary. They were both without arms, as Varigny, in order to run quicker, had handed his gun to one of the keepers, and they seized each other round the neck, and continued thus in a short time they fell, but Raymond was below, and George endeavoured to overcome his struggles.

He might possibly have failed had he been alone. The madman twisted himself on the ground and scratched and bit at everything, whilst uttering the most fearful cries. One might have taken him for one of those characters described in the Bible as being possessed of a devil. Foam and blood, mixed up with leaves, covered his face, and rendered it almost unrecognisable.

The keepers and servant came to Varigny's assistance. The whole four seized on the lunatic, and in a few minutes he was tightly pinioned with the straps of the dogs' leashes, as well as the leather belts of the keepers.

Notwithstanding this he never ceased twisting himself on the ground, and uttering the most unearthly sounds. But it only required one man to watch him, and the others were able to attend to Clemence, who, during the struggle, had fallen senseless.

The usual restorative had the desired effect, and she began to get better. On recovering her senses, she perceived George, who was leaning over her and anxiously watching her face. Fancying she must be the victim of some hallucination, she shut her eyes again. On reopening them the apparition still present. A slight blush appeared on her cheeks, and she stammered:

"You! M. De Varigny? How comes it—"

Is it possible?"

"Ma'am," he replied, "for several months past I have rented the shooting in this part of the forest of Saint Germain. I am now whilst following a hare, the keeper and I heard a piercing cry in this direction. We ran to the spot to find in such a sad condition one whom I not only esteem and honour, but pity from the bottom of my heart."

"And without you, M. de Varigny, I should have met my end," replied Clemence, raising her

self painfully. "My poor husband has lost his reason, and in an attack of delirium—"

"This unfortunate state of things," said George, "is said to be common talk that the great artist Raymond Lalande, was subject to very serious attacks of excitement, and I heard of this through mutual friends. What a loss to art; but perhaps, after all, your husband may not be incurable."

Clemence was surprised to find the junker's son so well acquainted with what concerned her. She replied quickly:

"Yes, I am sure can be cured, it is only a passing attack. He loves me, and I return his affection with all my heart. I am sure that with careful nursing and attention he will recover his reason."

During this conversation Raymond, whom they imagined was reduced to perfect helplessness, continued to roll on the ground. In one of his ungovernable moments he had approached near enough to his wife and George to be able to touch them. As Clemence was expressing the hope of a speedy recovery he drew her violently by the skirt of her dress, the lunatic, in trying to bite her, had seized on the stuff with his teeth, and had bitten out a piece, which he chewed with a kind of delight.

The young wife drew herself back quickly, and the keepers rushed forward to assure themselves that Raymond was unable to hurt others seriously or to injure himself.

"It is a dreadful thing," continued George, "to see a man with such a naturally sweet disposition, and with so much intelligence, reduced to such a level. It would be highly dangerous for you, madame, to remain near him without being safely guarded. See how he has treated me!"

He undid a handkerchief smeared with blood, with which he had enveloped his left hand, and showed her a frightful bite which the madman had inflicted on him during the preceding struggle.

"M. de Varigny," exclaimed Clemence, "you must have your wound attended to at once."

"Bah! it is nothing," replied George, bandaging his hand again. "I only wished to show you that it was necessary to take precautions."

"Although the bite of a madman may not have the same effect as that of a mad dog," interposed one of the keepers, in a bantering tone, "there is no doubt about this gentleman's state of mind."

It was necessary to take some steps, not only with regard to Raymond, but Clemence also. Both were unable to walk, and it was essential that they should be conveyed home. George consulted the keepers; at length one of them said:

"I see only one thing to be done. The farmer at the Warren has a trap and a nice little horse; I will go and borrow them, and be back in an hour. We can put the madman in the bottom of the carriage and the young lady in front, and in that way we can convey them back to the Avenue des Loges. After that we must prepare a statutory declaration, and forward it to the proper authorities."

As there seemed to be no better suggestion, Varigny asked the keeper to carry out his proposal as quickly as possible. The man started off, and George remained with the other keeper and his servant near the madman and his victim.

An hour passed away. George would have naturally preferred to remain near Clemence, but each time he approached her Raymond had a fresh access of fury, and struggled to such an extent that it seemed as if he must break his bonds. Besides, Madame Lalande seemed to experience so much humiliation as well as pain, and fear, that he remained at some distance behind a bush whilst she every now and then addressed abusive words to her husband, who only replied by abuse and curses.

The keeper returned with the horse and trap, but when they tried to carry Lalande to the adjoining pathway where it stood, he began again to make a most desperate resistance. The four men had as much as they could do to hold him, as he uttered yells which might have been heard at the further end of the forest. By this time he was nearly naked, his clothes being almost torn off, and with his foaming mouth his haggard eyes, and his hair covered with blood and dust, he presented an awful spectacle. Clemence followed, hiding her face.

At length they arrived without accident at the villa. There it was again necessary to use force to get Raymond out of the carriage and to shut him up in his room. Although he was still pinioned, he never ceased struggling and vociferating, and it was necessary to watch him continually or he would have dashed his head against the walls. The presence of either de Varigny or Clemence seemed specially to exasperate him, and it was only by force that he could succeed in making him get all tranquil.

That evening Paul Bordier and Legoff arrived at the villa, having been summoned by telegraph. The sight of them irritated Raymond still more, and caused a renewal of his frenzy. A kind of family council was held, in which de Varigny was asked to join, and they discussed what had better be done in the interest of the lunatic, as well as of the unfortunate wife. They were still hesitating about taking extreme measures, when the chief officer of police of Saint Germain arrived. Having been warned by a report from the rural police of what had taken place, they came to make inquiries and to ascertain whether the public safety was in any way endangered by Raymond Lalande being at liberty. A few minutes' interview with the madman satisfied them on this point, and an immediate order for his arrest was signed.

The next evening the wardens of a madhouse situated at Passy came to the villa, provided with a conveyance, and, having applied a straight jacket, they carried him off in spite of his screams and struggles.

The Paris papers next day announced that the celebrated painter, Raymond Lalande, had lost his reason.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM ANQUIET.

Three months had passed away, and Clemence had left the villa of Saint Germain to occupy the apartments in the Rue d'Assas, adjoining her husband's studio. Everything remained in the same condition in view of the possibility, still very uncertain, of the recovery of his reason.

Madame Lalande lived very quietly, for her husband had always kept her much apart from her acquaintances. In the early days many people had called to inquire after her health, but by degrees their visits had ceased. It came to be an accepted fact that the artist's career was at an end, and he began to be forgotten. Such is the way of the world.

The only regular visitors were her brother, Paul Bordier, and the kind Dutchman, Legoff, who had come to live in the immediate neighbourhood. The pictures of the latter had suddenly acquired a great value, and hardly a day passed without his calling to see Madame Lalande. George's visits were at much rarer intervals, a delicate reserve preventing him from making them more frequent. At the same time, he was not ignorant of what was passing. Besides Legoff, who was in a position to give him every information, his cousin Katrine had, since the recent events, become very intimate with Clemence, and passed long hours with her daily.

A fresh incident had happened to aggravate the painful position of Madame Lalande. Shortly after the events which had taken place in the forest of Saint Germain, Clemence discovered that she was about to become a mother. Such an event, which to the young couple, was now only a liveliest joy torture to her. Might not this hereditary malady with which Raymond was afflicted be transmitted to the poor child still unborn? That such an opinion was prevalent Clemence was aware, and this sorrow, at times, was greater than any other.

One dark day in December she was sitting in her drawing-room with her new friend Katrine. Reclining on a sofa with her head on her breast, she was overcome with these sorrowful thoughts.

The old maid, although she had driven to the house in a pretty carriage belonging to her cousin, still preserved her homely ways, and was knitting a stocking. Katrine perceived the tears trickling down the pale cheeks of her companion.

"What ails you, my dear?" she asked, affectionately. "You seem to have lost all your courage to-day."

"Ah! Katrine," replied Clemence, overcome with grief, "I wish I were dead!"

"Dead! nonsense; you, so young and pretty. Have patience, there are still many happy days in store for you. But listen, here are the gentlemen who are returning from the asylum, and perhaps they may have some good news for you."

As she spoke steps were heard on the stairs, and Paul and Legoff entered the room. Paul, as usual, affected a grave demeanour, which was in marked contrast with his youth. As for Legoff, who was dressed with comparative elegance, nothing could disturb the repose of his manner, and it was impossible to guess from his appearance whether he was the bearer of good or evil tidings. On seeing them Clemence rose and held out her hand.

"Well, Paul," she asked, hurriedly, "how is he to-day?"

"We saw him in his room," replied Paul, "and he seems to be ever so much better. He recognised us at once, and was very agreeable."

"Yes," added Legoff, "but there was a nasty smile on his face which I did not like."

"Then I may be allowed to see him," asked Clemence eagerly.

"Well, my dear sister, it would not be quite prudent at present. You remember how he received you at your last visit. He flew into such a paroxysm of rage, that had it not been for the attendants he might have killed you."

"But he is so much better! He loves me, and as soon as his reason returns why should I not see him? You were allowed, I suppose, to speak to him alone?"

"Alone," replied Legoff, inhaling a pinch of snuff "there were two stalwart warders present, who watched his every movement, and were prepared for the least outbreak on his part. They say he is wonderfully cunning, and is to be mistrusted. Do not be in too great a hurry to visit him; the result for you, as well as for him, might be most disastrous."

"Legoff is right, my dear friend," replied Katrine, "it is still too soon for you to run the risk of an interview with the madman."

"I suppose I must wait then. But still they hope to cure him; do they not? His case is not considered hopeless?"

"Not altogether hopeless," replied Paul, turning his face away.

"It is impossible to say at present," added Legoff.

Clemence hesitated for some time to ask a question, the reply to which she, no doubt, feared.

"Paul, Monsieur Legoff," she at length said, "I asked you to make a communication to my poor husband which might have a most favourable influence over him. For a long time past his great desire was to be a father; did you inform him that within a few months his keenest wishes would be realised?" and she blushed and hung down her head.

Both Paul and the painter were much embarrassed, and did not know how to reply.

"You surely did not neglect to make this announcement, which must be of so much interest to him. Joy might have a wonderful effect on his state of mind."

"Well," replied Paul with hesitation, "we made the experiment, but it was not successful."

"What! was he not delighted to hear the news?"

"Listen, madame," replied Legoff, with his usual matter of fact manner; "finding him very tractable, we thought the opportunity a favourable one, and Paul quietly informed him of the fact. He was silent at first, then he burst into a fit of laughter of a very peculiar kind, after which he called out: 'The child is not mine! I will kill the father, the mother, and the child!'"

Clemence threw herself back in her chair and buried her face in her hands.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "there was nothing wanting but this! After a moment's silence, she continued:

"As soon as his reason is completely restored he will be quite different. Has he suffered from any outbreak of temper lately?"

"Well, I cannot say for certain," replied Legoff, "but whilst Paul was earnestly reasoning with him, the keepers, who never left him for a moment, suddenly observed certain significant symptoms, and one of them exclaimed all at once, 'You must retire, gentlemen, it is time,' and they nearly pushed us out of the room. Hardly had the door closed than we heard a scuffle and smothered cries."

Clemence was overcome with grief.

"There is another matter to be considered, my dear sister," said Paul, "the governor of the asylum requested me, as the head of the family, to pay for the services of poor Raymond for the next three months. You are aware that this has to be settled in advance, and the terms are rather high. Two warders are required to watch him continually."

"Very well, Paul dear, it will be seen to."

Paul imagined that Clemence's depression was solely caused by the account she had just received of Raymond's mental condition. As he was obliged to return to the library, he embraced his sister, shook Legoff by the hand, and hurriedly departed. Clemence was thoughtful, and broken down. She no longer slept, and seemed unable even to collect her thoughts.

Katrine and Legoff did not know how to console her. The old maid kissed her from time to time without saying a word. The painter took repeated pinches of snuff, which was always a sign with him that he was fairly puzzled. At length he said:

"Take courage, Madame Lalande. Many things which I foresaw have happened. But there is no reason to despair. Should M. de Varigny recover his reason he will not permit in his absurd suspicions and is, unfortunately, he should not do so, it does not matter what he may say in those moments of delirium."

"Poor unhappy child!" exclaimed Clemence, in an outburst of grief, "disowned by a man even before his birth, it is doubtless destined to bear the burden of a fatal malady. Would heaven that a merciful Providence might at once destroy both mother and child!"

"Clemence, darling," said Katrine in a reproachful tone, "are these Christian sentiments? Trust to the Divine mercy, and do not thus blaspheme."

Legoff remained silent for a moment, and then said, "With your permission, madame, let us rather consider present difficulties. Paul has just been asked for the sum due for your husband's board for the next three months. Are you in a position to pay the same without inconvenience? Lalande was never over economical, and no doubt he has left his affairs in a rather unfortunate state, as rich as Croesus. I don't know from what cause, but for the last year or two my pictures have been fetching extraordinary prices. If I only possessed the wonderful energy of your husband, who was capable of dashing off a subject in a week, I should soon be a millionaire. But although this is not quite the case, I have put on one side some ten thousand francs. Will you take them?"

Legoff made this proposal with the greatest good nature, as if it was the simplest thing in the world. He did not remark a slight smile on Katrine's face, who, no doubt, was well aware whence proceeded the prosperity of the Dutch artist. In reality, it was her cousin George, who, in order to overcome Legoff's scruples, had caused his pictures to be bought by various dealers at three or four times their former price. However, she interposed hurriedly, "Keep your savings, M. Legoff. If Madame Lalande wants assistance from her friends the preference should be given to me, rather, to myself, for George refers to me in all matters. Do not forget, my dear friend," she added, with some confusion, "that there are still wrongs which have to be redressed

both to you and to your family, and that the duty of doing this remains with us."

"The wrongs you refer to have been amply disposed of," replied Clemence. "I thank you both, my dear friends, but you and M. de Varigny have already given me such proofs of your affection that my pride forbids me to accept any assistance in money. I would rather work, as formerly, to prepare for the necessary expenses of my unfortunate husband and the poor child still to be born. But things have not yet arrived at such pass as that. Raymond's studio is full of studies, sketches, and pictures that amateurs would rush to possess were they put up for sale. I must therefore, look to this means to obtain the necessary funds."

"It is quite true, madame," replied Legoff "there would be no lack of purchasers for Lalande's works, as he has such a reputation, but if, after all, he should recover his reason, how would he be able to work? Would not the sorrow of having lost such valuable materials as studies and sketches necessary for his pictures be sufficient to cause a relapse?"

"Good heavens! you are right," replied his wife.

"There is another alternative," continued Legoff. "Raymond, notwithstanding his eccentricity, is beloved, and esteemed by all artists of repute, and they feel very much for his affliction. Not one of them would refuse a canvas, a water-colour sketch, or even a simple study to form a lottery, the tickets for which would be scrambled for by Parisian society. It would be easy to add a few of your husband's works, those which would be the least useful

OUR OMNIBUS.

THE M.P.

The National Liberal Club will not have a very happy Christmas. Already there is talk about increasing the annual subscription as the only way of restoring the financial equilibrium. But that drastic measure would be sure to diminish the number of applications for membership. It is said that more than 400 Liberal Unionists have taken their names off the books, and as the club was very short of members previously, this secession must sadly dislocate the financial arrangements. There is a good story that Mr. Barnum, the American showman, lately asked for the refusal of the building should it have to be given up. What did he propose to do with it? To establish another menagerie on the premises. Mark the "another" it looks sarcastic.

The Gladstonians pretend to believe that the Protestants of Ireland would get fair treatment from a native Parliament. That elegant priest, Father Hughes, knows better. Listen to this sweet-voiced saint: "This is not the first time," he declared when presiding at a National League meeting, "that the Protestant Loyalists have been warned of the vengeance they must expect whenever the government of the country is handed over to the persons who are endeavouring to get hold of it." Yet Mr. Gladstone is filled with astonishment and wrath because the men of Ulster refuse to put their necks under the feet of their deadly foes.

Poor Mr. Anderson still clings to his seat at Elgin and Nairn, the Separatist caucus managers ordering him to hold on at any cost of personal inconvenience. It was a very narrow shave for them at the last general election, and being doubtful whether the Home Rule delusion has gained ground in Scotland they shiver at the idea of a vacancy.

The news that Lord Randolph Churchill has concluded to seek relaxation and rest on the other side of the Atlantic is not yet confirmed. I hope it will prove true; I hide myself for a bit to get back into the good graces of his party. Except among the clique who hold on to his coat-tails in the hope of being dragged out of obscurity, his recent escapade receives universal condemnation from all orders and conditions of Unionists. It would be a good thing did he hear what is now said of him in clubs and coteries where his name used to be a household word. "To Churchill" promises to take its place in the English language by the side of "to boycott." It means, I believe, "to play crooked."

Dr. Tanner received indignation, I suspect, to obtrude his person on the Conservative benches. It will have been observed that Mr. Gladstone, in his Cheap Jack speech, made it out as a terrible grievance that Lord Hartington and his followers insist on sitting among the Liberal party. They have every right; it is not their Liberalism that has changed, but Mr. Gladstone's. All the same, he wishes to get rid of their companionship, and it would not surprise me if Dr. Tanner received a hint to equate down among the Unionists as the best way of bringing matters to a climax. But it will need a whole army of Tanners to make Lord Hartington budge a single inch.

It cannot be denied that the public interest in the Parnell Commission has largely abated. At first, the novelty of the trial and the expectation of startling revelations kept the popular mind in a ferment, and the evidence was sufficiently sensational for a time to maintain this intensity of interest. But in the nature of things it could not last for months; weariness always waits on baulked curiosity, and very weary have the public become of an investigation which crawls along at a snail's pace towards a goal which seems as far off as ever. All the same, it is infinitely better to secure an exhaustive inquiry than to give either side occasion to allege that its case was cut short.

I do not believe that there is a single member in the House, whatever his political predilections may be, who does not deeply regret the cause which compelled Mr. W. H. Smith to go abroad. To most of us, it had been patent for some time that his health was breaking down. He looked haggard and worn to a degree, but with rare pluck he would not give in. Day after day, and night after night, he took his seat; always good-tempered, always courteous, always respectful of the country's interests. He hoped to be able to carry through the present session, and there was something deeply pathetic to us, who knew how he was suffering, in his adjurations to the House to get forward with the national business. He loathed the idea of vacating his post, but he knew that it was inevitable unless obstruction ceased.

Should Mr. Smith be promoted to the Upper House—never was the honour better deserved—Mr. Goschen will, I believe, lead the Commons. That responsible and irksome duty would have devolved in natural course on Mr. Balfour, but he is extremely disinclined. I understand, to give up the Irish Secretaryship until he can hand over a law-abiding and pacified Ireland to his successor. I can well understand this feeling. Who likes to take his hand from the plough just when the furrow has been completed through the hardest ground and the rest promises to be easy work? That is Mr. Balfour's present position. The National League is nearly pulverised, and in another year or two the greatest conspiracy of modern times will be as a hideous nightmare.

WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEE.

A whole mountain of correspondence on the Et Cetera objection has been heaped on the editors of newspapers dealing with horse-racing. Judging by the majority of the epistles published, popular opinion is dead against the objection; and I shall be rather surprised if the popular reading of the law is not that adopted by the official tribunal before whom the appeal from the Manchester stewards is to be heard. Odds were laid on Et Cetera on Monday at the chief sportsmen's clubs, and that seems to show which way the verdict will go.

Ormonde's reported sale for £17,000 has been denied on what ought to be sufficient authority. He will stand at Newmarket next season, it appears. I cannot say that I am pleased at his retention in this country, for the less we breed from roaring stallions the better—much the better. The infirmity need not be transmitted as a matter of certainty, but the taint generally makes itself apparent. Since the story as to Ormonde's transfer for the big sum has been challenged, we are told that £25,000 were available for Stuart, the French champion three-year-old. That is a good lot of money, is it not? though its investment in a phenomenally fine racer might not prove a bad speculation.

With deep regret I heard of the death of Jimmy Grimshaw, who passed away in Bohemia on the 12th, the cause of death being cancer. Poor Jimmy, who was in his 42nd year, had his faults, which were not at all to be wondered at, seeing that in his heyday he was the crack light-weight to a very reckless school of glenmen. At the same time, the little man had many good qualities. I always admired him for setting to work to make a fresh start abroad after his troubles in England, and was very pleased to hear of his doing well. Unfortunately, the terrible disease which killed him cost him dearly in seeking relief from doctors, and Jimmy, I hear, leaves his widow and children penniless. He was a splendid little man when about two or three-and-twenty years of age, and would have made a good mark in almost any branch of athletics to which he chose to turn attention.

Our boxing friends are much on the war path,

or seeking excuse for treading it. Almost every English boxer of note thinks it his bounden duty to advertise himself by means of a challenge, at least once a week. As for our friends in America, they are simply irresistible. According to advices from that side of the water, Kilrain and Sullivan's backers are straying around in search of a stakeholder to be approved of by each party. Seeing that whatever one side suggests is invariably pooh-poohed as quite unacceptable by the opposition as soon as it is put forward, the chances of mutual agreement are remote, or will be till the appointed time for really getting to business may come. Then we shall find a match ratified, no doubt, in Canada; but I greatly doubt whether it can possibly be brought off without interference. Sullivan's present backers would not let him be beaten, no matter how the fight went—this is a sure thing.

Alec Roberts challenges all comers to fight in the old style at 10st. 4lb. or 10st. 2lb., and will, I am afraid, wait some while before finding a customer, unless he accepts Pritchard's offer to box with gloves. If he put the weight on a bit he might be accommodated. I suppose that the challenge is specially directed at Alec Burns, winner of the 10st. 6lb. prize at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday. If Roberts would keep Burns away for a few rounds he would very likely be able to make the other Alec beat himself.

Some valuable legislation in the way of football has been chronicled in the last few days. For instance, the Scotch Association, who disapprove of professionalism, have put a spoke in its wheel by determining that after a footballer from their ranks has played under the rules of any other association he shall not be permitted to perform again under the Scottish Football Association till he has obtained their permission—a pass not to be issued very readily, I expect.

Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, met in solemn conclave to debate on the international difficulty, decided not to bother about England, but play matches among themselves. This is rather a pity, because, after all, the stand made by Mr. Rowland Hill and his confederates was quite in accordance with accepted notions of fair play. They were willing to meet the other nationalities as far as was consistent with their own sense of what was due to themselves, and all along showed desire to arrive at an amicable understanding.

The Maori team, who on Wednesday lost their first match in Wales with Llanelly, were at Wigan on Monday, and beat a local fifteen by one goal and two tries and two minors to one try and five minors. The Wigan clubs never were strong, and the defeat was fully anticipated. Oxford Varsity on the same day were playing the Royal Engineers' Association team at Chatham, and beat them by six goals to one. They came off a badish second best to Manchester with the Rugby game, scoring a try to the Manchester folks' goal plus a try. Cambridge, on Monday, were beaten by Bradford by one goal and two minors, and two minors to one goal and two minors. Pitted against Aston Villa, who ran up the nice little score of five goals to Cambridge's one. Sheffield Wednesday, though able to beat Preston North End, were themselves defeated on Monday by Derby County, who had three goals to one.

Jem Selby's funeral, on Wednesday, was made quite a public function. Nearly all the well-known road coaches were in the procession which followed the great whiff's last journey. There were some sixty other carriages, and the gathering at Lighthatch Cemetery was very great.

O'Connor has issued a challenge to Searle to scull on the Thames or Tyne or at San Francisco. I fear that the Australian is hardly likely to come to the old country to meet the Canadian, though I should be greatly delighted were he to accept the invitation. There is still slighter probability of his tackling O'Connor at San Francisco, and I expect that the end of it all will be O'Connor voyaging to Sydney next spring.

One of the Donoghue Brothers, the American champion skaters, is now in England, preparing, under the care of Mr. Gus Sacks, to compete at all the continental venues where championships are on and to tackle our fencibles. Let us hope that Donoghue may not be disappointed—beaten, in fact, by the weather rather than by opponents.

I told my readers recently that Fred White was a very greatly improved player at both all-in and spot-stroke barred billiards. Fred beat Peal on the 15th inst. by a score of 100 to 80, and was pointed by which he actually won. Win or lose with Mitchell, his display during the first half of the game showed that I had not overrated his ability. It is not pleasant for the giver of 4,000 in 15,000 for 2,400 to find an opponent answer to a break of 1,310 by running up 1,579 unfinished. This he enlarged on Wednesday into 1,693, but the Sheffielder came out with several capital runs, and at half-time was 7,500 to White's 8,943.

OLD IZAAK.

Writing generally, there is at the present time probably no class of men more absolutely destitute than the Thames professional fishermen. They are face to face with a state of affairs, for which, unfortunately, but very few provide during the times when the fishing is good and customers are plentiful. Now their occupation is gone, but few anglers caring to spend a cold winter's day sitting in a punt moored in the centre of the Thames, and I hear some sad tales of want and distress.

If these men would only subscribe to a provident fund, anglers would, I know, on the principle of helping those who help themselves, liberally add to the amount.

For roach now I would recommend worm fishing; for chub, pith and brains; for jack, live bait or paternoster; and for perch, minnows or red worms.

On landing a pike last Saturday, which had taken a minnow on the top hook of a fine gun paternoster, I found that the gut had been bitten through by the fish, which he actually won. Win or lose with Mitchell, his display during the first half of the game showed that I had not overrated his ability. It is not pleasant for the giver of 4,000 in 15,000 for 2,400 to find an opponent answer to a break of 1,310 by running up 1,579 unfinished.

I recently heard a roach fisherman remark, while speaking of the rapid decrease in the number of perch and pike in the Thames, that it was a "jolly good job." This is a mistake. The pike devour the weak and unhealthy fish, and the strong are left to breed and multiply. The fact of a few pike being in roach water is not, by any means, an entire evil.

It may be presumed that pike will always seize a fish which appears to be in difficulties in preference to one which is lively and well. For this reason it is doubtful as to which is the most attractive motion for a spinning bait to have when moving through the water. The irregular movement imparted to a bait when drawing it back in the Thames style is, to my mind, more killing than when steadily winding it back on to the reel in the Nottingham style.

I dare say that many anglers who travel often on the Windsor line of the South-Western Railway have noticed the filling in of the ballast pit which was close by Ashford Station. At one time this small sheet of water contained any number of jack and a very fine breed of rudd. However the rudd, which in this part of the country, at all events, may be looked upon as a rare fish, got scarce, and one of the mysteries which "no fellah ever could understand." The jack ran small, but it occasionally came to the surface, and came to bank, but on day a young angler went down on the off chance, and captured the patriarch of the pool, weighing 23lbs., with a gorge bait.

It now looks down, with glassy eye, upon the proceedings of the Richmond Piscatorial Society.

Shakespeare says "Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, and manage it against despairing thoughts." Hope is also a staff which has to be used to a very considerable extent by anglers, and it is one which must be leaned on at the present time. There is hardly a river through the length and breadth of England, which is not thoroughly out of condition, and most reports, from all parts of the country, tell the same tale of dismal failure, especially those coming from the Thames and the Lea. A gleam of hope is, however, held forth from Nottingham, as at King's Mill on the Trent, an angler recently took two pike weighing 29lbs., and I hear that the water is low, and that there is a possibility of finding pike and perch on the feed at Christmas time.

From the north of England comes news of the capture of some dace, the size of which was very extraordinary to a Thames fish. At Donkton last week, a gentleman fishing in the Preston, Leam, a gentle stream, which is said to be well stocked with coarse fish, is reported to have caught a dace weighing 4½lbs., and I can only say, as Dominie Sampson would have done if he had been an angler—Prodigious! In Windermere an angler took three fish, roach and dace, weighing 5lbs., and another had a dace weighing 1½lbs.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

It is necessary for me to again state that I cannot undertake to answer questions by post under any circumstances whatever. Nor is it within my domain to prescribe for sick pets unless the precise nature of the malady be defined. Here, for instance, is a correspondent ("A.G.") asking my opinion as to what treatment would be best for his monkey's tail. That caudal appendage is losing its hair and becoming unnaturally stiff, but the animal itself seems in perfect health. It is quite impossible for me to surmise the nature of the disease from these symptoms. I can only recommend my correspondent to pay a visit to the Zoo and consult with one of the attendants in the monkey-house. Some sort of atrophy seems to be setting itself up, or the tail may have received an injury above the stiff part.

A native Indian paper gravely relates that a "full-grown baby" lately swallowed a full-grown lizard, and was put to considerable inconvenience in consequence. No wonder; full-grown lizards in the East are apt to be rather large, and as this particular specimen remained alive and hopped about as usual, it is not surprising that the infant seemed pining away. At last a European doctor took the case in hand, and probably remembering the method by which Sir Isambard Brunel got rid of a coin inadvertently swallowed, he reversed the baby by suspending its legs to the roof. After a few minutes, out dropped the lizard, all alive and kicking, and the little sufferer was as well as it had ever been. Rather a risky operation. For myself, I would much prefer to retain a lizard in my inside than to run the chance of apoplexy by dancing in the air feet uppermost.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson had better not keep white rats. They look wonderfully innocent, but some of them are terribly addicted to stimulants. Some time ago I mentioned the case of a white rat belonging to a friend of mine which would surreptitiously sip sherry out of its master's glass whenever a chance presented itself. In another instance, of which I have just heard, one of these animals shows a marked partiality for beer. I wonder whether it is the flavour or the intoxicating effect of such beverages that attracts the little sinners. Monkeys have been known to get drunk at it. The rat closely resembles man to make that appear singular. Horses, too, like a drop of beer, but that vitiated taste may result from their constant association with two-legged humanity.

Notwithstanding the depressing weather which we have been undergoing lately, the reptiles at the Zoo seem to be enjoying themselves pretty well. The other day when I visited them they seemed to be most lively. There was a very fine iguana there who appeared to be somewhat wild. He had not yet made certain that he could not escape through glass, and was perching and jumping about in a most annoying manner. Some of the crocodiles seemed to be attempting a feeble frolic.

The Zoo has lately acquired a new chimpanzee, which is at present in the same house as Sally the sloth's house. This new comer is still very young. I hope it may flourish like Sally, who now has been in the society's keeping for over five years. In the same house I was amused by the antics of a gibbon, which seemed to take delight in teasing a young orang-outang. The latter could not move any where or pick up a rope without the gibbon following and vexing him.

The society's cattle seem to be doing very well. What monsters some of them look! The Cape buffaloes are of such huge bulk that one would almost think they could push their palms over without any exertion. There is a magnificent bull bison, too; one of that unfortunate race which now only exists in parks and where specially preserved. I am glad to see that there is a young bison, too, in the gardens—quite a calf, in fact. I believe that the large bull bison is one of the most untrustworthy and dangerous animals in the place. Of course, if he got a straight run at a man, he would utterly smash him.

In a cutting from a Buenos Ayres paper I observe a list of the principal fauna of the Argentine Republic. The list is headed by the ostrich. The bird, however, which more properly bears this title is found only in Africa. The ostrich of South America is called the rhea, while that of Australia is the emu. The next creatures on the list are partridges, wild cats, foxes, and biscaiches. This last-named animal is a species of chinchilla. Among the other animals mentioned are hares, deer, ducks, geese, cranes, snipe, plovers, eagles, and many kinds of water fowl. Guanacos are also spoken of. These are llamas in their wild state, that is, the animals from which the domesticated llama is supposed to have descended. Armadillos are also present, together with some strangely-named creatures unfamiliar to me.

The tooth sent to me for inspection by "A Constant Reader" belonged to an elephant. It is of no real value whatever, as they are extremely common.

THE ACTOR.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Irving first played in "Macbeth" at the Lyceum Theatre the final scene was rendered memorable by the excellent vigour of his combat with Macduff. I now hear that this scene is to be still further elaborated in the coming revival, and that Macbeth will slay half a dozen people on the stage before he buckles to Macduff. But this may be mere persiflage. It seems clear that the revival is to be distinguished by the utilisation of a very effective moon—identical, some say, with that which Mr. Hubert Herkomer invented for his pastoral play at Bushey.

I have been re-reading some of the criticisms on the old "Macbeth," and very stimulating they are. One writer said of the production that "the whole performance was like a horrible nightmare than a Shakespearean tragedy," while Mr. Irving's Macbeth he declared that, "on the whole, his psychological subtlety and picturesqueness are more adapted to shine in the First Witch than in the crime-laden King." It will be interesting to note what this censor says of the impersonation as it will be seen next Saturday.

Miss Rosina Filippi, the young actress who has written the libretto for "Goody Two Shoes" at the Court, made her first appearance, if I remember rightly, at Mr. Toole's Theatre, but hardly

impressed the critics or the public until she played the shy lady's maid in "The Red Lamp." After that she accepted an engagement to tour, and now undertakes in "Mamma" at the Court a part hardly worthy of her ability. In method and style she is the artistic sister of Miss Adrienne Dailloles. Both ladies are of foreign extraction.

Boxing Night has been chosen by Miss Patti Ross for her London debut, and the choice is not a happy one, unless the lady particularly desired that the newspaper critics should either not see her at all, or see only a portion of her performance, for, of course, they will all be due at Drury Lane that evening. Meanwhile, I hear from those who have seen Miss Ross that she is undeniably clever, especially as a dancer and a banjoist. As a vocalist, I gather, she hardly challenges comparison with Miss Minnie Palmer.

I looked in at Drury Lane the other afternoon, and found everything hard at work, as usual. Mr. Harris was directing every change of scene and every evolution of the supernumeraries; Mr. Herbert Campbell going through a lot of "business" at one side of the stage, and Mr. Harry Nicholls singing "Oh, what an alteration" sotto voce at the other. The stalls were full of young ladies waiting to be called up to the stage to go through the scenes in which they are engaged. I left Mr. Harris arranging the groups for the tournament, and was sorry I could not stop to see the bird ballet, which was coming on later.

The one fixture for Christmas Eve is the revised version of "Faust Up To Date" at the Gaiety, in which there will be some changes in the cast (mostly in the way of "levelling down") and a good many alterations in the details of the production. The piece has been highly honoured by Royalty. The Princess of Wales and her children were present only a few nights ago, and the prince himself has paid two visits to the theatre since "Faust Up To Date" was put on. There is no shrewder judge of a theatrical "good thing" than H.K.H.

The performance of "Dorothy" at the Lyric last Monday did not conclude till close upon midnight. When, therefore, Mr. Leslie came forward to make the few remarks which are now expected from every manager on such occasions, he was at a disadvantage, for everybody, though desirous to hear him, was also anxious to be homebound. The speech was in good taste, and appeared to give general satisfaction. The opera had been received throughout with great enthusiasm—almost too great, seeing that the encores were so numerous as to make the representation overlengthy.

How large an interest was taken in the new Lyric shown by the very large attendance at the private view on the 15th. The guests began to arrive punctually at 11.0 p.m., and by 11.30 the circle, boxes, stalls, and stage were nearly filled by a motley but distinguished crowd. Mr. D'Oyly Carte surveyed the house from one of the boxes; so did Mr. H. B. Conway, having on one side of him Miss Marian Burton, and on the other Miss Gladys Holfrey—a handsome trio indeed.

Miss Kate Burke came in with her fiancé, Mr. Gardiner, looking very bright and animated, with a bouquet in her hand and a string of flowers from her admirer almost to waist. Miss Marie Temple and her sister, Miss Neville, seated themselves modestly in the stalls. On the stage at various times were Miss Van Featherstone, Miss Cissy Grahame, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. Collette, young Mr. Morell Mackenzie, and a hundred others. Everybody seemed unanimous as to the beauty and comfort of the auditorium.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy's" London entrée was witnessed the other afternoon by various members of the Beringer and Kendal family. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were in a box with their children, whose likeness to their mamma is very notable. Mrs. Kendal is supposed to be enjoying a little holiday, but she is really living laborious days with her "Dramatic Opinions," which she is revising for publication in Murray's Magazine.

Everybody, of course, has been talking about the correspondence between Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Clement Scott; and everybody, so far as my experience goes, has expressed the hope that the affair will proceed no further. Mr. Gilbert's squandering of his time and his punishment with excommunication, or, at least, sufficient excommunication to prevent all possibility of a protest, privately or otherwise, against Mr. Scott's verdict. The only practical result of his action has been to draw attention to that verdict, which was by no means singular in its frankness and force.

JACK ALLROUND.

"William C." wants to know how to make cough lozenges. They are principally composed of very finely powdered loaf sugar and other ingredients, moistened with glycerine, and formed into a paste with melted gum, then rolled into a thin sheet and cut into shape. In making lozenges you neither boil nor bake your ingredients; you dry them in warm air. Confectioners carry out the drying process in stoves regularly built into the bakehouse, but the amateur may construct a very tolerable stove for himself. I have known it done on thin boards laid on bricks, and covered over with a sort of glass structure of paper and muslin, the whole placed at the cool end of the hot plate in the kitchen. A strong wooden box, turned on its side, and resting on wheels, is allowed to loosely put on with a pair of hinges, and sufficient ventilation secured at top, answers well placed near the kitchen fire or supported on a couple of bricks on the top of the oven, if the latter be not too hot. A "lozenge cutter" is also required. This can be made of tin plate in form of a cylinder or small punch, to cut the lozenges round or oval, as you please.

A very good mucilage for mixing lozenges of all kinds is the following:—One and a half pounds best gum Arabic, dissolved in one pint water, and add an ounce gum tragacanth in a quarter of a pint of water. When both are dissolved, mix together well and keep in a corked bottle. There are innumerable varieties of cough lozenges—ipeacuanha are among the most efficacious. One recipe for making them is to take four pounds of the finest sifted sugar, and mix half an ounce of ipeacuanha thoroughly through it. Then add enough of the liquid gum to form it into a paste, and roll it out on a marble slab or paste-board dusted with powdered starch. Divide it into 900 lozenges, which allows a quarter of a grain of ipeacuanha to each. The strength of the lozenges is sometimes doubled by mixing one ounce in place of half an ounce of ipeacuanha with the sugar. Dust starch powder over the trays before you place the lozenges on them to dry in the stove.

"I have a lot of the skins of foreign birds. They came over stuffed with wadding, and are very hard, the legs and feet more especially. Would you kindly inform me how to relax them?" Have a box large enough to take the skins without bending them, put into it about four inches of wet river sand, lay a piece of paper over the sand for the bird skins to rest on, according to the size of the skin. To lie upon this from six to twenty-four hours will be sufficient for relaxing humming-birds. When you come to the next size, warblers, &c., a few hours before you take them out of the box as above, wrap wet cotton or tow about the legs and feet. Larger birds still will require a well-damped piece of tow placed in the skin and worked well up into the neck; the eye-holes should be wet, and the legs well wrapped in the wet tow, and so left in the box for about ten hours. In all cases the tow or wadding you find in the bird should be removed. The larger the bird the longer it must be kept under treatment; at the same time you must be careful not to overdo the damping. In place of the box and wet sand some prefer wrapping the skin in well damped paper and leaving it so for the night, and then

proceeding with the wet tow, &c. I am too tired to answer "S. F.'s" second query this week.

"W. A." asks for a recipe for making a "Manchester pudding." Flavour half a pint of milk with vanilla or lemon peel, put in three table-spoonsful of grated bread crumbs and boil for three or four minutes. When off the boil, add a piece of butter about the size of an egg, the yolk of two eggs, eight lumps of sugar, and half a gill of brandy. When the mixture is cold get your pie dish and put a layer of any rich jam at the bottom of it, pour the mixture over that, and ornament the edge of the dish with puff paste; bake it for an hour. Shortly before you send it to table, whip up the whites of the two eggs with a little sugar into a stiff froth, spread it over the top of the pudding, and replace it in the oven for five minutes. Then serve.

"Muddlehead" wants me to "name an acid that will take marking ink out of linen." His letters have accidentally run into one another, and he wants to get rid of them to re-mark the linen. The following sometimes, but not always, answers. Of course it greatly depends upon how the marking ink has been made. Moisten repeatedly with a very weak solution of potassium cyanide, and rinse thoroughly in clean water, or dip in neutral solution of copper chloride, and touch with a crystal of soda hypophosphite dipped in ammonia. I would advise my correspondent to try either of the above by using it on some articles of no value marked with the ink.

In reply to "A Constant Reader," who wishes to make "a fine canvas jacket black and thoroughly waterproof," as good a way as any I know is to get some thick black paint and a lump of soap, the fresher the better. Spread your jacket on the table, and with soap and paint-brush working together on the material so over every bit of your jacket carefully on the outside; do it evenly, omitting no spot anywhere, then hang it out spread as much as you can to dry in the open air, the more windy the better; do not let it have rain until it is dry, and it will take some time. When quite dry give it another coat of paint and soap. The first coat may take two or three weeks to dry, or a month, but a week will probably dry the second. If well done the jacket will last for years.

GENERAL CHATTER.

As tests of efficiency for the performance of specific duties competitive examinations are often absolutely ludicrous in their stupidity. A capital story has just reached me in that connection. Some time ago a scientific chemist of the highest distinction was placed at the head of an important Government department. He was very anxious to take with him his assistant, a gentleman almost as highly qualified as his chief in applied chemistry. But the laws of the Medical and Persians ordained that every assistant in the department must pass a certain examination before appointment. The gentleman in question accordingly submitted himself to this test, but was rejected. He passed in everything except—divinity! And so the State lost the services of a most able servant because he happened to be ignorant of a subject which had no connection whatever with his sphere of duty.

The old wheezy "waits" had better look to their laurels; a formidable rival has entered the field against that nocturnal nuisance. In some parts of London, more particularly the suburbs, choir boys turn a perfectly honest penny by singing from house to house at a reasonable hour in the evening Christmas hymns and carols. What with their sweet voices and knowledge of music, their performances are immeasurably superior to the hideous din of the "waits," and they accordingly get the lion's share of public beneficence. The only objection to this welcome innovation is that it may teach lads habits of mendicancy.

A friend of mine—one of these good-natured fellows who can never refuse a request—has let himself in for a nice little job. Being much pressed by the lady superintendent of certain Sunday schools, he has consented to appear in the character of Father Christmas, to give away the prizes at the annual distribution. Now he is of a very bashful and retiring nature, and the idea of appearing in fancy costume affrights him the more he regards it. But the worst is that he finds himself urged to come on the platform with naked feet and ankles, that being the correct thing for the venerable character he represents. He does not mind the chance of catching cold, but he does very much dislike the notion of exposing his bare understandings to the public gaze.

"Was the old chap worth listening to, Jack?" asked an inquisitive citizen of another who had attended the Gladstone celebration. "Never tired in my life," was the reply; "he jawed and jawed, and jawed, and not one of us could make out what he was jawing about." "He is a wonderful old man for talk," said the first speaker. "Yes, when no one's allowed to answer him. But I'd back my missus to jaw him down if she had the chance."

Let not the well-to-do imagine that the open weather of the present winter has prevented distress among the poor. That it has largely relaxed the usual area of suffering may not be denied, but there exists a great bulk of human misery in the quarters where the very poor congregate, and I do hope that the pockets of the wealthy will be freely opened to give them relief. Not in money; that too frequently finds its way to the public-house. Fuel and food are the chief requirements, and these can be distributed without much difficulty by the ticket system. But there are plenty of ways of helping the deserving poor to tide through the winter. Let every one who can afford it do what they can for ones that come under their personal cognisance, always being on their guard against imposture.

It amused me the other evening to see two little street Arabs spelling over the bill of fare placarded outside a fashionable restaurant. The French names of the various dishes puzzled them immensely, but they made out enough to feel sure that those who sat down to the banquet would have "a jolly good blow-out." "And won't they get tight, neither!" exclaimed one, rather enviously. "In course they will," retorted the other contemptuously, "what's the good of a grand blow-out without lots of lish?" And the lashed away, no doubt picturing to themselves the manifold delights of being rich.

The promotion of Mr. Poland to the rank of Q.C. is well deserved. He might have had "silk" long ago, I believe, but his ambition did not run in that direction. It is not always that entering the inner bar leads to fortune. There are some barristers who make admirable juniors but very bad seniors. In one instance with which I am acquainted, a gentleman who was making a fine income as a junior counsel dropped more than half of it when he took "silk." Mr. Poland, however, need not fear any loss of that sort. There is every reason to believe that he will be as successful as a Q.C. as he was before those honorable initials were affixed to his name.

Among the many social problems which are crying for solution, one of the most difficult is how to prevent improvident marriages. The vicar of a large parish, most of whose inhabitants are poor, tells me that these miserable unions are steadily increasing. Cases constantly come to his notice of mere boys and girls marrying, with the consent of their parents, on a precarious income of a few shillings a week. The State could step in, no doubt, by forbidding the marriages of legal "infants" under any circumstances. But this were enacted there might be an increase of illegitimate unions, and in that case the saintly would charge the Government with encouraging immorality.

LAST WEEK'S
LAW AND POLICE:

Queen's Bench Division.

(Before Mr. Baron Huddleston and a Common Jury.)
A JEWISH BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—KERSHBAUM v. LEVY. This was an action for breach of promise of marriage, the plaintiff being Miss Rachel Kershbaum, a young lady of 22 years of age, residing with her parents at Osborn-place, Osborn-street, in the East-end, and the defendant, Mr. Jacob Levy, a dealer in jewellery, living in the same locality, both being Jews. Mr. Dale Hart was counsel for the plaintiff. The defendant did not appear by counsel or in person. The parties became acquainted in early life, while attending school, and in 1885 they entered into a written contract of marriage in the Jewish form. A penalty of £100 being attached to the breach on either side. There was also, according to Jewish custom, a betrothal feast at the house of the bride's parents, and some amusement was caused in court by the learned judge minutely questioning the plaintiff as to what the party had to eat and drink. The defendant had promised to pay the expenses, and this formed an item of £100 in the plaintiff's claim. Eventually the defendant transferred his attention to another young lady, whom he represented to the plaintiff to be "a cousin from the country." That was three years ago, and the plaintiff understood that the defendant, although he had not yet married, continued to pay his addresses to her rival, and refused to carry out his contract. Mr. Baron Huddleston suggested whether by the written engagement with penalty annexed the parties had not contracted themselves out of court, but put the case to the jury, who gave the plaintiff a verdict for £235. His lordship, who said he did not agree with those who thought that actions for breach of promise should be abolished, gave judgment for the amount, with costs.

Chancery Division.

(Before Mr. Justice Stirling.)

THE IRISH EXHIBITION.—Four petitions were before the court asking for the winding-up of the Irish Exhibition in London, one being presented by Sugg and Co. (Limited), another by R. J. Cooke and Co., printers, a third by Moore and others, and a fourth by J. H. Atkins. On a former occasion Mr. Pearson, Q.C., on behalf of the executive council, offered upon Mr. Buckley, Q.C., rising to open Messrs. Sugg's petition, to pay such part of the debts of Messrs. Sugg and Co. as were not disputed, and to the position of the disputed balance into a bank to be named in the joint names of the solicitors of the parties; and the court made an order that upon that undertaking being carried out, the petition should be dismissed. Mr. Buckley now said that the undertaking had not been complied with, no payment had been made and therefore he obtained permission to restore Sugg's petition to the paper. The learned counsel then went into the question of the condition of the company to prove that they were in an insolvent position, and as to the position of Mr. Radford, the manager, who contended that he and the members of the executive council were not personally liable, as had been supposed, for the debts incurred. Counsel having been heard for the other three petitions, a question arose as to which of the petitions should have the carriage of the order, it being contended against Messrs. Sugg and Co. that they had the security of the undertaking given on the last occasion. Mr. William Pearson, on being appealed to by Mr. Buckley as to whether he had authority to give the undertaking in a manner that did not satisfy Messrs. Sugg's counsel, who therefore abandoned the undertaking, and his lordship therefore made an order on all the petitions, giving the conduct of it to the first petitioner.

Guildhall.

CRUELTY TO A HORSE.—John Macey, carman, and Richard Taylor, were charged by police-constable Archer, 745, with cruelty to a horse—the former by working it while lame, and the latter by allowing it to be so worked. The officer said in Gracechurch-street, and the horse was lame and had sore upon it, he charged the defendant with cruelty. The veterinary evidence went to show that it would be cruelty to the animal to work it, as it was suffering from an over-shot fetlock joint. It might do for light work. Mr. Alderman Renals fined Taylor 20s. and 10s. costs, and discharged Macey.

Mansion House.

TRICYCLE RIDING IN THE CITY.—Alfred Wentzell, 30, cellarman, was charged before Mr. Alderman Wilkin with riding a tricycle in the common danger of passengers in Fenchurch-street, and assaulting a police-constable in the execution of his duty. Robert Lyon, a constable, stated that at six o'clock on Friday evening he was in Fenchurch-street, and saw the defendant riding a tricycle at a rapid rate going westward. Several people had a narrow escape of being run down, and one gentleman remonstrated with the defendant for riding so recklessly on a foggy night. The defendant, who had been drinking, got off his tricycle, and wanted to fight the gentleman. The officer separated them, and asked the defendant for his name and address. While he was writing these down the defendant again rushed at the gentleman, and said he would smash him. He then butted his head against the policeman's chest and struck him. The defendant had a light on his tricycle, but not a bell. When before the court the defendant said the gentleman struck him on the back with his stick. He had a bell on the tricycle, but it was broken. If he struck the officer in his excitement he was very sorry. Mr. Alderman Wilkin fined him £2, which he paid.

Marlborough-street.

A FILTHY OLD WOMAN.—Mary Carey, a grey-haired old charwoman, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in Oxford-street. A constable said that seeing a large crowd at the corner of James-street at one o'clock that morning, he crossed over and saw the prisoner lying on her back, shouting and hallooing and kicking right and left. He picked her up, and finding that she was intoxicated he took her to the station. On the way there she was very violent, and spat in his face, and when in the dock at the station she repeated the filthy act. The old woman bared her right arm, and showed a large bruise on her elbow, caused, she said, by somebody throwing her down. Mr. Newton: What do you say about being drunk? Prisoner: Begorra, I was drunk, but I only had a drop. I was silly and stupid-like. (Laughter.) I came all the way from the Blackfriars-road, and had been to Bayswater, but I don't think it was so late as the constable has stated. Mr. Newton: You were guilty of a beastly act towards the constable. Prisoner (tearing her hands): That's true, but I'll never do it no more.—She was fined 5s. or five days in default.

OVER A GAME OF BILLIARDS.—Edward Johnson, a coachman, from Froud-street, Battersea, was charged with assaulting William Kobohn, at the New Chesterfield Arms Tavern, Shepherd's Market, Mayfair.—Prisoner and the marker were playing at billiards on Friday night, and the prosecutor, who is also a coachman from Carter-lane, City, was looking on. The prisoner wanted to have a bet with some one, but none of the company responded, whereupon he used bad language. Addressing the prosecutor, he told him he had not cleaned his boots, and had better go and rub them down. Prosecutor retorted that he could rub him down if he liked. Words ensued and they pulled off their coats to fight, when prisoner rushed at him and with the butt-end of a cue dealt him a blow on the left temple, inflicting a deep wound, and causing him to fall down insensible. On recovering, he found that he was lying in a pool of blood. The prisoner, in defence, said that he was in a vice and had never been in trouble before. What full amount was paid.—Mr. Hannay said that if he did was in self-defence, and he was very sorry

for it. He hoped the magistrate would deal leniently with him.—Mr. Newton: You might have killed the man. You are fined £4, or imprisonment for a week.

Marylebone.

THE BURGLARY SEASON.—George Read, 61, a carpenter, of Hetherest-street, Kentish Town; John Harding, 28, a brickmaker, of Caledonian-street; and Albert Jones, 27, of Regent-street, were charged with being suspected persons frequenting Great College-street, Camden Town, with housebreaking implements in their possession, supposed for the purpose of committing a felony. Read was further charged with assaulting the police. Constable McMullan, 147 Y, said he was in Chalton-street, St. Pancras, off duty and in plain clothes, at halfpast eleven o'clock on Friday night, and saw the three prisoners in conversation. They went into Great College-street, and when opposite No. 317 Harding and Read went on, but Jones stopped, and with a lighted match examined the door of the house. A gentleman passed along, and that disturbed Jones, who moved away. He, however, returned to the house, and having further examined the door, also the window, with a people passing along. The prisoners then went into Kentish Town-road, and from there proceeded to Prince of Wales-crescent. Witness had followed them, and meeting an officer in uniform, he secured his assistance, and stopped the prisoners. Read tried to get away, but the witness went after him, and when he stopped him Read struck him twice. With further assistance they were all got to the police station. Just as witness took hold of Read he found he had a large screw-driver in his hand, and the station all the men were searched. On Read he found a large table-knife with a sharp point, a candle, a box of silent matches, three keys, and a clasp knife. Harding had four keys on him and a large clasp knife. Nothing was found on Jones.—Mr. De Kuitzen ordered a remand.

Clerkenwell.

AN ISLINGTON TRIFLE.—Thomas Hobson, aged 24, a salesman, of Hermes-street, Pentonville, was charged with attempting to steal from the person of Annie Hyman a sealskin bag, value 15s., at Upper-street, Islington. The prosecutor said she was passing by the Agricultural Hall on Friday evening when she noticed a man at her back. She looked down and saw the prisoner's hand in her bag. She immediately seized him, but he struggled and ran away. She called "Stop thief," and saw Hobson jump on a tramcar that was passing. A private individual ran after the car, but the prisoner alighted and ran down Camden Passage. He was, however, pursued and captured.—Police-constable 430 N took Hobson into custody. The latter said, when charged, "I did not do anything. I only ran because I saw others running." Previous convictions were proved against the prisoner, and Mr. Horace Smith formally remanded him, with a view to sending him for trial at the Middlesex Sessions.

Hammersmith.

KISSED AND INSULTED.—A laundress living in the district of the court complained of having been kissed and insulted in Belgrave-square. She stated that Monday she was in a van with the owner, whom she engaged collecting linen for the laundry, and while in Belgrave-square he put his arm round her neck three or four times, kissed her, and pinched her. She had never been out with him before. His son had previously driven the van.—Mr. Paget: How long did he keep his arm round your neck? Applicant: Not long, as I threatened to jump out of the van. I did not like to leave the van on account of the linen.—Mr. Paget: Belgrave-square is a public place. Did you call out? Applicant: There was one to be seen.—Mr. Paget: No one to be seen in Belgrave-square at five in the afternoon? Applicant: It was very foggy on Monday, vehicles running into one another.—The usher of the court also stated that Monday was a very foggy day.—Mr. Paget: How could he do it when he was driving? Applicant: He threw the reins on one side.—Mr. Paget: Did the horse go on? Applicant: No, it stopped.—Mr. Paget: This was on Monday, why did you not come sooner? The applicant said she sent him a letter offering to accept an apology, but he returned an impudent answer, threatening to put the case in the hands of a solicitor if she did not do so. The magistrate was here reminded that Belgrave-square was not in the district of the court.—Mr. Paget then referred the applicant to Westminster Police Court.

Westminster.

AN IMPUDENT THEFT.—George Morley, 19, a youth, giving an address in York-street, Westminster, was charged on remand, before Mr. Partidge, with stealing a hand-bag containing a purse with 9s. or 10s. in it, from a window-sill at Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, the residence of Dr. W. D. Smallpiece.—On Thursday afternoon Miss Stevenson, housekeeper to the doctor, and her sister, were sitting in the kitchen, when the defendant was slowly opened the outside door and pushed through the reticula, which was on the inner ledge. One of the women screamed, and the prisoner then bounded up the area steps and dropped the bag on the pavement. He ran away as fast as he could, but was stopped after a short chase. He then told a tale about his mother being ill, but this was shown to be pure invention, and the police said that he was a well-known thief.—Previous convictions of the prisoner were proved, and Detective M. Ellistun said that he had only been out of prison a few weeks, as in August last he was sentenced to three months for a watch robbery.—The prisoner was committed for trial to the Middlesex Sessions.

A THOUGHTLESS GIRL.—Elizabeth Miller, 14, who looked older, was charged with violently assaulting the labour-mistress of Kensington Workhouse.—It appeared that the prisoner had been in the infirmary, and on Friday she was transferred to the workhouse. She attempted to run away, and when in the girls' ward rushed to the windows, apparently for the purpose of breaking them. Mrs. Diamond, the labour-mistress, stooped to take off her boots, to prevent mischief, and received a violent kick on the right side of the face. Mrs. Diamond showed a mark caused by the kick.—Mr. Aylward, the master, said the prisoner, who ran away from a Roman Catholic home in Hammersmith, had been with him about a month. The guardians wished to have her placed under restraint, as they could not do anything with her. If she remained she might set the place on fire. Unfortunately, the doctor was of opinion that she was not insane.—Mr. Paget said he could only deal with the case of assault.—The prisoner, in reply to the magistrate, said she did not want her boots taken off, as the weather was cold. When she was in the infirmary they kept whacking her.—Mr. Paget ordered her to be imprisoned for twenty-one days, with hard labour.

Southwark.

HARD ON AN OLD TENANT.—A working man applied to Mr. Hannay for his advice under the following circumstances. He had been a weekly tenant of a house in Lower Marsh, Lambeth for nearly forty years, and had regularly paid his rent of a guinea a week. His landlord desired to get possession of the house, and gave him two notices to leave, and without coming to the court he removed his goods from the house and gave up possession. He was not in a position to pay the £2 rent due, and the landlord had put in a broker at his new place of residence for the amount. He wished to see the case of the tenant. Mr. Hannay: You had notice to quit, as I understand, and with the consent of the landlord took your goods away.—The Applicant: Yes.—Mr. Hannay: Then I do not think that he has any right to follow your goods. It seems a very harsh proceeding under any circumstances.—The Applicant: Yes, and my wife offered to pay £1 down, and the other £1 directly, but the broker would not take it, but went away, and said he would come again and take the goods away unless the full amount was paid.—Mr. Hannay said that if the facts were as stated the whole proceedings

were illegal. He advised applicant to go home and see what further steps were taken, and come to the court on Monday, when the registrar magistrate would be sitting, and if it had been done him a summons would be granted and heard by the magistrate, who would be in full possession of the facts.

Lambeth.

UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGES.—In the course of the day Mr. Chance had before him several applications with regard to differences between man and wife. A respectable-looking young woman, accompanied by her mother, stated that she had been married about six weeks, and during that period she had been subjected to most cruel treatment at the hands of her husband. He had beaten her, struck her on the face, and caused her nose to bleed, and she wanted to have further state-ments, granted the applicant a summons.—A young man came before his worship and asked his advice. He had only been married a short time. From the day of the ceremony his wife repelled him, and she had acted in such an extraordinary manner that he did not know what to do. She was in the habit of jumping out of bed and screaming if he came near her. She had got into that condition it was necessary to place her under restraint.—Mr. Chance said he could not assist the applicant. He could only refer to the Divorce Court, where he could take measures to upset the marriage contract.

Stratford.

A VERY DOUBTFUL CASE.—William Bushell, 60, a cigar dealer, of 4, Grove-road, Leytonstone, was charged with stealing from the dress pocket of Emily Frances Rowe, a brown leather purse, containing half a sovereign and about 3s. in silver, together with a key, at the Eagle Grounds, Snarebrook, on Thursday. The prosecutrix deposed that she was at the Eagle Grounds on Thursday for the purpose of seeing Higgins' descent from a balloon. Whilst standing near the enclosure she felt a hand in her pocket, and on turning round saw the accused standing near her. She felt in her pocket, but her purse was there. Shortly afterwards she again felt her pocket being tampered with, and then found her purse gone.—Detectives Wilson and Thrusell proceeded to seeing the accused moving about in a suspicious manner.—Mr. Wardell, rate collector for the Leyton Local Board; Mr. Wilson, proprietor of the Green Man public-house; and Thomas Smith, a dairyman, deposed that they knew the accused for some years, and was a very respectable man, and that some years in conversation with him about the time the alleged robbery took place.—The bench considered there was a doubt in the case, and that possibly the prosecutrix might have been mistaken, and they therefore discharged him.

INQUESTS.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY AT HACKNEY WICK.—Dr. Macdonald held an inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of the two unknown infants whose bodies were found at Whit Wharf on Wednesday.—Henry Saunders, carman, of Chapman-road, said that on Wednesday he was in his master's yard at Whit Wharf. He found the bodies wrapped up and lying inside the gate. The outer wrappings were canvas, and the inner wrappings was a print bag. On discovering the contents he immediately informed the police.—Police-constable 43 M said he took the bodies to the mortuary and examined them, and the bodies could be identified by which the bodies could be identified. The bags appeared to be new, though possibly they might have been washed.—Dr. John White, 14, Portland-place, Lower Clapton, police surgeon, said he examined the bodies, and found them to be of newly-born male children. There were no marks of violence, the umbilical cords were in both cases cut at about the proper length, but not tied. He could not say that they were twin children, but assuming that they were, the larger child never had a separate existence, but the smaller child had evidently breathed, but it was so small that he considered it would not, under any circumstances, have lived.—The Coroner, summing up, said that under the circumstances the jury would have no trouble in returning a verdict of found dead.—On this, Mr. Birch, a juror, said that though he fully agreed with the coroner's remarks, he ventured to suggest that some inquiries should be made to ascertain if any people in the neighbourhood had given the children to an undertaker for the purpose of burial. He said that if such were the case something should be done to discover who put the bodies there they were found.—A juror of police was thereupon called, who said that no persons were found. The police would, however, make further inquiries.

A GENUINE CORONER.—Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, coroner, held an inquest at Guy's Hospital on Saturday, regarding the death of Albert Bishop, aged 6 months, the son of a labourer, living in Love-lane, Rotherhithe.—Mrs. Bishop said that on Monday morning, about eleven o'clock, she left the deceased and his little brother William sitting on the hearth-rug. The kettle was on the fire, and William overturned it with a stick which he was playing with, and the boiling water fell out on the deceased, severely scalding him. After the usual inquiries the child was taken to the hospital. The coroner remarked that it was a dreadfully dangerous thing to leave children sitting on the floor before the fire. Had the mother, he asked, a guard before it? Mrs. Bishop: I have not got one.—The Coroner: Always have a guard.—Mrs. Bishop: I should, only they cost a lot of money.—The Coroner: Very well, I will give you 1s. 6d. towards one. Mind you come to me before you go.—The medical evidence was to the effect that the child died on Friday evening from extensive scalds, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

A FATAL NEAR THE MONUMENT.—At Guy's Hospital, before Mr. A. B. Hicks, deputy-coroner for Southwark, an inquest was held on the body of Alfred Simmonds, aged 37, a carpet-planer, who lately lived at 68, Morrow-street, Walworth.—Mrs. Simmonds said that on the 22nd of last month the deceased left home for his work, when he appeared to be quite well. About ten o'clock the same night she heard that her husband had met with an accident, and was in Guy's Hospital. She went there, when he told her that while he was carrying Arthur-street, near the Monument, he slipped on a round stone and fell with his knee on the kerb.—Constable Holley, of the City police, stated that the deceased complained to him of having fallen down, and he removed him to the hospital in a cab.—Dr. Price, house-surgeon, said the deceased died on Monday from cirrhosis of the liver, accelerated by the injury to the knee.—A verdict of accidental death was recorded by the jury.

FATAL OMNIBUS ACCIDENT.—Mr. A. B. Hicks, deputy-coroner for Southwark, held an inquest at Guy's Hospital on Saturday, regarding the death of William Cox, aged 15 months, the son of a fish-monger living at 74, Webber-street, Blackfriars.—The mother stated that on Monday night she left the deceased behind the counter of the shop while she went into the yard to fetch some water. On her return witness found that he had run into the street, and on going out she saw him just being run over by an omnibus in the Blackfriars-road. She shouted out, and the driver pulled up immediately. When she got to the hospital the child was pronounced dead.—By the Coroner: The fog was just lifting at the time of the accident.—Joseph Skelton, a storeman, said the driver was quite sober and the omnibus was travelling at the ordinary rate.—Charles Henry Green, the driver, deposed that he stopped the omnibus on hearing a woman scream, but he never saw anything of the child. He felt no pity. The Blackfriars-road end of Webber-street was rather dark, and it was foggy at the time.—Dr. A. E. Price, house-surgeon, deposed that three of the child's ribs had been fractured in the accident, and death was due to shock

consequent on these injuries.—The jury brought in a verdict of accidental death, and exonerated the driver from all blame.—The coroner commended, and said it was a miracle that thousands of children were not killed in the streets. He considered that it was due to the drivers' care that more accidents did not occur.

EXPOSURE AND INTERFERENCE.—Dr. G. Danford Thomas held an inquest on the body of George Green, aged 30, a cabdriver, lately residing at 5, James-street, Holloway, who died under sad circumstances.—The widow of the deceased said her husband, who was "a night cabman," was an executive baker. He went to his cab-yard on Monday night, and, failing to return home the next morning about the usual time, she sought him. She found him, partially insensible, sitting in a doorway in Copenhagen-street, and he was conveyed home in a passing cart, accompanied by a policeman. At first she believed he was drunk, but as she tried in vain to arouse him, she subsequently thought he was ill. All she could elicit from him was that he had been out with his cab and earned 4s., which he had paid the cab-owner, bringing no money home. She called on Dr. Rowntree of Richmond-road, but the doctor expired the following day.—Dr. Rowntree, who had made a post mortem examination, said the diseased condition of Green's lungs, liver, and kidneys was attributable to excessive alcoholism. His stomach was destitute of food, and there was not a particle of fat on his body. Death was due to exhaustion immediately consequent upon cold and exposure, and was accelerated by the deceased's intemperate habits.—The jury returned a verdict accordingly.

THREATENING A LADY.

Persistent Annoyance.

At the Bow-street Police Court on Saturday, Edward Rowden, aged 40, giving an address at the Hotel Victoria, and describing himself as a gentleman, was charged on a warrant with writing threatening letters to the Hon. Violet Lane Fox, threatening to commit a breach of the peace. Mr. George Lewis prosecuted, and Mr. D. E. Langham, of Bow-street, defended. Mr. George Lewis said the defendant was charged with writing a letter threatening to commit a breach of the peace, and the circumstances of the case, and he must give a short narrative of the defendant's history. In the year 1884, a petition was presented in bankruptcy against him for £1,793. Upon another petition he was arrested as an absconding debtor, and remanded in Holloway Prison from January 1884, to April, 1884. On the 30th June in that year he was adjudicated bankrupt under the name of Edward Rowden, otherwise Kishons, and liabilities being £3,357, and the alleged assets £294. On the 25th March, 1884, he was committed from that court for obtaining £1,351 from a tailor, that of Genese, and £215 from John Edwards, by false pretences. His mother found £1,000 to settle the prosecution. In 1883 he commenced to follow the Hon. Miss Violet Lane Fox, and to write to her. In June, 1885, he was charged at the Westminster Police Court with annoying Lady Conyers and her daughter, and he was bound over to find two sureties in £500 to keep the peace, and in default was imprisoned for six months. On July 1st, 1886, he was convicted at the Central Criminal Court for libel upon Miss Lane Fox, and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment. On May 10th, 1888, he was charged at that court with sending a letter by post, and a telegram, and was again bound over to two sureties of £500 each, and himself in £1,000, to keep the peace for six months. From the year 1883 down to the present time, with the exception of the time he had been imprisoned, he had persistently followed the Hon. Violet Lane Fox in the park, in the streets, to private houses, and shops. This constant persecution had affected the young lady considerably, and although Lady Conyers had advised her friends from time to time to refrain from committing a breach of the peace by assisting the defendant, and had applied to the law for protection, she was apprehensive that a breach of the peace might be caused.

A Letter.

On the 12th of December the defendant wrote a letter to Miss Lane Fox which he (Mr. Lewis) proposed to hand to the magistrate for his private perusal, as he was anxious that a letter of this description should not be read publicly. He would, however, refer to a certain paragraph, in which defendant had said, "I feel inclined to break any one's head who interrupts me in this matter." As Lady Conyers had from the first protected her daughter, she considered this was a threat which applied to her, and she accordingly instituted these proceedings. On the last occasion the prisoner was imprisoned in default of finding sureties. The Home Secretary had caused an investigation to be made as to the defendant's mental condition, and the medical officer had reported him to be sane. Mr. Lewis concluded by describing the defendant as a cowardly rascal, who imagined that he could be bought, thinking that he would receive a large sum of money in order to put an end to this persecution. Lady Conyers, however, would not submit to such extortion, but relied on the law to protect her.—Lady Conyers then entered the witness-box, and formally deposed to the receipt of the letter conveying the alleged threat referred to by the learned counsel. She further deposed to the continual annoyance caused by the defendant following her and her daughter.—Mr. Langham, in cross-examination: Is your daughter taking these proceedings?—Lady Conyers: Not in this particular case, but the other cases were instituted by her wish. She is not here to-day. Further cross-examined, the witness said the defendant had not been introduced to the family.—Mr. George Lewis: Does your daughter despise this man?—Lady Conyers: Yes.—Mr. Lewis: And is very much alarmed at his man's conduct?—Lady Conyers: Yes.—Mr. Lewis: And have you been desirous not to bring the young lady to a court of justice?—Lady Conyers: Yes.—Mr. Lewis: And you came in 1886 to explain to Mr. Vaughan the system of annoyance to which you had been subjected by letters?—Lady Conyers: Yes.—Mr. Lewis: Does your daughter feel the annoyance acutely?—Lady Conyers: Yes.—The Earl of Yarborough was called, and in reply to Mr. Lewis, said that since the defendant had been released from prison he had written a letter to his wife, Miss Violet Lane Fox's sister.—Mr. Bridge (to the prisoner): You are a cowardly animal, and you ought to see your self as others see you. I shall order you to find two sureties in the sum of £500 each for your good behaviour for six months.—The defendant said he was in a weak state of health, and asked for small bail.—Mr. Bridge: No; the best thing you can do when you come out of prison is to leave the country.

"POOR DELUDED YOUNG MAN."

Charles Maxwell Beattie, a young man of about 21, carrying on the business of a greengrocer on his own account, was charged at Westminster Police Court on Saturday, before Mr. Partidge, at the instance of the guardians of the St. George's, Hanover-square, Union, with neglecting to maintain his wife, Bertha Emma and her child Robert, aged about 15 months, so that both became and still are chargeable to the parish. Mr. William Collis, the superintendent relieving officer, conducted the case for the guardians; and Mr. E. D. Rymer appeared for the defendant.—On the 21st of October last the wife charged her husband with assaulting her at this court, and it then transpired that they had lived together some little time before last Christmas Day, when they were married. The husband accused his wife of unfaithfulness with an elderly man she called "Uncle," and he (the defendant) went with a friend to remove his furniture, and Mrs. Beattie alleged that she was seriously assaulted on this occasion, but the evidence went to show that she slammed the door in her husband's face and generally her testimony was of such an unreliable nature that Mr. Partidge dismissed the charge. Since that time the husband has not resumed cohabitation

and the wife and child have been in the orphanage. There was no question about the chargeability, and Mr. Rymer said the defence he set up was the adultery of the wife. The husband, "poor deluded young man," was induced to believe he was marrying a young woman of his own class, of respectable antecedents, but now his eyes were opened, and he knew that he had been deceived to an extraordinary degree, for the woman had had several children before she married, and in all probability the one now with her in the workhouse, of which she alleged he was the father, was not his. After the marriage she brought home a child about 4 years old, and said that she was tiring care of it for her mother, but although when cross-examined as complainant in the assault she denied in the most barefaced way every allegation tending to show her impropriety, it would actually be proved that she had lived with a man, who since her marriage had visited her almost daily while her young husband was hard at work getting his living.—Mr. John G. Gray, of 5, Kent-street, Westminster, tailor, whose appearance in the witness box caused the retirement of Mrs. Beattie on the ground of feeling faint, deposed, that in 1886 and 1887 the woman lived in his house with an elderly man named John Foster. They lived fifteen months in his place as man and wife, and passed as Mr. and Mrs. Foster. Mrs. Beattie referred to Foster as "her old man," and she gave birth to a boy, who was registered in the name of Foster.—Eliza Brown, West of a compositor, living at 25, Kensington-place, Westminster, proved that Mrs. Beattie and the defendant, her husband, had apartments at her house from October, 1887, till April, 1888, and that their marriage took place on Christmas morning last. As soon as Mr. Beattie went out, Mr. Foster, familiarly called "Uncle," came, and he would remain for hours, sometimes all day, until just before the husband returned. She knew Mrs. Beattie was in bed on one occasion when Foster was there. She told witness that she had been housekeeper to her dear uncle. (Laughter.)—By the Magistrate: She was a lodger, so I did not trouble to mention it to the husband. She said the old gentleman was a very nice uncle, and that she was deeply fond of him. (Loud laughter.) John Muller, tailor, who lodged in the house, and he had noticed "Uncle" waiting about till the husband went out. Directly Mr. Beattie had gone he used to throw gravel at the window to attract Mrs. Beattie's attention so that she could admit him. He had seen Mrs. Beattie assault her husband with the poker and tongs and throw a kettle of smoking hot water over him. Foster, otherwise "Uncle," had visited her since the proceedings in this court for assault.—Mrs. Marshall, of 13, Parker-street, Westminster, said that five years ago Mrs. Beattie lived with Foster at her mother's house in Totthill-street, Westminster. She was godmother to their child John, but there, and also another child since dead.—Mr. Partridge, addressing Mr. Collis, said he could not make an order to send the defendant to prison for neglecting his wife and child in the face of such evidence as he had heard.—Mr. Collis said he would withdraw the summons. The guardians only wanted to elicit the truth. Perhaps a summons for maintenance might presently be taken out, and then the wife could be examined. At present she was not a competent witness.—Mr. Rymer observed that he should only like to see her in the witness-box.—The summons was withdrawn.

The Home Secretary has issued his sanction to the appointment of a female attendant at each of the metropolitan police courts, at a salary of 15s. a week.

On Saturday George Hayes, 14, a brushmaker, of 52, Old Ford-road, was working at his machine when his hand became entangled in it and was so crushed that he had to have a portion of it amputated in the London Hospital.

PEARS' SOAP.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
From Professor Sir ERASMUS WILSON, Professor of Dermatology, Royal College of Surgeons of England (in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine"): "The use of a good Soap is essential to calculate to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS' is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitants'; and Pears' Transparent Soap is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."
Dr. TILBURY-FOX, late Physician to the Skin Department, University College Hospital, London, writes: "PEARS' SOAP is the best Soap made."—Vide Tilbury-FOX on the "Skin," p. 50.
Mr. JOHN L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon, St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London, writes: "From the 'Hygiene of the Skin.' 'From time to time I have tried many different Soaps, and I have now after fifteen years careful trial in many hundreds of cases, both in Hospital and Private Practice, no hesitation in giving my verdict to the effect that nothing has answered so well, or proved so beneficial to the skin, as PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP."
From "The Bath in Health and Disease," by the same Author. "PEARS' SOAP is unrivalled for purity, and is really the most economical of Soaps, as it contains scarcely any water, as Professor Atfield's analysis incontrovertibly demonstrates."
TESTIMONIALS OF POPULAR FAVORITES.
ADELINE PATTI writes: "I have found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the hands and complexion."
(Signed) ADELINE PATTI.
Mrs. LANGTRY writes: "I have much pleasure in stating I have used PEARS' SOAP for some time, and prefer it to any other."
(Signed) LILLIE LANGTRY.
Miss MARY ANDERSON writes: "I have used it two years, and I find it the very best."
(Signed) MARY ANDERSON.
Madame MARIE ROZE MAPLESON writes: "For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest soap in the world."
(Signed) MARIE ROZE.
PEARS' SOAP is sold everywhere in Tablets, 1s. each. Larger sizes 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Rose. A small Tablet, unscented, is sold at 6d.) All imitations are often salacious in imitation, even by vendors, who would be thought "respectable," some of whom attract the public into their shops of stores by marking Pears' Soap at less than cost price, and then recommend some rubbish on which they set a large profit.

THE PEOPLE'S MIXTURE.

There were over 15,000 strangers in Vienna during November. Only 200 were English.

The Hastings and St. Leonards members of the Church of England Temperance Society number 2,000.

Miss Hannah Jones is the lady who has secured the Sainton-Doby Prize at the Royal Academy of Music.

The battle has been abandoned in New York. This important intelligence has been wired to England.

Professor Piazzi Smith has been succeeded as Astronomer-Royal for Scotland by Mr. Ralph Copeland.

The number of suicides in New York has, to use the words of the *New York Herald*, "appallingly increased."

Dr. Barry, the Bishop of Sydney, means to renounce that see, and to act as Assistant Bishop of Rochester.

Bernard Smith, a Glasgow boy, was playing with some lighted fire. His clothes were caught. He is now dead.

An expert in cement has discovered in Utah all the materials necessary for making the genuine Portland cement.

Cardinal Manning says, "The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink."

The frame buildings erected for the Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati, at a cost of more than \$300,000, were sold at auction for \$26,000.

The Queen left Windsor Castle on Tuesday for Osborne, her Majesty's journey to the Isle of Wight being much delayed by the fog.

The military works department at China have chanced upon a cave-temple supposed to be two thousand years old, with images of the Hindoo gods and some inscriptions.

The House of Lords Appeal Court on Tuesday affirmed a decision of the Lords Justices restraining Mr. Spicer from carrying on the business of an hotel in certain houses in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington.

The French Government have ordered a war vessel from Cherbourg to Colon to protect the interests of the French in the event of any difficulty arising in consequence of the Panama Canal Company's position.

A Tehran despatch discredits the receipt by Persia of Russian commissary notes, and asserts, on the contrary, that the Shah has only received from the Emperor of Russia two friendly letters in reply to two earlier ones which he had sent to the Czar.

Whilst three men were engaged in a carpenter's shop at Peacock, near Lisanelly, preparing some dynamite in order to blow up an old engine-house, the dynamite suddenly exploded. The men were very badly hurt, and one of them, James Griffiths, subsequently died of his injuries.

Lord C. Bessborough on Tuesday unveiled in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, a memorial window in honour of Admiral Blake, the "chief founder of England's naval supremacy," whose body, when ejected from the abbey, was interred in St. Margaret's Churchyard in 1681.

Since his return to Rome Monsignor Persico has transmitted to the Vatican no document relating to Irish affairs, the recent decree of the Holy Office and the circular of the Pontifical Secretary of State being based on Monsignor Persico's report to the Pope, which was drawn up six months ago.

Sir J. Lubbock, M.P., presided on Tuesday at a meeting of members of the London Chamber of Commerce, held to consider the Merchandise Marks Act. Resolutions in favour of appointing inspectors under the Act, and of restricting the marking of foreign goods to produce, were adopted.

Princess Christian, who was accompanied by Prince Christian, Mr. Ritchie, Lady G. Hamilton, and others, on Tuesday visited St. George's-in-the-East, and opened, in the school-room attached to Christ Church, Watney-street, a bazaar and Christmas fete in aid of the renovation fund of that building.

The Yellow River disaster still imposes great responsibility on the Chinese authorities. It is supposed that the Government is feeding 1,117,000 refugees, though no one knows with accuracy the real figures. It is idle, even by the aid of later information, to guess at the probable loss of life, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that it must have been not less than a million lives.

In reply to the invitation to take upon himself the freedom of the City, which he is entitled by patrimony, Prince George of Wales has intimated his willingness to accept the proposal of the corporation, but requested that the ceremony of presentation may be deferred until the summer, when his stay in this country will be longer than it is likely to be at present.

Sir James Martin was no less a personage than the Chief Justice of New South Wales. An application has been made to the New South Wales Equity Court by the trustees of his estate to obtain leave to transfer to the mortgagee some thirty-six acres of valuable land on the Blue Mountains. The mortgage had been so drawn as to be unalterable. But a bad instance of a lawyer's carelessness.

A pathetic story from Springfield, Ohio. Henry C. Layburn, a prominent business man in the town, died eighteen months ago to avoid arrest for forgery. Last week he was called home by his dying wife. He returned, though he knew his arrest was inevitable. The officer kept watch over Layburn, who sat with his dying wife in his arms, and, when she breathed her last, he was transferred to gaol.

All the usual descriptions of cattle were represented at the exhibition of Christmas stock which was opened at the Cattle Market, Islington, this week, and the show of Scotch, Hereford, and Devon stock was especially good. Sales, however, ruled slow, and considerable disappointment was felt by breeders at the prices realised. Sheep, of which there was a bountiful supply, also went off at unremunerative rates, and the market in calves and pigs proved little if any better.

Judgment has been given in the Queen's Bench Division on the question of making absolute rule obtained by the Poplar Board of Works, calling on the East and West India Docks Company to show cause why they should not make good and sufficient bridges over the dock entrances to the Isle of Dogs. The Board of Works complained that the bridges were not adequate to the heavy traffic of the district. The Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Maule refused the mandamus, and discharged the rule.

The "hill tribe" of Northern India, who now and then have been apt to swoop down upon the defenceless natives, and murder them for the purpose of obtaining their cattle, do not all seem to have profited by the salutary lesson which the British troops recently taught the tribes of the Black Mountain. The Chittagong hill tribes are responsible for the latest barbarism of this description. Intelligence received at Calcutta is to the effect that in the course of a "raid" which these lawless Indians have made they killed twenty-two natives.

Lord Hartington addressed a large meeting in Liverpool on Tuesday evening. He spoke of the waste of time in the House of Commons, and said it was difficult to see where a remedy was to be found. It certainly would not be found in such a measure as the self-government of Ireland. The noble marquess gave his reasons for this opinion, and for believing that an Irish Parliament could not be trusted to administer wisely. Criticising Mr. Gladstone's speech at Limehouse, he expressed his surprise that many of the reforms now advocated by the right hon. gentleman had ripened so rapidly, and urged the Radical electors not to be led away by a new legislative programme which must be impracticable for years. The only ques-

tion in Ireland, continue, and should the law of England continue to be supreme in Ireland.

The Lord Mayor has continued to become president of the St. Bride's Youth's Institute, Shoe Lane, during his year of office.

Walter Bright, a young farm servant from Essex, was sentenced at Pontefract charged with placing an iron chair on the railway. He denied having committed the offence.

M. Box, an agent de change on the Paris Bourse, is reported to have absconded, leaving heavy liabilities. A warrant for his arrest has been issued.

The Empress Frederick travelled from Windsor on Monday, and paid a visit to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, addressing a few words to nearly all the little patients.

The Warden of Merton, it is said, has lost no time in writing to Mr. Reid, Q.C., to say that he is ready at the earliest possible moment to attend before the Farnell Commission for the purpose of explaining his allusions in the Oxford speech.

The Rev. W. H. Lucas, rural dean of West Fordingbridge, has been elected proctor in Convocation in the room of the late Canon Wilson, on a poll by 163 to 151 votes given for Canon Jacob, vicar of Portsea, Winchester.

The phonograph was brought into use in Mr. Justice Kay's court the other day during the hearing of a trade mark case, and his lordship, after testing it, remarked that it was marvellous how accurately sounds were conveyed by the machine.

Five thousand seven hundred conscripts, chiefly drafted from the Polish provinces, are being sent to the Caucasus. The Government never relaxes the custom of transferring its Polish contingents to distant provinces, and of filling the Polish garrisons with Russian and Cossack regiments.

A man named Rowell, suspected of being a poacher, was walking through the street at King's Lynn, with a loaded gun concealed under his coat when he slipped and fell. The gun exploded and blew off the back of the man's head, causing instant death.

At the annual general meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, held at the Charing Cross Hotel, Mr. Daniel E. Scrutton presided and moved the adoption of the council's report, which announced an increase in membership, in sales and in profits.

Thieves broke into an empty house in Camden-crescent, Bath, and entered therefrom another house in the crescent occupied by General Gaskill, while the family were at dinner. The burglars succeeded in carrying off a quantity of jewellery.

This week, at a meeting of the Sevenoaks Local Board, it was decided to present Lord Sackville with an address of welcome, tendering to his lordship the unanimous and sincere congratulations of the board upon his accession to the title and estates of Knole.

Louis de Bourdais, master, and Joseph de Bourdais, mate, of the barque *Grille*, have been remitted to Glasgow Juvenile Court on a charge of attempting to scuttle the barque in the Atlantic. The vessel and cargo had been insured for £3,400. Both accused pleaded not guilty.

It is anticipated that as a result of Lord Hartington's withdrawal from the National Liberal Club, there will be about 400 secessions during the next fortnight. The Liberal Unionist withdrawal up to the present are said to number 200.

At Preston, John Fidler has been remanded on a charge of striking William Cornwall on the head with a paraffin lamp. The lamp was broken in the attack, and Cornwall so seriously burnt on the face and hands that he had to be taken to the infirmary.

Lord Salisbury, acknowledging a resolution from the Edinburgh Eastern Division of the Liberal Unionist Association, says it is very gratifying to receive such assurances of confidence in the policy of the Government, and he assures the association that he values their testimony of approval.

At a special meeting of the members of the Cadwiler's Benevolent Association this week, ten annuitants were elected to receive a pension of £20 a year. Dr. Forbes Winslow, who presided, moved a resolution, which was carried, pledging the members to use every effort in their power to increase the number of trade supporters.

Sir John Hall, late President of New Zealand, distributed the prizes at the St. Saviour's Choir School, Eastbourne. Speaking to the boys, he urged them as they grew up to be careful to maintain the integrity of the empire, and he assured them that the people in New Zealand were determined to do all in their power to maintain it.

Speaking at Sheffield, Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., said it was for the working classes to say if things should be allowed to drift from bad to worse until foreign labour swamped native industry. A change in these fiscal measures, by which was raised £20,000,000 yearly from non-competing imports in popular use, would be most effective.

Captain Penton, M.P., Mr. G. Bruce, M.P., and the Hon. Claude Hay addressed a crowded meeting at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell-road, on Monday night, when a vote of confidence in her Majesty's Government was unanimously adopted. A programme of recitations and music was contributed by Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. Corney Grain, Sir Augustus Webster, Bart., Miss Sophie Robertson, Mr. Paston Cooper, and others.

A letter has been received in Leeds from the proprietor of the hotel in the Engaine at which Mr. Wrenell Bowling was staying, giving details of the accident by which he lost his life. It appears that Mr. Bowling was one of a party of skaters, and in seeking to rescue one of their number who had fallen through the ice, disappeared and was himself lost.

It is asserted in military quarters in St. Petersburg that trials are being made at the Government workshops with several new rifles, with a calibre of eight millimetres. A Russian rifle will probably be chosen as the most satisfactory, but it is without repeating mechanism. It is asserted that the entire Russian Army could not be armed with the new rifle before 1892 if the factories commenced working at once.

The National Pension Fund for Nurses is progressing rapidly. At a meeting of the council this week, Mr. Walter H. Burns in the chair, the hon. managers reported that the number of applications for pensions and sick pay up to date was 574, of whom 418 had paid their contributions, amounting to £6,145, of which £2,916 had been received during the month of November. The funds invested amounted to upwards of £20,000.

At the Munster Winter Assizes, at Cork, Michael Browne was charged with having on the 16th of July, 1887, mutilated the corpse, the property of a farmer named John Twomey, residing near Newmarket, county Cork. The prisoner was not on his trial, but on his trial with his neighbours, especially Twomey, whose cows strayed from his farm and trespassed on that of Browne. The jury acquitted the prisoner.

Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham, whose spiritual ministrations elicited a confession of guilt from the wretched man executed at Durham, was the favourite pupil with whom Dr. Arnold sat up discussing the doctrine of the Eucharist on the night before his sudden death. When the young Oratorian came down to breakfast next morning he found the house in confusion, and his great master dead. The dean is a staunch High Churchman, and a defender and patron of Ritualism. He married a niece of Mr. Gladstone's.

Mr. Faunce de Laune, J.P., and a prominent agriculturist, was arrested on his farm about five miles from Eversham and Nottingham about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when he caught some poachers. One of them, who was armed with a gun, furiously attacked him, striking him on the head with the weapon and knocking him down. Mr. de Laune was rescued by his neighbours.

but was seriously injured. A labourer, named Black, has been arrested on suspicion.

The synagogue in New South Wales only possesses 3,539 adherents.

The Austrian Military Bill has passed the second reading in the Reichsrath without amendment.

The French Senate have passed the bill authorising the distribution of the sewage of Paris over the plain and forest of St. Germain.

The modern Lord of Burghley, Lord Exeter's eldest son, and North Northamptonshire's representative, entered on his 40th year on Thursday.

Greece is not a wealthy State, but if the Queen had the same proportion of revenue that is given to King George she would have three millions.

Louis Mong Ken, who was the wealthiest Chinese merchant in Melbourne, and whose death has caused a widespread regret, married an English lady. Their family numbered twelve.

William Henry Anstie and Robert Anstie are declared to have shot at a Honiton gamekeeper named Lock, with intent to kill him. They await their trial at the assizes.

An old Chartist leader has disappeared in the person of Mr. Matthew Jones, of Merthyr. An anti-physical force man, he was held in high esteem by his Welsh comrades.

Since the conviction of Hronok, the Chicago Anarchist, each mail at Springfield brings threatening letters to the governor. The letters come from Chicago and cities in the East.

The question of building a railway through Siberia has been definitely settled, and two lines will be constructed there which will connect the most important points of that region.

Seventeen sturdy lads, now inmates of the Isle of Thanet Union at Minster, have besought the magistrates to allow them to emigrate to Canada under the auspices of Dr. Barnardo.

The Hungarian Diet has passed the Ministerial bill authorising the raising of a sum of five hundred thousand florins for the execution of preliminary works for the regulation of the Danube navigation at the Iron Gates.

The King of Swazie is an economist of time. About two months ago his Majesty married his fourth wife. He had, according to the *Komati Observer*, for eight days previously taken out himself one wife a day.

In the Victoria Parliament there is a Mr. Gaunson. Mr. Gaunson, in a recent debate, told Mr. Dow, the Minister of Lands, that any one looking at him would recognise the Whitechapel murderer. Will the doctor brook this rival?

A woman who registered at the Grand Union Hotel, in New York, as "E. de Villers, Frederick, Maryland," committed suicide the other morning in her room at the hotel by shooting herself in the head.

A Midland train, due at Leeds on Tuesday at two o'clock, ran into a mineral train at Hunslet, the driver, it is said, not being able to see the signals through the fog. Four or five passengers were injured, one severely, a carriage left the line, and a van and wagon were smashed.

William Carr, late manager of the Halifax Gasworks, was charged this week at the Leeds Assizes with mutilating the books belonging to the corporation, with intent to defraud. The case eventually broke down, and prisoner was discharged.

The members of the London Chamber of Commerce met on Tuesday to consider the working of the Merchandise Marks Act. After some discussion they adopted a resolution in favour of amending the Act in the direction of more simply distinguishing home and foreign produce.

A Royal proclamation has been issued in the Gazette, commanding the peers of Scotland to assemble at Holyrood House on Thursday, the 16th January next, to choose a representative peer in the room of the late Earl of Mar and Eglar.

The Duchesse of Rutland on Tuesday evening opened the school for naval architecture, ship and boat-building, &c., established at the Bow and Bromley Institute by the master, wardens, and court of assistants of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights.

The Prince of Orange bi-centenary committee met at Torquay on Wednesday, and decided to accept the design of W. and P. Willis, of London, for the proposed statue of the prince, to commemorate the Revolution of 1688. It will be executed in bronze at a cost of £700, and will be completed by August next year.

Mr. E. B. Hoare, M.P., presided at a meeting of the supporters of the London Society for Teaching the Blind, held at the institution in Upper Avenue-road, St. John's-road, when Mrs. Brodie Hoare distributed the annual prizes for good conduct and proficiency in various subjects to the successful pupils in the society's school.

At the Liverpool Police Court, Fred A. Wilkins, a youth apparently about 17, was charged with attempting to rescue a prisoner, and Sergeants Forth and Quilliam were charged on a cross-examination with assaulting Wilkins. Eventually the summonses on both sides were dismissed, the magistrates expressing their opinion, however, that Forth had probably been rather indiscreet in the way he used his stick.

In the Queen's Bench Division the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Manisty refused an application made on behalf of the Poplar Board of Works to make absolute rule nisi calling upon the East and West India Docks Company to show cause why a writ of mandamus should not issue requiring them to make good and sufficient bridges over their dock entrances.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade were called at an early hour on Tuesday morning to an outbreak on the premises of the Civil Service Supply Association, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. The damage done was chiefly confined to the first and second floors of the basement, and the first and second floors, and the loss is said to be covered by insurance.

The War Office authorities have purchased several acres of ground situated between Epping and Ongar, as a site for new military barracks. The spot selected is on high land, and only a short distance from the Ongar branch of the Great Eastern Railway. There will be accommodation for 5,000 men, and the work of erection will commence immediately after Christmas.

In presenting the prizes to the Woolwich Arsenal Artillery Volunteers, Lord Harris referred to the great improvement in the position of Volunteer corps, which had been secured by the establishment of sixty-five four-gun batteries of position. If private assistance were given to the corps he hoped that care would be taken that corps which managed their finances economically should not be discouraged.

Inspector John McDonald, of the Barnet division of the metropolitan police, died a short time ago in the prime of life and from the effects of injury received while in the execution of his duty. The widow is left with seven children, all under 11 years of age, the youngest being but a few days old at the time of the father's death. The Rev. O. W. Barrett, rector of Barnet, has received from the Queen a cheque for £8 towards the fund that is being raised.

Mr. J. E. Cox, inland revenue officer, was leaving his office at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, late on Monday night, when he was attacked by two masked men and kicked and beaten in a brutal manner. The supervisor, who was upstairs, heard groans and went to see the cause, whereupon the ruffians descended, leaving Mr. Cox in an unconscious condition.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on Wednesday evening at the annual distribution of prizes at King's College School, and congratulated the school on the good position which it held. A vote of thanks to his Royal highness was proposed by Sir A. Rolitt, M.P., seconded by the Rev. Dr. Wake, and carried by acclamation. The chief honours in the prize list fell to E. F. Austin, M. A. Edwards, A. J. Sargent, G. Kinnaway, H. B. Townsend, and T. E. Youmans. After the prize

distribution there were performances in costume, some of them being very entertaining.

The National Bank of San Francisco has suspended payment.

The oldest Freemasons' Lodge in America exists in Boston. It has been established just 150 years.

The Catholic Church in New South Wales includes six bishops, 272 priests, and 288,000 supporters.

"The position and duties of the public executioner" are to be the subject of a debate in the House next session.

The Church of England has six bishops, 324 clergymen, and about 470,000 adherents in New South Wales.

Two new docks, larger than any existing in any Royal dockyard, are to be constructed by convict labour at Portsmouth.

Captain Cussen was a well-known pearl fisherman. He fell overboard near New Guinea, and sharks made a rapid meal.

One of the New South Wales Supreme Court judges so loves the soothing weed that he only drops the pipe as he leaves his robing-room for the bench.

In a secluded little house at Wimbledon still lives Miss Eliza Cook. In four days' time—on Christmas Eve—the poetess will have lived 76 years.

A septuagenarian at Heathote (Victoria) committed suicide. Before he took his life he wrote in his pocket-book, "Death is the poor man's friend."

Joel Smith, of Leominster, Mass., at the conclusion of a speech in that town a few days ago, remarked, "I must go now," and then fell dead upon the floor.

Cushaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, is to be more strongly fortified with additional batteries and protected with torpedo mines, the cost of which will amount to several million marks.

Mrs. Glen, the wife of a Dumbarton shoemaker, had determined on suicide. She carried out her intention by jumping from a window two storeys high.

In Ford-street, Derby, a man named Sutton and his son were repairing the chimney of a three-storey house, when the ladder slipped, and the son was precipitated to the pavement and killed. The father clung to the spouting until rescued.

Mr. Hawkins, the station-master at Tottenham, on the Cambridge main line of the Great Eastern Railway, was knocked down by a passing goods train as he was crossing the metals, and instantly killed, his body being terribly mutilated.

Newspaper editors sometimes neglect brilliant opportunities. The *New York Herald* was recently offered by a subscriber a fourth interest in an explosive percussion shell of from eight to fifteen inches calibre. It declined the offer with thanks.

The medical library attached to the office of the surgeon-general of the Army at Washington is said to be the largest collection of medical books in the world. It contains nearly 100,000 volumes and a great number of pamphlets.

Among her diamonds Mrs. McLean, wife of the editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, who mostly spends her winters in Washington, has the finest collection that formerly belonged to Adelaide Neilson, the actress.

A Maine genius has discovered that spruce sawdust is an excellent substitute for sand in making common mortar for plastering houses. He has used it in making a house in Greenville, and other masons in the State are experimenting with it.

At the Middlesex Sessions this week, John Clarke pleaded guilty to the larceny of a pewter pot, and evidence having been given which went to show that the metal was stolen for the purpose of being made into base coin, the prisoner was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Lord Cross on Wednesday night distributed the prizes in connection with the metropolitan drawing classes at the Carpenters' Hall, and in addressing the students dwelt upon the importance of technical education as a means of maintaining our supremacy in trade and commerce.

Mrs. Albert H. Moore is a noted but somewhat eccentric Philadelphia society leader. She is the possessor of diamonds valued at \$50,000, and has a handsome collection of fine china. The tea used at her house is especially imported for her from China at a cost of \$100 a pound.

Wood oil is now made on a somewhat extensive scale in Sweden, where the refuse of timber cutting and forest cleanings is turned into account for the oil it contains. It is used for illuminating purposes, and gives, when put in a lamp especially made for it, a very satisfactory light.

The uncle of the King of Spain announces that the purpose of his visit to the United States is to sell his picture gallery, second only to the Royal Madrid Gallery. He puts the value of the pictures now in the Custom House at three quarters of a million dollars.

Princess Mary Adelaide opened the new St. Michael's Mission at Camden Town on Wednesday, which has been erected at a cost of £2,000, on a site given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The princess examined the building, and on her departure was warmly applauded by those who had assembled outside.

Daniel Macfarlane, master of the barque *Atlas*, of Troon, was fined £5 at Ayr for contravention of Section 27 of the Merchant Shipping Act, in having left behind him, at Quebec, a seaman named McDonald (who had signed articles to go to Quebec and back) without proper notification to the shipping authorities at Quebec.

A burglary has been committed at the premises of Messrs. Burgess, bootmakers, Regent-street. The thieves had evidently been disturbed, and had not time to remove the greater part of the booty, but had roughly cut off and carried away some valuable brushes from court dress shoes together with some spurs.

Owing to the fog which prevailed on Wednesday morning in the Solent, the Queen's journey to Osborne was postponed till noon, when information arrived that the fog had lifted, and her Majesty, in company with the Empress Frederick, proceeded to her destination, the passage to Osborne being completed in bright sunshine.

At Planting Major, in Glamorganshire, Mr. Evan Thomas, of Great House Farm, was found shot. The deceased left home on Monday for the purpose of shooting rooks, and it is supposed that while in the act of climbing over a fence the trigger of his gun caught something and the charges exploded. Death must have been instantaneous.

Marie Cambrey has been remanded at the Hammermill Police Court on the charge of having stolen some jewellery and other property belonging to Mr. John Alderson Foote, of Palace Gardens-terrace, Kensington. The accused was employed as Mrs. Foote's maid, and a charge of theft having been made against her by a former employer, her box was searched, and the property stolen from Mr. Foote was found in it. The girl subsequently attempted to commit suicide.

The Marquis of Salisbury commenced his visit to Scarborough on Wednesday evening, arriving soon after six o'clock, and being received amongst others by the Earl of Londesborough, whose guest he is during his stay. By express desire there was no formal gathering at the railway station, but large crowds of people attended to welcome the Premier. In the evening the noble lord attended a conversation, and received an address from the mayor and corporation, which he briefly acknowledged.

At the Marylebone Police Court, Mr. H. G. Owen, of Cavendish-place, Cavendish-square, accused James Eldridge, whom he had employed as butler and valet, of stealing one or more letters. The prisoner recently left the prosecutor's employ, and a difference arose between them, and it was said that the prisoner had admitted having private letters belonging to Mr. Owen in his possession, having picked them out of the waste-paper basket, and taken them to his room.

thought there was nothing against the prisoner, whom he discharged.

A punitive expedition of 1,200 men will proceed against the Chittagong hill tribes immediately in consequence of their recent raid.

The negroes at Wahalak, State of Mississippi, are still gathering in the swamps, and the whites are assembling to fight.

A number of dynamite cartridges, believed to be for nefarious purposes, have been seized on the Spanish frontier.

One of the best-known of yachtmen is Sir Richard Francis Sutton, of Benham Park, Newbury.

The Inns of Court Bar Library at the Royal Courts of Justice was only established in June, 1884. It now contains over 6,000 volumes.

A new great anti-Semitic daily paper, with morning and evening editions, is to appear at the beginning of the New Year in Vienna.

Madame Patti, who has been engaged for two more concerts at the Albert Hall, is to be remunerated at the rate of £500 a night.

Miss Wiedemann's friends are determined. Next month Mr. Cook, Q.C., will move for a new trial in her suit against Mr. Walpole.

So it is now finally arranged. The next meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held at Brookwood.

A telegram from Mandalay reports that an attack by the Chin tribes on the British force now moving against them has been repulsed, forty being killed and wounded.

"I prefer to retire," says Mr. Cook, the venerable county court judge of Northampton, "before old age may lead me to do something which will throw discredit on my long career."

Paris is at present afflicted with fog—not, perhaps, so disagreeable as the "pea-soup" atmosphere which the mixture of Thames mist and coal smoke produces but sufficiently unpleasant.

There are now in Berlin so many drinking saloons that there is one for every 112 inhabitants, but at Heidelberg there is one to every eighty-seven.

This is how a fatal row originated among some men engaged in building operations at Ludlow, Kentucky. The white men refused to drink with the coloured men. Two men were killed; several others were injured.

A family club is the latest suggestion from clubland and Bohemia. A movement is actually on foot to establish such an institution in various districts of London. It has the support of a number of men and women, among whom are several personalities in social and literary circles.

The House of Commons has been engaged this session on Supply for forty-two days, or, including the Report of Supply, forty-three days. This is eleven days longer than in any recent session, and sixteen days more than the average of the last ten years.

From the plague of locusts Cyprus is not yet entirely free. The annual cost of operations for their destruction is, taking one year with another set down at £3,000. No fewer than 1,184 persons were this year employed in the locust campaign—a process by which the visitors are burned.

In the "foreign" quarters of London roasts and fillets cut from horses have been for some time openly displayed; whilst in several of the restaurants frequented by foreigners soup made from horse meat is served daily on demand, as also steaks and daintily-prepared entrées.

A sister of charity in America, who belonged to one of the strictest organisations, has thrown aside her distinguishing garments, and broken her vows, in order to marry a young railway conductor with whom she fell desperately in love while she was nursing him in a hospital. He discovered an equally violent passion for her.

For six years there had been no receipts from the Railway Servants' Widow and Orphan Fund collecting-box at the four railway stations at Portsmouth. The police were suspicious. They thus managed to catch a railway constable in the act of taking 2d. from the box. The constable went to gaol for a month.

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THE NEW LAW OF DISTRESS

est, Bryanston-square, was summoned to the Marylebone Police Court, before Mr. De B. William Wheeler of 6, Adpar-street, P.

THE NEW LAW OF DISTRESS.

Mrs. George, a broker, of 13, Upper Dorset-street, Brompton-square, was summoned at the City Police Court, before Mr. De Rutzen, William Wheeler of 6, Adair-street, Paddington, for an alleged illegal and excessive distress. C. E. B. Bowker, solicitor, appeared for the defence.—The complainant alleged that the tenant, on the 8th inst., had been distraining against the tools of his trade—bedsteads, contrary to the recent Act, but it being ascertained that all the goods consisted of a wooden stool, and ordinary lamp, the magistrate confined the summons to the alleged distraint of bedding.—Mr. Bowker, for the defence, admitted that the defendant seized two bedsteads, and contended that a bedstead was not bedding within either the Distress Act or the new law. The Justice of the Peace Court said he would refer the matter to the County Council officials, and was assured that at their practice was not to exempt bedsteads from seizure. Mr. Glade, at the Southwark Police court, had, on the other hand, expressed an opinion that the word "bedding," included the bedstead. The point, Mr. Bowker said, was of little importance to brokers and landlords.—In giving his decision, Mr. De Rutzen said he was sorry that this case had never brought forward, because hitherto, since the passing of this bill, he had been able to bring to the attention of persons who had illegally distrained that the things were protected by the Act, and they at once agreed to give up the things. That was a relief born to the unfortunate people distressed upon, and was at the same time creditable to the person distraining. Now, however, he should have to decide this case upon what seemed to be the actual facts of the subject. To do so, he hoped to be told that, although in words the Act seemed to give great advantage to that class which most of all needed the law's protection, yet when the remedy was looked at the substance turned out to be but a shadow. The Act said that searing apparel and boots up to £5 should be kept apart from seizure. It was strange, in his opinion, that the Act did not say that any person guilty of anything in contravention of its shall be liable to any penalty or punishment, and the only remedy open to any poor person who had had goods taken which the law said should not be distrained was to be found in the 3rd & 3rd Vic., cap. lxxviii, sec. 99, which gave power to deal summarily with cases in which goods had been taken from anybody by an unlawful distress. This section applied only to cases where a person had occupied a house or lodging by the week or month, and therefore the rent did not exceed the amount of £15 a year, which were the only cases over which he had jurisdiction. In the case before the court the Act provided that if the magistrate saw fit he might order such distress to be returned to the tenant on payment of the rent which should appear to be due at such time as the magistrate should appoint. The only order that he could make, therefore, made no difference between the bedstead given up on payment of the rent—a remedy which was as bad as the disease. Another point had been taken of some little importance. It was contended that though the bedding was privileged from seizure, that did not include the bedstead. He was inclined to hold that that was so, although it might at first sight appear to be rather nice distinction, but all the dictionaries he had consulted gave an entirely different meaning to the two words. But it really made very little difference, for if a bedstead were privileged he could only make the same order as he had already indicated.—Mr. Bowker thanked his worship for his decision, which he said was the first under the new Act.

The Board of Trade inquiry at Glasgow, into the loss of the vessel Estrella de Chile upon a sandbank in the Solway Firth, decided on Wednesday last that Captain Dowd was to blame, but his offence was not so serious as to warrant the court interfering with his certificate.

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people almost afraid to eat and drink for pain.
GORDON'S EXTRACT CURES
when all other remedies have failed.
GORDON'S EXTRACT CURES
when doctors have given up the patients.
GORDON'S EXTRACT CURES
those turned from hospitals as incurable.
GORDON'S EXTRACT CURES
sufferers who have given up hope in despair.
GORDON'S EXTRACT CURES
for Two Shillings where pounds have been spent in vain.
GORDON'S EXTRACT IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR LIVER COMPLAINTS, SICK HEADACHE,
COATED TONGUE, ACHING LIMBS,
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FLATULENCE, LOSS OF APPETITE,
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ASTHMATIC BREATHING, DROPSY.

MANY THOUSANDS
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The following is eloquence itself:

PROOF "123 St James-road."
POSITIVE "Bournemouth, B.E."
PROOF "Sir,—I have had my wife ill for more than two years. She has been treated by the doctors at Guy's Hospital, and the Richmond-sea Hospital, and the Hospital for Women in Southampton, also by dispensary doctors, and private doctors, none of whom I also got several kinds of Patent Medicines, and after all nothing did her any good, and I began to think she must die. At length I bought your Extract, and used it according to directions, and lo! she was suffering from Loss of Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy—in fact, she wanted to lose life in mere skeleton. For about three days she continued in this state until one evening NATURAL SLEEP. She was obliged to take sleeping draughts, which eventually cured her sleepless night, and she had to be removed to a lunatic asylum. When she had been there three months I claimed her discharge, on promising to place her under proper control at home, which I did; but she was so weak and helpless that she could not get accustomed here to live many weeks, and every one who saw her was of the same opinion even the doctors told me she could not see anything more than they had done."

"Well, at last mine own advised me to try GORDON'S EXTRACT, and I thank God that I took about a bottle of it. After she has taken half of it she said, 'it begins to relieve me.' And now we are beginning to feel a little better, and my appetite seems a little sleepier.'" She took another bottle of yours, and she is now as well, and strong as EVER SHE WAS."

"You are at liberty, Sir, to make what you like of this letter. I have recommended the Extract to every one whom I hear complaint of being ill, and as long as I live I will always do."

I remain, Sir, yours truly thankful,

"W. D. CULLEN."

"To the Proprietors of Gordon's Extract."

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GORDON'S EXTRACT is a concentrated syrup, containing the active principles of eleven plants and roots of North and South American origin, most of which are unobtainable in this country. It contains no poison, no narcotic, no quinine, nor any other mineral, or any deleterious substance. Nor does it contain alcohol.

ITS curative properties are delicately balanced and harmoniously blended, and have a most wonderful effect upon a disordered state of the body, especially when such springs originally from the stomach or liver.

GORDON'S EXTRACT can be obtained of All Chemists, in bottles at six, but if any difficulty, it will be forwarded free on receipt of ten penny-order stamps by the Wholesale Agents:

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WIGGINS'S FEMALE PILLS.
CONTAINING IRON, PENNYROYAL, MYRRH,
BITTER-APPLE. These cannot fail to have desired
effect.—1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Order of Chemists, or sent post
free by H. WIGGINS M.P.S., Southwark Park-road, London.

DR. F. P. AUGUSTE'S FRENCH PILLS
THIS invaluable remedy, never known to fail in correcting
all irregularities so common to females, of all Chemists
1s. 6d. per box, or Wholesale from Barclay and Messrs
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LEADE'S
GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS
THE SAFEST AND MOST EFFECTUAL CURE FOR
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL PAINS IN THE
HEAD, FACE, AND LIMBS.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL from the Rev. F. FARVH
Baptist Minister.

MR. G. EADE. March 16th, 1897.

Dear Sir,—I have many times felt inclined to inform you of the benefit I have received by taking your God and Rheumatic Pills. After suffering for some time from Rheumatism and Sciatica, I was advised to use your Pills. I bought a bottle, and when in severe pain

and unable to use the limb affected I took a dose.
A few hours after I felt the pain much better, and
after the second dose the pain completely removed
and the limb restored to its right use. I thank you
dear sir, for sending forth such a boon for the relief
human suffering.

Yours faithfully,
N. FARVE,
Baptist Minister

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PERSONS SUFFERING from a chronic inflammatory
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"Dear Sir,—Having had a most distressing
severe cough, which caused me many sleepless
and restless days, I was recommended by his Lord

the Earl of Bathurst to try your most inva-
BAL-SAM OF ANISEED, and I can assure you with-
 first dose I found immediate relief, even without hav-
 to suspend my various duties; and the first small box
 completely cured me, therefore I have the greatest
 confidence in fully recommending it to the million.
 (Signed) W. LUSKILL

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 The high character of this old-established remedy for
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firmly by the gratifying letters received from those
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OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND'S

AMERICAN SALSAPARILLA.
D.R. TOWNSEND'S A Certain and Safe REMEDY
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DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND'S PILLS
For BILIOUS and LIVER COMPLAINTS,
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A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.
BEECHAM'S PILLS
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ARE universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box
 for the most distressing and dangerous Biliousness, and
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21. Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind, Flatulence, the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after Meals, Distension and Browsiness, Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Constipation, Scoury and Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nerveous and Trembling Tends, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these and they will be acknowledged to be

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For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as diseases of women will carry off all humours and bring about that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to equal Beeccham's Pills for removing obstructions and irregularities of the system. If taken as

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As a remedy for Coughs in general, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Tightness of the Chest, Wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public and will not only remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly oppresses the patient of rest. Let any person try BEECHAM'S COUGH PILLS a trial, and the most violent cough will in a short time be removed.

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where. Full directions are given with each box.

FRIDAY'S PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Libel Law Amendment Bill.

The Commons' reasons for disagreeing to one of the Lords' amendments to this bill were agreed to after a brief discussion.

East Africa.

LORD DUNDEE, in moving for papers with respect to East African affairs, said the single object of the British Government in Zanzibar was to suppress the slave trade, but the blockade undertaken by Germany was simply to rehabilitate the East African Company in the position which they had lost. Although the British Government might be fairly bound to assist Germany in Zanzibar on all legitimate occasions, there was neither honour nor duty binding them to assist Germany to the detriment of British interests. He thought it would be a lamentable thing if British influence was weakened in Zanzibar through its co-operation with Germany. The noble lord, passing on to the position of affairs at Suakin, said it became the duty of the Government to consider whether we could not retain Suakin without recurrent sacrifices of life. He assumed that we were going to retain Suakin in order to suppress the slave trade. What the coast tribes would not submit to being handed over to the Egyptian Government, but their submission might be predicated if they were assured that England would permanently occupy Suakin.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Honourable Artillery Company.

MR. WATSON asked the Secretary of State for War if he could inform the House what were the reasons which led to the disarming of the Honourable Artillery Company. MR. STANHOPE said he gave full information yesterday on this subject. He understood his hon. friend would like to know whether inquiry could be made into the reasons which led to the disarming. No inquiry was necessary, because the Government were fully aware of the reason.

The Suakin Expedition.

General GOLDSWORTHY asked whether the Secretary for War would inquire into the statement of the Times' correspondent at Suakin that three of the Hussars' swords broke during the engagement. MR. STANHOPE would certainly cause an inquiry to be made into the report, which he first heard from his hon. friend. Sir W. LAWSON asked whether the Government could confirm the statement in the papers that the British troops had returned from Suakin with and that nothing more was to be done. MR. STANHOPE confessed he had not seen that statement in the papers. MR. MUNDRELL asked whether, as reported, the troops were about to proceed to Handoub. MR. STANHOPE said he had not seen such a statement.

The Appropriation Bill: Disgraceful Scene.

The House then went into Committee on the Appropriation Bill. Sir John Gorst in the chair. DR. TANNER, in opposition to the clause, should stand part of the bill, rose, as he said, for the specific purpose of getting an answer to a question which he asked yesterday. Sir John Gorst ruled the hon. member out of order. DR. TANNER endeavored to proceed, but was again called to order. Sir J. Gorst said the clause was an order directing the issue of a lump sum of money, and an hon. member could only speak to an amendment. DR. TANNER: Then I move to reduce this sum by £300. Sir J. Gorst: No, sir, that is not in order. (Laughter.) The question is that this clause stand part of the bill. This is a question which the hon. gentleman can either affirm or negative, and no speeches are in order that are not addressed to that point. DR. TANNER: Am I to understand, sir, that upon the question of the employment of a man who has been charged as a scoundrel and a thief—Sir J. Gorst: Order, order. I cannot argue with the hon. member. I have decided the point he has raised. He then proceeded to put the question. DR. TANNER: Sir John Gorst—Sir J. Gorst: Order, order. The question was then put, and Dr. Tanner was the only dissenter. Sir J. Gorst: The "ayes" have it. DR. TANNER: The "noes" have it. A division was then announced, but before the members left the House Dr. Tanner said he withdrew his demand for a division.

Suspension of Dr. Tanner.

Dr. Clark, Mr. Caldwell, and Dr. Tanner each proposed amendments on different parts of the bill, but the Chairman ruled each of the amendments out of order, and as each was ruled irrelevant much merriment was caused on the Ministerial side of the House. One of Dr. Tanner's amendments was to reduce the salary of the Under-Secretary for India, but the Chairman ruled that it was too late to propose that now. MR. CALDWELL wanted to condemn the way the grants in aid were distributed, but that was ruled out of order. After nearly an hour had been spent in this way, the CHAIRMAN said the time before the House was that Schedule B be part of the bill. DR. TANNER: As I disapprove strongly of the policy of murder and assassination, backed by lying, and as I disapprove of the employment of such means, although they may be congenial to certain people—I wish to put it as mildly as I possibly can, in order that the Chief Secretary may understand it—I move that this Schedule B be not appropriated. (The Chairman: Order, order; it is now too late for that.) (Laughter.) DR. TANNER: Well, I beg to move the reduction of Schedule B. I am of opinion that in the state of affairs we are now landed, through the iniquitous manner of proceeding which has been characteristic in our dealing with any unfortunate people with whom we have been in contact, whether it be Sir John Gorst—The CHAIRMAN: Order, order. We speak of members by the constituencies they represent and not by their particular names. DR. TANNER: I was only addressing the Chairman by the name which he assumes. (Laughter.) When we in this House consider all the populations, whether they be black people—the CHAIRMAN: Order, order. The member's observations are not germane to the question. DR. TANNER: I am coming to that. Of course, if the Chairman does not allow me to speak I will resume my seat. The CHAIRMAN: I cannot allow you to speak in that way. DR. TANNER: When we are here in Committee of Supply appropriating money to a scoundrel and a thief, the servant of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Chief Secretary ought to be in his place, and it is a coward he is. The CHAIRMAN: Order, order. I call upon the hon. member to resume his seat. DR. TANNER: I say the Chief Secretary is a coward, and I call him a coward. (Cries of "Order, order.") The CHAIRMAN: I ask the hon. member to withdraw the name "coward." DR. TANNER (in a loud voice): I call him a coward and a liar, and he is both. ("Order, order," and uproar.) The CHAIRMAN: The hon. gentleman has refused to withdraw, and repeated it. I have no alternative but to name you, Dr. Tanner, for disregarding the authority of the chair. DR. TANNER shouted, "With the greatest pleasure." MR. GOSCHEN moved that Dr. Tanner be suspended from the service of the House. MR. SEXTON asked if Sir John Gorst had power to name a member without calling in the speaker. The CHAIRMAN said whoever occupied the chair could do it. The CHAIRMAN: The question is that Dr. Tanner be suspended from the service of the House. The motion was agreed to without a division, and the Speaker having returned to the chair, Sir J. Gorst reported that the Committee had resolved that Dr. Tanner, member for Mid-Gork, should be suspended for disregarding the authority of the chair. MR. GOSCHEN then moved that Dr. Tanner be suspended, and this was agreed to, being no dissentient voice. The House having again gone into Committee, the bill was

then reported without any amendments, and the third reading was fixed for noon on Saturday.

Friendly Societies Bill.

The Committee then considered the Friendly Societies Act (1875) Amendment Bill. Some minor amendments having been accepted, the bill was reported, and then read a third time amid cheers.

Stanley and Emlin Pacha.

MR. GOSCHEN, in moving the adjournment of the House, read, amid cheers, the telegrams respecting Mr. Stanley, which appear in another column. MR. GOSCHEN, replying to Sir G. Campbell, said that the Government had nothing to retract from the declarations they had made with regard to Suakin. In reply to Mr. H. Davenport, Mr. GOSCHEN said he believed, according to the telegrams, that Stanley was in the region of Lake Nyassa. The House adjourned at 5.25.

THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY. Resignations and Disarmament.

In Tuesday's Gazette it is announced that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, and Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Hutton have resigned their commissions as captain-general and colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and adjutant respectively of the Hon. Artillery Company of London. A few weeks since a special general court of the members of the Hon. Artillery Company on the recommendation of the Prince of Wales, who, it is said, had conferred with the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolsey, and Mr. Stanhope, resolved that the company should voluntarily make itself subject to the Act of Parliament under which all ordinary Volunteer corps are enrolled. The corps is possessed of property which would make it independent of Government aid, and the control of this in a Volunteer corps vests in the commanding officer. At the annual general court held later it became apparent that the members would hesitate to agree unreservedly to complete the resolution previously adopted unless there were further guarantees that the right of controlling the property and the preservation of the old privileges of seniority over all Militia, Yeomanry, and other Volunteer corps would be maintained. A resolution, however, was passed which, while expressing willingness to become a Volunteer corps, stated that in order to preserve the company as a distinct and separate body, and not as a Volunteer corps with special privileges, it would be most anxious and desirous to the members if the Parliamentary powers necessary were obtained under a separate Act or under any Act other than the Volunteer Act. Another resolution was adopted to the effect that the members, being always anxious and willing to do everything to promote the efficiency and usefulness of the company as a military body, were ready to accept the provisions of the National Defence Act, under which they would be liable to be called out for service whenever the Militia were embodied. The court, however, refused another proposition, to place at the disposal of the commanding officer (the Duke of Portland) the sum of £500 for military purposes pending the proposed alterations. In addition to this, the court deferred voting other sums of money for military purposes while awaiting further information; and it is stated, has led to the extreme action now taken. In addition to the important resignations mentioned, the arms which had been supplied from Government stores were called in, and, in accordance with peremptory orders to that effect, the guns of the Field Battery were removed by Royal Artillery men from the Arsenal House at Finsbury to Woolwich, and the rifles and bayonets of the infantry battalion to the Tower of London.

History of the Company.

The Hon. Artillery Company was the oldest existing organized corps in Great Britain. Together with the Sergeants-at-Arms, the Yeomen of the Guard, and the Gentlemen Pensioners, it was established as far back as 1537, when Henry VIII. granted a patent creating the "Fraternity or Guild of Artillery of Long-bows, Cross-bows, and Hand-guns." In 1638 the Corporation of the City of London presented to the company the Artillery Grounds, near Moorfields, for military exercises. Royal princes frequently enrolled themselves as members of the company, usually as "captains-general." In 1730, during the Lord George Gordon riots, this company effectively protected the Bank of England. In 1843, and again in 1850, it was ready, if needed, but has never been engaged in actual warfare with an enemy. Its members, elected by the ballot of a Court of Assistants, paid two guineas annual subscription and £5 entrance fee, and supplied uniforms, but not arms and accoutrements. They learned rifle-shooting as well as artillery practice, meeting twice a week at Moorfields, and every summer spent some days in camp. The corps comprises six infantry companies, a troop of light cavalry, who furnished their own horses, and a battery of artillery, as well as a company of veterans. Until 1849 the members elected their own officers; but since that year the Crown appointed them. The Lieutenant-Colonel appointed the non-commissioned officers. The total number of arms was about 600. The company was the only Volunteer body allowed to march through the streets with bayonets fixed.

THE PRIZE FIGHT AT A CLUB.

The two men, Arthur Wilkinson and Charles Smith, who were convicted in November of being engaged in a prize fight at a club in the East-road, City-road, appeared before the court at the Middlesex Sessions on Friday. MR. PAUL TAYLOR was counsel in the case, and informed his lordship that the fine imposed upon the defendants of £25 each, and the costs, which were amounting to £100, had not been paid. The defendants said they had not been able to raise the money, and were then without funds, whereupon his lordship gave them some little time to find £5 each in liquidation of their penalty. These sums were eventually forthcoming, and when his lordship was informed of the fact, he, in strong terms, condemned the shabby behaviour of those persons who had, for their own delectation and amusement, subjected them to their present position and then had left them in the lurch. The defendant Smith said it was impossible for him to find any more money. His friends had forsaken him in his trouble. MR. LITTLE said he would postpone the settlement of the matter until next session, and if the balance of the money was not paid, the defendants would have to go to prison. At the same time he thought it very bad behaviour on the part of their quarand supporters.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN EUSTON-ROAD.

Thomas Parkhurst, 23, of Lyme-street, Camden Town, was charged at the Marylebone Police Court on Wednesday with stealing a purse containing £4. 7d., belonging to Frances Isabella Woodard, of Clarence Gardens. The prosecutrix, a young woman, said she was passing along Euston-road in the evening, when she tried to catch hold of her arm. She tried to throw him off, but he would not leave her. She then turned out of the road in the hopes of getting away from him, but he followed her as far as Clarence Gardens, where he took the purse from her hand, emptied it, and handed it back to her, and then made off. She screamed for help, and prisoner was stopped. MR. GUNNISON, of Gonsburgh-street, said he was standing at his shop door and saw the prisoner run by. Having heard that the young woman had been robbed, he went after the prisoner, and secured him. The prisoner asked to be let go, and offered to give witness £5. 6d., but the application was refused. A Mr. Davis, of Hampden-street, assisted Mr. Gunnison, and the prisoner was given into custody. MR. DE RUTZEN said the public were indebted to the gentlemen for the service they had rendered. The prisoner was quite sober, and when searched over a sovereign was found on him. MR. BOWER, solicitor, who defended, called evidence showing that the prisoner had no character, and that he was a dangerous man. MR. DE RUTZEN commented on the extraordinary nature of the case, and sentenced the accused to three months' imprisonment.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Colchester Polling—Result.

The polling for the vacancy caused by the death of Colonel Trotter (C.) took place on Tuesday, with the following result:—

Lord Brooke (C.) 2,133
Sir W. B. Gurdon (G.) 1,637

Majority 496

The announcement was received with loud cheers by the crowd assembled. Lord Brooke, speaking from his central committee-room, thanked the electors for placing him at the head of the poll with so magnificent a majority, and thanked his opponents for the fair manner in which they had conducted the election. He thought the victory would give strength to the Government. He trusted he might for many years look after the interests of Colchester in the House of Commons, irrespective of party. Sir W. B. Gurdon also addressed a few words to his supporters from the Liberal Club.

Following are the figures at the two previous elections:—

Colonel Trotter (C.) 1,874
Colonel Trotter (C.) 1,701
Mr. R. K. Causton (L.) 1,098
Mr. R. K. Causton (G.) 1,701

Majority 106

The New Member.

Francis Richard Charles Guy Greville, Lord Brooke, is the eldest son of George, fourth and present Earl of Warwick and Brooke, by his marriage with Lady Anne, daughter of the late Viscountess of Warwick, eighth Earl of Wemyss. He was born in Carlton Gardens in February, 1833, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He is a magistrate for Essex and Somersetshire, and a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Warwickshire, and holds a captain's commission in the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry. His lordship is not new to Parliamentary life, as he represented the Eastern Division of Somersetshire from 1879 down to 1885. He married in 1881, Miss Frances Evelyn Maynard, of Easton Hall, near Dunsmuir, Essex, a considerable property in right of his wife, who is the granddaughter and heiress of the late Viscount Maynard. His return on the present occasion leaves the political representation of the borough unchanged. He will be the sixty-third new member who will have taken his seat in St. Stephen's since the last general election.

Stockton—Result.

The polling at Stockton-on-Tees for the election of a Parliamentary representative in the room of Mr. Dodds (Gladstonian), who has resigned, took place on Friday, and the result was made known between nine and ten o'clock as follows:—

Sir Horace Davey (G.) 3,383
Mr. T. Wrightson (C.) 3,494

Majority 305

The following are the figures for the last two elections:—

Mr. J. Dodds (L.) 4,237
Mr. J. Dodds (G.) 3,823
Mr. T. Wrightson (C.) 3,132
Mr. T. Wrightson (G.) 2,520

Majority 1,104

Majority 1,093

MR. JOHN BRIGHT.

A Bexhale correspondent telegraphs that Mr. Bright passed a better night, and his condition is about the same as on Friday.

CONSERVATISM IN EAST FINSBURY.

There was a crowded audience at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell-road, on Wednesday night, to hear political speeches and enjoy a programme of recitations and music contributed by Mrs. Bernard Beers, Mr. Corney Grain, Sir Augustus Webster, Bart., Miss Sophie Robertson, Mr. Paston Cooper, and others. The meeting was organised by the ruling councillor and dame president of the East Finsbury Habitation of the Primrose League (Mr. Bigwood, M.P., and Mrs. Bigwood), and speeches were delivered by Hon. Claude Hay, from the Central Habitation, who congratulated his hearers upon the fact of the Primrose League numbering nearly 1,000,000 members, who were assisting in upholding the honour and integrity of the country; by Mr. Martin Silber (Conservative candidate for East Finsbury), who took as his text "The County Councils," and told of all the objects and details of the Local Government Bill; and by Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., M.P., who proposed a vote of confidence in Her Majesty's Government, whose ineffectiveness and incapacity in such matters, and whose foreign policy, under the able guidance of Lord Salisbury, followed the old traditional line, which seemed likely to add considerable lustre to their country and to their party. The Government of Lord Salisbury, he contended, had lightened their taxation, and had passed measures of a good social character and also of considerable benefit to trade. Captain Renton, M.P., seconded, and deplored that the obstruction in the House of Commons had brought into the position of a school with a lot of unruly boys, and was only sorry that all the members had to undergo what was called "extra school," and stay behind when others were going for their holidays. He hoped constituents would mark their opinion of such obstruction, and that East Finsbury would do its part by returning Mr. Martin Silber as their member. The motion was unanimously adopted.

AN ALLEGED MURDERER RESPITED.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on Friday telegraphed a commutation to penal servitude for life of the death sentence passed at Belfast on an aged woman named Bella McIlwaine, a Gweedore peasant, for the murder of a neighbour of the same class, named Nancy Perry, by beating and throwing her into the fire. The execution was fixed for the 14th January.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

The body of Elizabeth Crowe, spinster, about 45 years of age, was discovered, brutally mutilated about the head, at daybreak on Friday morning, in a by-road off the highway from Ramsey to Laxey. A stone, covered with blood, by which it is supposed the murder was committed, was found near where the body had been dragged into the ditch. The deceased lived alone in a farmhouse. No motive for the outrage is known.

FATAL FALL FROM A PULLMAN CAR.

About noon on Friday a terrible accident occurred near Maltot, Marbury, Leicestershire, to a passenger travelling to London in the Pullman car on the Leeds and Bradford express. As the express was travelling at full speed round a sharp curve, a gentleman, subsequently identified as Mr. C. W. Richards, of Week Day Cross, Nottingham, was observed to be thrown by the lurch of the train from the car platform. He was killed instantaneously. The body was fearfully mutilated. His scalp was removed, and both feet and one arm cut off. The accident was unobserved by any one on the train, but a signalman saw it as the train passed.

A squad of downies discovered, a few days ago, near Hounslow-Madame, four tin boxes containing 2,500 dynamite cartridges. These boxes were brought from Switzerland by four anglers, two of whom have been arrested. Not a word can be extracted from them.

The great Christmas bazaar, with the lucky tub for the children, will be held again this year at Madame Tussaud and Son's Exhibition. Every child entering the doors during the holiday week will have a free ticket for the tub, in which there will be all prizes and no blanks. Portrait models of John Bright, Stanley, and Prince Hohenlohe will be found in the gallery. The musical arrangements will be on the usual increased standard during the Christmas week, and the orchestra will perform almost continuously throughout the day.

LORD SALISBURY AT SCARBOROUGH.

BOROUGH.

Lord Salisbury was on Thursday evening the principal speaker at a crowded public meeting in Scarborough, and in reviewing the work of the past year said the Government had passed through Parliament measures of wide-reaching and great beneficence, which would materially affect the financial and administrative history of this country for years to come. Criticising what he termed Mr. Gladstone's valetudinary speech, he denied ever having said that England had no interest in the retention of Suakin, and he repeated the declaration that the Government never had the slightest intention of abandoning the port to the Sudanese. In referring to the "black man" incident, he denied that he used, as Mr. Gladstone charged him, contemptuous denunciations of the people of India. He had not said anything at all about the people of India, for these words were entirely supplied by Mr. Gladstone's imagination. What he had said was that the Liberal candidate in the 1885 Holborn election was not only of a distinct race, but that it was marked by his complexion. It was said so that the whole constituency could know it, and that in the existing state of English opinion was a very strong factor in the decision then given. The feature of last year was that Parliament had not been able to do at all the work it desired in consequence of obstruction, of which there were two forms. One he would call rebel obstruction, having for its object making of government by the House of Commons impossible; and the other was blackmail obstruction, indulged in by members who could not induce the Government to give them all they wanted. Some remedy must be found for this, although he objected to always tinkering with the party machine. Among the measures which had to be dropped were the Local Government and Police Bill and the Universities Bill for Scotland, while for England the Government were most desirous of improving the condition of the agricultural labourer, passing the Tithes and Church Discipline Bills, and reforming the land laws so as to obtain cheaper transfer. He also regretted having to drop the Employers' Liability Bill, and trusted that opportunity would be given for its introduction in the future. The Sugar Bounty Convention in order to see if they should hinder foreign Governments from throwing weight into the scale of competition and foreign industries out of this country by bounties. He trusted that with the help of the Liberal votes the present struggle would ultimately lead them to triumphant victory.

LORD CROSS AND THE NEW LIBERAL PROGRAMME.

Speaking at the Bromley (Kent) Conservative Association on Thursday night, Lord Cross said that the Opposition having failed in their Home Rule scheme proposed a new Reform Bill. They wanted to break down the laws of property, and had a great deal to say to the people of England to vote for them, but it was only an attempt to draw public attention from the Home Rule question, and the attempt would fail. Mr. Gladstone would find to his cost when a general election took place. They were not going to change the constitution for Mr. Gladstone or any one else. Another sign of the dissatisfaction felt by the Opposition was the extreme anger Mr. Gladstone displayed towards his former allies. But he (Lord Cross) considered that the Liberal Unionists were the old Liberal party. They had not left Mr. Gladstone. He had left them. Mr. Gladstone affected to make light of their loss, and yet they were the very men whom he would have chosen had it been his lot to form a Liberal Cabinet. Speaking of obstruction, he said the Opposition had utterly failed to maintain the honour, the dignity, and the traditions of the House of Commons.

A LADY ATTEMPTS TO ARREST A BURGLAR.

A gallant, though unsuccessful, effort to prevent three burglars getting off with £200 worth of diamonds and other jewellery was made at Clifton Park, Bristol, on Thursday, by a young lady, the married daughter of Mrs. Ted Walton, a widow. She had recently come from London on a visit to her mother, and while the family were dining they heard a noise in a bedroom overhead, and at the same time the servant gave an alarm. Mrs. Walton's daughter, who had heard of recent portico robberies, told the footman to follow her to the lawn, and look for a ladder against the wall. They both rushed out and came in contact with three men, who had just got down from the bedroom by means of a ladder placed against the conservatory roof. Mrs. Walton's daughter seized one of the burglars; but with a threat he snook her off, and the others knocking aside the footman, bolted for the gate, the lawn being close to the road skirting the park. Lady passing at the time and hearing the outcry, stopped and overtook the thieves, thinking she was about to seize him, pulled out revolver and threatened to shoot her. They then ran off with their plunder, and the police have no traces of them. They left behind a considerable sum of money in the room, together with £200 worth of jewellery. They are believed to belong to a gang of portico thieves now travelling in the western counties.

COLLECTION OF TITHES IN CARDIGANSHIRE.

The collection of tithes in Cardiganshire was continued on Thursday at Newquay, where two years' tithes were in arrears, and the third year's tithe was irrecoverable through lapse of time. On the previous day five persons were proceeded against at the Aberystwyth Sessions for breach of the law in connection with the Llanhydydd estate. After a prolonged hearing one was fined for assault, and a charge of obstruction against four others was withdrawn on the payment of costs and an apology. At Newquay on Thursday over a thousand people assembled, and every obstacle was again thrown in the way of Mr. Stevens and his men, over thirteen hours being occupied in collecting the tithes from eleven farmers. Sixty policemen accompanied the expedition. Stones and mud were thrown, a watercourse was turned into the highway which the officers had to cross, the roads were blocked, and gates barred and chained. At two farms a scuffle occurred between the officers and the crowd, and at the last farm where the gate was chained, the officers had to climb over a fence and charge. Effigies of the clergy were conspicuous everywhere.

PRICE OF STEAM COAL.

At a large and influential meeting of the colliery proprietors of South Yorkshire, held at Ilkley on Thursday, it was unanimously resolved that there should be an advance of from 15 to 20 per cent. in the price of steam coal. The yearly contracts with the railway companies are now expiring, and the resolution adopted will take effect when tenders for the ensuing year are sent in. This advance, it is stated, has been rendered necessary in consequence of the recent advance in wages given to the miners. Some of the railway companies will be affected to the extent of £1,000 per month by the advance.

The National Assembly of Crete on Tuesday despatched a telegram to the Sultan, demanding the recall of the governor-general, Sartiaki Pacha.

The Duchess of Teck, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Princes Francis and Alexander George of Teck, on Thursday afternoon opened a new mission hall in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Docks, in the East-end.

A reduction of 20 per cent. has been made by the Duke of Portland in the rent of his tenants on his Lytster estate. At Earl Cowper's rent audit at Panshanger, 15 per cent. was again remitted.

A SCHOOL OF ART FOR CHELMSFORD.

The Mayor of Chelmsford presided over an influential meeting at the museum, Chelmsford, on Thursday, called for the purpose of establishing a school of art for the town and district. Mr. J. C. Buckmaster, from South Kensington, attended and delivered an address in explanation of the scheme, and a resolution was adopted in favour of establishing such an institution, to be commenced early in the new year.

HEAVY DAMAGES FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

At the Middlesex Sheriff's Court, before Mr. Under-sheriff Birchall and a special jury, the case of Maud Mary Lumley v. John Lamont, an action for breach of promise of marriage, in which judgment had been allowed to go by default in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court, came on for the assessment of damages. The plaintiff claimed in respect of the expenses she had incurred in the purchase of a wedding trousseau £150, and other expenses, including a journey to Melbourne, and a passage from Australia to England, amounting altogether to £250; and, in addition, damages for the breach of promise to the extent of £5,000. The defendant was represented as a gentleman of independent means, and the cross of the plaintiff was given as 10, Castle-down road, West Kensington. Mr. H. C. Dickens and Mr. Lipscombe appeared for the plaintiff, and the defendant was represented by Mr. Cook, Q.C. Before the jury had been sworn, Mr. Cook, addressing the under-sheriff, said: We shall not have to trouble the jury, as we will take judgment for the sum agreed upon between us. A conversation ensued between counsel, and in the course of it Mr. Dickens said it was only fair to take the verdict of the jury who had been summoned to the court. The jury were then sworn, and Mr. Cook said he and his learned friend had arranged that a certain verdict should be given, but he thought it fair that, as the jury had been put to the inconvenience of attending, they should be sworn, and that there should be a verdict upon the terms arranged. It was not necessary that those terms should be stated, but he would hand them up to the learned under-sheriff. Mr. Dickens said he did not see any reason why the sum for which the verdict was to be given should not be publicly stated, which was £1,000 and costs. Mr. Cook: No, not a verdict for costs. (Laughter.) The jury then, under the direction of the under-sheriff, gave a verdict for £2,000, the costs following the verdict.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

There was an interesting ceremony on Friday afternoon at Hyde Park Corner, when the Prince of Wales formally unveiled a statue of the Duke of Wellington. The iron duke is mounted on his charger, and carries a telescope in his right hand. The statue is life-size, mounted on a pedestal of polished Aberdeen granite. Immediately beneath stand four representative warriors. The base consists of granite and marble mosaic. The statue bears the simple inscription of "The Duke of Wellington." The artist is Mr. J. E. Boehm, while the bronze casting was entrusted to Mr. Moore. The general work was executed by Messrs. John Mowlem and Co., under the direction of Mr. John Taylor, surveyor of the Office of Works. His Royal highness, who came over from Apsley House—which immediately overlooks the statue—shortly after noon, was accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Granville, the Right Hon. D. Plunket (First Commissioner of Works), Lord Alcester, Lord Cadogan, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord Macpherson (as representing the Metropolitan Board of Works), and other members of the aristocracy, with whom the Prince conversed for several minutes after unveiling the statue. "Very fine work! Very fine work!" remarked his Royal highness to Mr. Boehm. The artist bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment. The party then returned to Apsley House amid loud cheers from a large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony.

TEN YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE.

At the Middlesex Sessions, on Thursday, Louis Loria, a German Jew, who was described as one of the cleverest shoplifters in the metropolis, pleaded guilty to several indictments charging him with stealing sealskin jackets and other valuable articles from various tradesmen in the West-end. A previous conviction was proved against the prisoner, who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

MONEY MARKET.

Curr. Saturday.

There is but a small attendance at the Stock Exchange to-day, and the business done is very small. Foreign Government Securities rule dull, but Home Railways show considerable firmness. Both Americans and Canadians are stronger. Mines are firm. The Funds have improved, New Consols showing an improvement of 3-16 to 1.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Argentine, 1890, 95, 5/8
Banco de Portugal, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Rio de Janeiro, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Santos, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Valparaiso, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Bahia, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Pernambuco, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Ceara, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Maranhao, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Piaui, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Parana, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Rio Grande do Sul, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Santa Catarina, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Mato Grosso, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Goyaz, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Minas Gerais, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Espirito Santo, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Parana, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Rio Grande do Sul, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Santa Catarina, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Mato Grosso, 1888, 100, 10/8
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Banco de Goyaz, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Minas Gerais, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Espirito Santo, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Parana, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Rio Grande do Sul, 1888, 100, 10/8
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Banco de Goyaz, 1888, 100, 10/8
Banco de Minas Gerais, 1888, 100, 10

Caroline, who was too irritated to speak, dragged the hamper into the parlour, locked the door, and drew down the blind—for I forgot to mention, among the advantages of our suburb, the remarkable virtue of its air for sharpening people's eyes. Then, and not till then, I lighted a gas jet and solemnly severed the cord which secured the hamper which contained Uncle Tom's Trust and Treasures.

"Oh, George!" whispered Caroline, in a voice of awe, "I declare it makes my heart beat. What will it be?"

I lifted the lid, gently and slowly, and then, from the depth, up started, like a jack-in-the-box, just the ugliest brute of a dog that ever was seen!

Yes; there he sat and blinked at us, as if he were a canine owl. Perhaps some fancier will from such meagre description as I have the skill to give of him, be able to spot his breed. I think he must have numbered among his ancestors nearly every breed, except those which are worth anything. In short he was a very mongrel of mongrels, favouring the bull, in its most forbidding characteristics, about the eyes and the jaw, the pug in its general outline, and the turnspit in length of body and shortness of leg; and yet one would swear that no ancestor of his had ever been a real pug, or a real turnspit, or a real bull. He had a short, stiff stump instead of a tail, one of his ears flaps as cocked up and the other hung down, in the style of a lop-eared rabbit. As to his colour, it was dirty white, with black or grey patches here and there. And as to his expression, it was dismal and stupid to the last extreme.

The Trust—the Treasure! Poor Caroline could only gaze at the monster till her eyes filled with tears. As for me, I felt it was too bad. I opened the parlour door; I opened the street door; I took my walking-stick from the stand, got well behind the brute, suddenly turned him out of the hamper, and was about to kick him forth into the world, when, instead of taking to his heels, he showed fight, he snarled on his haunches, held up his fore paws, and—in fact—deliberately and solemnly winked at me with one of his eyes, in the most comically knowing way.

I could not help it—I burst out laughing at the brute's impudence.

"Oh, George!" cried Caroline, "what are we to do?"

Just then our maid came in with the supper tray, and nearly dropped it at the sight of what she saw. And I swear that when the dog saw the said mutton there came over his face a passing smile.

"A most valuable dog; a present for our wedding day," said Caroline, with remarkable presence of mind, to the maid.

Meanwhile, I had examined his rough collar of leather and brass, on which was engraved a single word, which was doubtless his name—"NAB."

CHAPTER III.

Long and anxiously did Caroline and I talk that night about the new guest, with an apparently unlimited capacity for mutton, whom we had, till morning, deposited in the coal cellar. But there was obviously only one conclusion to come to. A Trust, even though one-sided, was a Trust; and if a human being was so desperately leonine and friendless as to have bestowed all the affection of his heart, for the want of a better object, on Nab, the trust was thereby rendered all the more a sacred one.

"And he is sure to be lovable to have obtained such love; one must judge from looks, you know," said Caroline, arguing just like a woman. For my own part, I was certain that the less lovable one is, the more love one gets; and vice versa. But I did not say so, for two reasons—one was that I had no answer ready; the other, that just then I fell sound asleep, and did not wake till I was roused by a most unearthly howl.

Nab! I rose shivering in the cold and darkness to put a stop to such unseasonable music. Strange to say, the nearer I approached the coal cellar, the more faint and distant grew the howl, till it became a mere feeble wail, and died into silence when I reached the cellar door. And it was not Nab, after all, for he was sleeping as soundly and gently as a puppy of eight days old.

Nor was the howl renewed. But alas, its mischief remained! It had terrified the cooks and hens next door into an unappeasable cawing and clucking; it had roused all the dogs within earshot into wailing din; there was no more sleep till just five minutes before it was time to rise. Just one long howl had done it all, and we rose to our trust, Caroline rather cowed, and I very weary.

But Nab came trotting out from among the coals, black as a crow, but fresh as a lark, and he ate the greater part of our breakfast as well as his own before making himself comfortable before the kitchen fire.

Nothing very particular happened that day—so I learned when I came home—except that the maid, unused to a dog on the hearth, had stumbled over him, and thereby broken our only gravy-dish in two. But that was clearly not Nab's fault; and was evidently a dog of lazy and sleepy habits, and Caroline had very properly scolded the maid. At night we rigged up a clear and warm couch for him in the scullery, and went to bed early ourselves, a little fearful of another howl—for it was not to be supposed that Nab would sleep all night, after sleeping all day. But all remained quiet as the grave.

In the morning, however, I got up with a touch of influenza, no doubt the consequence of my nocturnal visit to the coal cellar, not bad enough to keep me in bed, but quite bad enough to keep me from the office. I made myself comfortable with a book, a pipe, and half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, while Caroline went out to market, and I took up my abode in the kitchen, the most inconvenient spot in the kitchen. I believe that there had been symptoms of stormy weather in those regions in consequence before Caroline went out; but I make a point of never interfering down there unless I am obliged. I had just got to the page where Mrs. Westlake's name is stopped from eloping with Lord Somebody something by the descent of the mysterious Eastern sage in a parachute into the middle of the railway accident caused by the Nihilists with the dynamite, and the very side of the interest, I was interrupted by a sharp knock, and the announcement by our Mary (still thunderous) of our next-door neighbour, Mr. Green.

Mr. Green was a person of great respectability; he had retired from business, and devoted the autumn of his days to public affairs and to competing for prizes at poultry shows. We were not intimate, but nevertheless polite and neighbourly. It was, however, with a politeness to extreme as to be positively chilling that he now entered my parlour, with—

"Good morning, Mr. Westlake. I am informed that the recent acquisition to the neighbourhood is yours. And I beg to inform you that the resulting loss to the same neighbourhood is mine. Yes, sir, I was yesterday evening the possessor of, spotted Java hen, and a black Spanish cock, whom I had entered for certain—absolutely certain—prizes. This morning they were a mass of empty feathers, sir, leaving a track from my poultry-house to your scullery window. Do you understand?"

Of course I understood. And yet it was impossible, Nab had been locked up in the scullery all night; he could not have got out unless he had opened the window and closed it again—a feat obviously impossible even for a canine Jack Shepherd. And even had it been possible, as it was not, it would have been a betrayal of Uncle Tom's Trust to let his character be defamed without proof, and while he was still a stranger in the land.

"You have lost," I asked with a politeness surpassing his own, "two of the fowls which kept my wife and me awake all the night before last? I am sorry for your loss, of course, but—"

"Narrow, sir, when sincere, is practical. And what's practical is that I'm not going to have my valuable fowls at the mercy of a murdering cur, and not worth the added egg of a common barnyard dog."

Nab had been a really fine dog, I could have sworn, as he walked the way in which men let themselves be carried away by temper; but being

what he was, and a trust besides, I was bound to defend him.

"A cur, indeed!" I exclaimed. "Why, there's no dog like him in the whole of London. I'll back Nab to get a prize at a show before any black fawn spotted Spanish you've got in your whole menagerie."

You may guess how he answered; and how I replied. It is enough to say that in a minute we were at it hammer and tongs; and that Nab, still slumbering by the fire, had converted two civil next-door neighbours into deadly foes. I returned to my book when Green had slammed the front door. Where could it have gone?

I rung for Mary, who, I knew, had an appetite for such literary fare. What with my just wrath with Green, and my indignation, and one thing and another, I dare say I spoke sharply to the girl. Anyhow she, hitherto as good-humoured a maid as could be found, chose to think I was accusing her, entered into a long arraignment of Nab, declared that she would not stay in the house with such a beast, and finally wound up with a month's warning.

So a pretty state of things Caroline found when she came home.

Still, it was quite impossible that Nab could have taken those forms. I became not only the window of the scullery still fastened, but not the trace of them was to be found except the feathers; and if he had hidden them inside himself, bones and all, he could not possibly have found room for all the breakfast, dinner, and supper he devoured next day—not only meat, bread, pudding, pickles, and devilled biscuits, but even a cake of soap and my whole box of cough lozenges. I began even to suspect that the devourer of my missing novel was Nab, and not Mary. But not Green's fowls. No—somewhere one must draw the line.

Never was there a better illustration than Nab of the truth (which some have doubted) that a fine digestion and a capacity for sleep are proof of a good conscience. A more innocent animal never was known. You might watch him all day; and you would not find a mischievous trick in him. And yet, almost from the moment he first winked at me, peace appeared to fly.

It was not—it could not be—Nab who carried off that pound of steak which was entered as 'stole by dog' by the butcher in our weekly bill. I withdrew my custom; he retaliated by a counter court summons. Nab never howled at night, and yet every night became so alive with dogs, cats, and hens that there was a regular epidemic of insomnia. It was Nab, I own, who, when I took him out once (and once only), for Sunday walk in the meadows, chased the sheep and landed me in a controversy with a farmer and his solicitors; but that, I am convinced, was only his play—he came back to me with such a broad and beaming grin on his jaws! Such grew the prejudice against Nab that I dreaded coming home from the office, I was certain to be met with some complaint against him, and the postman's knock became a terror. And yet, what time for mischief had a dog who, when not breakfasting, lunching, dining, or supping, was sound asleep either in the scullery by night or by the kitchen fire by day?

One day, when I had come home from the City more tired than usual, and with an extra foreboding, as I turned my key in the front door, that I should be met with fresh trouble, I was met in the passage, not by Caroline, but by Nab, who, as soon as I saw him, sat up and wagged his stump in such a friendly manner that, feeling all I was suffering for his sake, and hating all I was suffering for his sake, and hating all I was suffering for his sake, I stooped down and patted his head. What was my surprise to hear a sudden sound of sobbing; and at the sight of Caroline Nab promptly trotted away, with his stump so nearly between his legs as it would go.

"And now you are taking the part of that—that dog!" she cried. "No—don't touch me with the hand that has been fending him. If you want to know that sort of a treasure we have got, come here!"

She led me into the drawing-room, which she always kept in a state of fit for evening parties which we were really going to give on Monday, and in which she took such legitimate pride; and I find a powerful enough to describe the chaos, I would tell what I saw. The cloth had been pulled from Caroline's favourite table, and had evidently been well shaken besides; so that the floor was strewn with the ruins of her bidonnet and costliest lamp, weltering in its own oil; with tattered music, broken-backed books, and some fancy work on which Caroline had been engaged for the two years torn to shreds under a work-box which she kept in a state of fit for evening parties which we were really going to give on Monday, and in which she took such legitimate pride; and I find a powerful enough to describe the chaos, I would tell what I saw. 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A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

It was my first—I mean the first that I had ever attended as amateur or professionally. I am writing now of a day some—years ago; how many, it profits not to say; suffice it that I was then serving my apprenticeship to the dreadful trade of dramatic critic, and that, though I had long been a playgoer, I had never yet been admitted to the mysterious precincts of a theatre during the dress rehearsal of a pantomime.

I don't know that I should ever have enjoyed (if) that experience at all, had it not occurred to me that the local public might like to know something about the best of the Christmas extravaganzas to be given that season, and to know it, moreover, on the morning before the production instead of the morning after. It had not been the habit of the local Press—the reader will have discovered that I am alluding to a provincial locality—to anticipate the first performance of the pantomimes in any way; so this was a little bit of journalistic enterprise which, I flattered myself, was calculated, however slightly, to "astonish the natives" of the place.

But should I have entered upon this little adventure had I known what complexion it would actually take? I think not. Had I been aware—

But let us begin at the beginning, and, for the sake of more vividness in the narration, tell the tale in the "present tense" as well as in the "first person."

It is about seven o'clock, at which hour, I have been assured, the dress rehearsal will begin. It is characteristic of my probationary condition that I have believed this statement implicitly, and have gone down to the theatre expecting to see it verified. It is so far substantiated, in the meantime, that when I get to the stage-door I find it surrounded by a heterogeneous band of human beings, of both sexes, of all ages and sizes, whose business there is not very obvious to me, and does not appear to be very clear to them, judging by the aimless way in which they stand about, and talk, and generally obstruct the passage of more decided persons. Can this be a portion of the noble army of supernumeraries whom, by-and-by, I am to see upon the stage of the "Royal," disporting themselves in more or less eccentric habiliments?

Time will show. Meanwhile, I make my way, not without difficulty, through the throng, and am presently on the inner side of the door which protects the temple of Thespis from the assaults of Demos. Here I find the crowd continued and in still higher proportions, so that locomotion is next door to impossible. On one side of the passage is a row of big baskets, wherein, I gather, are "properties" and costumes, and whereon are seated, at this moment, a crew as motley as that seen outside; while, on the other side, there is almost blocked by men and women, old and young, who gaze inquiringly at me as I pass, recognizing, no doubt, that I am not a "pro," but a member of the public for whose presence they find it difficult to account.

Presenting my card at the window of the door-keeper's sanctum—a tiny apartment, decorated (if one may call it so) with old bills and theatrical portraits, with here and there a bunch of keys hanging to a nail, and a rack for letters, and a small fire smouldering on a not much larger hearth—I wriggle gradually through the mass of loiterers and come betimes to the door, which opens immediately on to the stage. On each side, before you pass through the aperture, is a stone staircase, and up one of them I note half-a-dozen "Amazons"—clad in mail, short tunics, and tight-fitting leggings, while down the other come a few "young persons" in those stiff white skirts which between the orthodox "ballot" of the time. Here, then, is my first glimpse of the glories of a pantomime, as viewed from within and near, instead of without and at a distance.

But I am now under the "personal conduct" of one of the employees, who does not give me much leisure to look round. My destination, it seems, is the stalls, and, to get to them, I turn to the left, pass through another doorway, go down a few steps, and there we are. I have noted little of the stage, in passing; for a big scene has just been "set," and the hurry-scurry of all sorts and conditions of men and fro is rather bewildering. And now that I am in the stalls there is still less, in the meanwhile, to observe. The green curtain is down; so, by the way, are the lights, which twinkle very dimly from the roof; and there is no sign of movement before or behind the said curtain. The stalls themselves (save a portion of the row wherein I have a seat) are covered with what looks like long strips of yellow cloth, and appear dismal enough, in all conscience. I can see, too, that the rest of the auditorium is likewise adorned—more long strips hanging over the private boxes from the top-most of them, others falling over the front of every circle tier, and causing the whole house to seem as if it were in a species of half-mourning.

I have plenty of time, alas! to look about me, and time, moreover, to feel decidedly chilly. Where do all the draughts come from? Oh, my poor feet! I have to play tattoo on the floor with my fingers. I distinguish symptoms of incipient catarrh, and begin to think of fleeing this abode of Admetus. Will that green curtain ever rise? There is a good deal of noise, now, behind it, sounds as of carpenters nailing up bits of refractory scenery, as of somebody in authority ordering everybody else about, as of persons walking to and fro, as of pieces of furniture being moved across the stage, and so on. At this moment, up go the lights a little, making the auditorium a shade less sepulchral than before; and simultaneously, from a small doorway under the foot-lights, come, one by one, the members of the band, hat on head, muffled round throat, instrument in hand or under arm, and having the air, generally, of being the most miserable and downcast of men.

Slowly and deliberately they settle themselves down into their seats, the conductor gets up into his place, and my spirits rise with him. Surely, now, something is going to be done. Something is going to be done, and the curtain is suddenly rung up, and discloses what is obviously one of the scenes in the production of which it will be my business to give, if I can, an intelligible sketch. I am armed, I may say, with an "advance copy" of the play-bill—a long, narrow piece of paper, of the antique sort, yellow as to colour, ink as to its surface. I have already coned it, and know it pretty well by heart; but which of the numerous scenes it indicates is that which I see before me? "Market-place in Bagdad" I take it to be, though its resemblance is somewhat marred by the gas-light, shaped like a T, which runs up straight from the middle of the footlights, and by the exceedingly European table which occupies a space at the "prompt entrance" and seems sacred to the vocations of the stage-manager.

I am preparing to note the commencement of action in the scene before me, when I am conscious of a sudden invasion of the stalls among which I sit. Can it be? Is it possible? It is! It is a regular incursion of the corps de ballet. On they come, rapidly taking possession of every seat on this side of the theatre, and completely surrounding me in fewer seconds than it takes words to tell the story. I see what it is—they have been sent here to be out of the way till wanted; left, so

to speak, "till call" for. For a young, innocent, and retiring journalist (for I was all those things then), the situation is embarrassing! Some of the girls are comely and pleasant to look upon; some are saucy—that is only too evident; all are unquestionably amused to find me in the midst of them. There is a good deal of giggling, I observe; whispers are exchanged with frequency; and, altogether, I do not feel so comfortable as I should like to be.

Nearly all the girls are in wraps. A few brave the draughts, but most of them have covered up their shoulders, or whatever it may be, in ulsters or waterproofs, or what not. It is a curious mixture of the fairy and the prosaic. If there were any doubt about the latter, one had only allow oneself to listen for a moment to the damsel's chatter. "I wish our scene was on." "Didn't leave here till five o'clock this morning, and 'spos it'll be five o'clock to-morrow 'fore we gets away again." (Five o'clock! My hearts sink within me.) "Ope you've brought somethin' to eat. I was that 'ungry this mornin', you could have knocked me over with a hair-pin." "I gave my skirt such a split comin' up them stairs just now. Give us a pin, I must get it put to rights in the 'wardrobe.'" Such are a few of the soft nothings which come wafted to me from a score of (presumably) fair lips.

On the whole, discretion is the best part of valour. I shall never be able to follow this pantomime properly with such unusual surroundings. In time one might become used to the society of the ballet, but when one desires to attend to what is occurring on the stage, a little less publicity is desirable. So, girding up my loins—i.e., gathering my ulster around me—I slowly make my way past half a row of picturesque maidens, apologizing as I go, and ranning the quantity of more bright eyes than the young and innocent journalist is in the habit of encountering while in the discharge of his duty.

The dress circle is the spot towards which I desire to make my way, but when I get to the top of the stairs leading thereto, and come within hearing distance of the balcony, I hear sounds as of revelry by night—the tones of a piano and of a human voice mingling more or less agreeably in a sentimental ballad. A moment more, and I should have passed the saloon door, when the clerical manager of the theatre descends and calls on me to enter. He belongs to the class of men known as "genial," who slap you on the back and force you into saying and doing things you do not want to say or do. And so, on this occasion, the room is full of the "principals" in the "show"—it seems they will not be "wanted" yet awhile—and, before I know where I am, I am being introduced to the "principal boy" (a rather stout young lady), the "principal girl" (who, by way of contrast, is rather slim), the first low comedian, the second low comedian, and I know not what—except that I fancy I am not asked to make obeisance to the clown and pantaloon. The clowns are there, and a very pretty clowness she is; but on that point we need not dwell.

It seems that my friend the manager has been "running over" some of the choicer musical morals prior to their being done on the stage, and I have made my appearance at the far end of this rehearsal-within-a-rehearsal. All things considered, I am not sorry that the time has come for a general move to the other side of the curtain, for, as it will be my duty by-and-by to pronounce upon the performances of these excellent artists, I desire not to become too intimately acquainted with them personally. However, it is my fate to wend my way to the dress circle in the company of the "principal boy," who, I can see—notwithstanding the light wrap in which she is more or less enveloped—is attired in the tunic and tight-fitting leggings her position in the cast, and appears quite unconscious that it has not been usual for me to converse with ladies thus habilitated. She is perfectly modest, in every way; it is only my shyness, which tends to make the incident less pleasant than it might have been—say, yesterday.

We adjourn to the front row of the dress circle, which has now, as the Scotch phrase has it, "a good few" occupants—all of these members of the company or in some way connected with the performance. Something is happening on the stage—the question is, what? The first and second low comedians are singing—apparently sotto voce—a duet. I refer to my programme to try to identify the scene. Properly speaking it ought to be some distance down the list. But, no—my friend the "principal boy" points out that it is one of the earliest episodes in the piece. "But isn't that over?" "Oh no, it was skipped in order to get at the 'quick change' that comes on later"—and, in fact, it is perfectly clear that this terrible pantomime is not being gone through in order from start to finish.

I begin to have a sensation of uneasiness about the account I shall give of this production. I have not witnessed much of it, and what I have witnessed has been transposed in a fashion rather confusing. Nor is there much chance of enlightenment for, at this juncture, the "principal boy" leaves the circle in order to do her share of a scene which is imminent. It is now—such is the swift flight of time—midnight or thereabouts. Nobody but myself seems at all in a hurry. The virtue of patience appears universally present. Now there is a ballet interlude; now a procession of "warriors." Manager and stage-manager will spend a quarter of an hour in arranging an "entrance" for the premiere danseuse or in examining the spears and armour of the Amazons. The idea of rapidity and consecutiveness is foreign to them. I can see, on this occasion, scenes are changed; bits of spectacle are reviewed and revised; the principal girl hums her song over to the conductor, while an animated discussion is going on immediately behind her.

It is getting on for one o'clock, and I have not yet seen the "transformation." When is it likely to come on? It occurs to me to "go behind" and ask the authorities. It is scarcely possible to get through the doorway to the stage. The crush is greater than ever. A whole army of auxiliaries is waiting to "go on." All are ladies, and are resplendent in spangles and little else, and I dare say I blush as I hasten to move through the ranks. At one of the wings I meet the stage-manager, and ask him about the "transformation." "Shan't do it to-night—went through it this afternoon," and off he goes. This is the last straw. I have been in the theatre half-a-dozen hours, and my mind is filled by a phantasmagoria of the most varied kind. What am I to tell the public about it all?

My preliminary description of the pantomime duly appeared, but I do not mind confessing, at this distance of time, that it was written mainly from the playbill with which the thoughtful management had provided me. Moreover, it turned out to be wonderfully accurate, even in details; from which I gather that it is not necessary to witness a Christmas extravaganza, wholly and consecutively, in order to discourse about it in a manner acceptable to one's readers.

John Stokes, of Philadelphia, has just been awarded \$100 damages against the man who hit him in the eye with a potato aimed at quite another person, and thereby drew blood and said to have injured the sight of Mr. Stokes.

A RHINE LEGEND.

The legends of the Rhine are numerous. Not a single old castle, not a solitary tower or ruin, but has its weird story, sometimes terrible, generally fantastic, and always impressed with a melancholy and supernatural poetry. These legends, of which the origin is often lost in the mist of time, when told on an autumn night in the sombre hall of a feudal manor, with the winds howling and whistling through the tall pines and beeches outside, are calculated to impress even the most sceptical, and to cause that vague, undefinable feeling, which, if not positively fear, is certainly the precursor of it. And when the story is ended, and the narrator, more often than otherwise a lady, rises with stately movement to notify that the hour of parting for the night has arrived, each guest is apt to experience a nameless dread, and to look furtively around, as if expecting to see the shade of some long-departed inhabitant of the old house. It is by no means with light or swift feet that one mounts the old staircase, lighted only by the flickering wax candles, and when in the gallery the guests separate, it is with a "Good night" and a shake of the hand more or less assured. Alone, too, in the vast bed-chamber, with its antique furniture, blackened with age, its sombre hangings, and its high, many-paned windows, gazing into the moonlight as one listens to the sound of the old timepiece in the gallery striking the hour, the legend comes back to the mind in full force, and sorceries, pacts, and fantastic apparitions fill the imagination till only the force of an energetic will can succeed in overcoming hallucinations. The superstition inherent in all nature gains ascendancy, and even the least pious murmurs an unusually fervent prayer before seeking repose in the solemn-looking bed with its heavy hangings.

It was in just such a house and on just such an autumn evening that the legend of Falkenberg was related to me, and yet I have the curiosity to relate it to you as well as I can.

Late on a warm summer's evening, many centuries ago, a young man was riding through a forest which extended some miles inland from the banks of the Rhine. The horse, a magnificent animal, seemed much fatigued; the rider, anxious to judge from the hesitation with which he directed its course, and it was evident that he had lost his way, and was now riding on at a venture. Suddenly the jaded beast stopped as if unable to do more. His master dismounted in a moment. "You are much exhausted, my faithful companion," said he, and yet I have the curiosity to beset you." Then, with a solicitude almost affectionate, he loosened the saddle girth, took the bit from the mouth of the animal, and hearing a sound of water close by, led it to a brook. The horse drank long and thirstily, and seemed greatly refreshed thereby. The knight, for such was his rank, quenched his own thirst with some eagerness, and bathed his face in the limpid stream, taking off for this purpose his helmet of fine polished steel, for he wore the military costume of the Middle Ages. The ardent rays of the setting sun shined through the foliage, and shone upon his golden and curly hair. He was very handsome, and an accomplished and gallant soldier. He was of high birth, being the Seigneur Adolphe de Wittenberg. His deeds of valour on one hand, and the effusions of a poetic mind on the other, had impressed more than one feminine heart. Many a fair, blue-eyed chasteine had smiled on him—many a pretty peasant girl had poured out her love-pathway of words and tears on his knight. "You woman only, however, had power to charm him, the lovely Siba, heiress of the Count of Falkenberg. Their union was, in fact, decided, and now it had chanced that on his return from the court of the Prince Palatine, his suzerain, whose consent to his marriage he had been to ask, he had lost his way in the sombre forest where we found him. After a short rest he recommenced his journey, walking by the horse's side. Daylight was gone, and advancing night made his position more critical. It was by no means a pleasing prospect to pass the night in a dense forest, where the silence was only broken by the hoarse cry of the raven or the screech owl. He was brave as a lion by nature, but, like all those of his race and nation, he believed in apparitions, in ill-fated localities, and in sorcery. All the stories that had afflicted his infancy came back to his mind, and though he tried to combat the impression of the forest, he could not put away the idea that if indeed it were permitted to beings of another world to revisit this one and to reveal themselves, he was absolutely in the frame of mind to receive such a revelation, and in a spot where it might be expected. It was, therefore, with a sense of positive relief that in turning out of a somewhat narrow path he perceived a very small chapel.

It was nearly in ruins, it is true, but was still surmounted by a cross. The door hung back loosely on its hinges, and he did not put away the idea that if indeed it were permitted to beings of another world to revisit this one and to reveal themselves, he was absolutely in the frame of mind to receive such a revelation, and in a spot where it might be expected. It was, therefore, with a sense of positive relief that in turning out of a somewhat narrow path he perceived a very small chapel. It was nearly in ruins, it is true, but was still surmounted by a cross. The door hung back loosely on its hinges, and he did not put away the idea that if indeed it were permitted to beings of another world to revisit this one and to reveal themselves, he was absolutely in the frame of mind to receive such a revelation, and in a spot where it might be expected. It was, therefore, with a sense of positive relief that in turning out of a somewhat narrow path he perceived a very small chapel.

He walked on in the direction of the castle, followed by his horse, who appeared particularly pleased to get away from the neighbourhood of the empty grave. In little more than ten minutes he had arrived at the approach to the Castle of Wittenberg. Nothing could be more desolate. The lowered drawbridge rested on a pile of stones, which had detached themselves from a ruined tower. Tall nettles and weeds grew and intersected each other, and lay interlaced at every step. Over all this de Wittenberg made his way with some difficulty. The whole place was suggestive of a habitation upon which the malediction of God and man had set an indelible seal. That was, in fact, the thought that came into his mind as he crossed the drawbridge, and arrived in front of a massive door, set on rusty hinges. An old rope waved slightly in the night wind, at the end of which was an iron ring, almost encrusted with verdigris. He pulled the cord, and a loud sonorous sound, repeated in echoes, answered his summons. The cry of a raven made itself heard at the same time. After a time foot-steps sounded, a grating bolt was withdrawn, and the door rolled open with a sort of yell. He raised aloft an oval lamp, which threw a flickering, uncertain light, and quickly scanned the visitor. He seemed to be about sixty years of age, and wore the dress of a major-domo or steward.

"I am the Knight of Wittenberg," said Adolphe. "I have lost my way in the forest, and I crave hospitality for the night. I am bound for the Castle of Falkenberg." "Welcome, Sir Knight," replied the old man, "the castle is not perhaps the most lively place for a halt, for since the calamity which fell upon us the Lord of Wittenberg has shut himself up as in a living tomb—never sees a human being but his old servant, myself, but refuses hospitality to no passing traveller who asks it." "And that, I presume, happens rarely?" "You are the third visitor who has demanded it these thirty years!" "And my horse?" The steward pushed open a door that faced the entrance, revealing a sort of large, wide hall. A small of fresh hay provided the humid atmosphere, and a loud joyous neighing welcomed the new arrival, who, without waiting for any more formal invitation, began at once to share the supper of a fine grey mare. "That is my nephew's mare," explained the steward, "and this part of the old hall serves as a stable. Fritz comes up to the castle every week to bring provisions, and as he had to-day some business in the village, he has left his animal here till to-morrow morning." De Wittenberg unsaddled his horse and attended to its comfort himself, then followed the old servant up a wide staircase, into a large room, the furniture of which bore traces of former grandeur. At one end of a long table covered with a red cloth were laid for two persons.

"I will serve the supper, which is quite ready," said the old man. "It is plain and frugal, and I must ask you, Sir Knight, to excuse its homeliness. The meal was soon brought. It consisted of boiled bacon, half a fowl, a loaf of the purest white bread, some fruit, and a flagon of excellent Rhine wine.

De Wittenberg, who was extremely hungry, found the repast quite to his taste. Expressing some surprise at the non-appearance of the Seigneur de Wittenberg, his host, the servant hastened to reply briefly that his master had supped long ago, and was in his own apartment, which he rarely quitted, and to which he had access but the steward himself.

"But Fritz is staying in the village for the night," he remarked, in conclusion, "as it is much later than he ever returns."

"Then I shall have no opportunity to pay my respects, nor to thank the Seigneur de Wittenberg for his hospitality?"

"No, Sir Knight, I repeat that since his great misfortune he has never received any one."

"And that misfortune was the death of his daughter?"

"It was, she died thirty years ago; she was his only child—Erinda Erlinda." "There were, as I have heard related, strange rumours as to that death," said de Wittenberg suddenly.

"Exaggerated rumours," replied the man, somewhat nervously. "I will repeat the strange tale as I heard it when a lad," pursued the knight. "The Lady Erlinda was of remarkable beauty, but vain beyond the vainest of her sex, and her pleasure was to attract and then repulse all her admirers. No sooner would a lover appear than she would treat him with scorn, and turned their devotion into ridicule. The last of them, a young noble of high character and high lineage, was at last successful. She accepted him, but made it a condition that he should submit to a trial of his devotion. He consented eagerly. The strange demand was that he should spend one night in yonder forest, and that he should be haunted by evil spirits, who held nocturnal orgies there. He was bidden to return to her in the morning, and to relate what he had seen. Her father, Count Wittenberg, was mad with grief and despair. He himself helped to lift the body so dear to him into the coffin. As they were about to leave the castle for the cemetery, a longing wish came over him to see once more the beloved face before it was consigned to earth. The coffin lid was raised, and to the awe and astonishment of all, the body was no longer there. The grave that had been prepared remained open, and so it still remains."

He paused a moment, and then said calmly, "That is the legend of this castle as I have heard it related as it is true." The steward murmured a reluctant assent, and as if to cut short the conversation, took up a silver lamp, and with a certain ceremonious air and tone, added, "I will now conduct you to your chamber, Sir Knight."

De Wittenberg at once understood that it was a hint to him to end his questions, and respecting the discretion of the major-domo, he followed him silently down a gallery, near the end of which was the room that had been hastily prepared for him. It was small and rather dimly lighted, but scrupulously clean, and the apartment usually reserved for one sleeping at the castle.

"Good night, and God be with you," said the man with a certain solemnity of manner; then, at the moment of closing the door, he made a step forward and added, "If you should fancy you hear any sounds other than those caused by the wind or the night birds, make the sign of the cross—do not be alarmed, say a prayer, and no danger will come near you."

And with the evident intention of avoiding any questions that the strangeness of the remark might suggest, he withdrew quickly, closing the door after him. Left alone, the knight reflected on these words, and with certain uneasiness examined the room to its remotest corner, but could see nothing unusual or remarkable. No recesses or cupboards; no boarded floors, suggestive of trap-doors. A large window, well closed, and two doors only, the one by which he had entered and another one exactly opposite. He walked to the latter and tried the lock. It was unfastened, but without exploring further, he resolutely turned the key, rather ashamed of his own nervousness. Having secured the door, he prepared to take a repose that the day's long and fatiguing journey had rendered necessary. The comfortable appearance of the bed seemed to invite repose. In spite of all, however, the singular admonition of the steward on quitting the room impressed him, and after some deliberation he decided not to address, but merely to throw himself on the bed and take what rest he might. He fell asleep immediately. The murmur of the forest trees as he broke the silence, till a voice, clear, silvery, and distinct, called on him by name, and he started up and looked eagerly about him. The moonlight shone in and he saw nothing in the room. All was absolutely the same as when he had entered. But as he composed himself to sleep again the sound of a lute, joined to that of a most exquisite young voice, was distinctly heard coming from the apartment of which he had so carefully locked the door. Astonished, yet charmed, he listened eagerly, and, strange to say, all feeling of fear became suddenly dispelled, the sounds were so terrestrial, the voice so human, and the music so real. All the superstitious fear that had held him for a time fled, and he neither made the sign of the cross nor did he attempt to recite a prayer. An overpowering desire came upon him to see this nocturnal musician, and he rose at once and made his way across the room. To his surprise, the door was partly open, a fact he could in no way account for, having himself carefully bolted it. Strongly fascinated by the spell of the voice and music, this detail failed to impress him as it would otherwise have done. Through the half-open door he now saw, seated on a low chair and holding a lute, a young girl of marvellous beauty. Her back was turned to him, but in a mirror he

saw reflected a most lovely face in the bloom of early youth. The golden hair and blue eyes were suggestive of the angelic type. The white dress was of somewhat quaint fashion, and the long floating sleeves revealed arms of exquisite mould. The knight, under the influence of what seemed an overpowering spell, after listening in a rapture of admiration, could not restrain himself from advancing into the room. The girl rose, as it seemed to him without any sound; strangely also, he no longer saw the lute as she turned towards him. Dashed—only lute as he exclaimed passionately, "Your voice and your music are enchanting, your loveliness still more so."

The girl fixed her eyes on him—the smile bewitched him, and, forgetting his position as the betrothed of Siba, he cried impetuously: "Whoever you may be, and I know not how you came here, let me declare that from this moment my heart is wholly yours." A faint sound as of a breeze amongst rushes followed his words, and quick as lightning he felt his hand clasped and a ring passed on to his finger, as a low voice sounded in his ear, "You are my affianced husband!"

The next instant arms closed round his neck and a kiss was pressed on his cheek from lips that were cold as marble! At the same time a cloud obscured the moon. De Wittenberg was stupefied with amazement at the spontaneous impulse—the lack of maidenly reserve—and startled at the touch of the icy lips; but he was human, and naturally desiring to return the embrace his arms encircled the lady's waist. The moon just then emerged from a cloud—there was no sign either of girl or lute; the room was destitute of any occupant save himself. De Wittenberg's nerves were strung to the highest pitch. He came back to his own chamber and paced the floor till break of day, when he threw himself on the bed and fell into a heavy sleep. But when the steward appeared to wake him, he was already on his feet again, though pale as ashes. The old man looked keenly at him.

"I trust your rest has been unbroken, Sir Knight," he said. "I have slept heavily," was the evasive reply, given in somewhat stiff tones, as the two men left the room. They went down the gallery in silence, until the knight perceived among the family portraits hung there one in particular, which was veiled from view by a gauze curtain. Following an impulse for which he could scarcely account, he sprang forward and drew the curtain aside. With a shudder, which he could not repress, he at once recognised the face of the nocturnal musician—the face he had seen in the night.

"Tell me, who is that young girl?" he asked hurriedly, turning to the steward. "That is the Lady Erlinda!" He drew the curtain over the portrait, and hurried down stairs, refusing all offers of a morning meal, saddled his horse, and rode away from Wittenberg as quickly as he could, after recompensing the old servant, and leaving a message of thanks for the master of the castle.

Little more than a month later the Castle of Falkenberg was full of animation, for the wedding day of the lovely Siba and the Knight of Wittenberg had arrived. Every one was praising the beauty and grace of the young bride, but it was remarked that the bridegroom had a pre-occupied and sombre air, and that he constantly made a movement as if trying in vain to draw a ring from his finger. The marriage rites were about to commence, and he redoubled his efforts to remove a ring. The bystanders observed a look of horror on his face. The next moment he uttered a loud exclamation and fell on his knees! Between his affianced and himself had risen the spectre of Erlinda de Wittenberg. He recited a fervent prayer, and then rose from his knees and asked to confer privately with the priest. To him he divulged the terrible events of that night in the troubled Castle of Wittenberg, and his own part in the affair, the story that had been cast over him, his own involuntary faithfulness to Siba. The priest enjoined that nine masses should be celebrated for the repose of the troubled soul of Erlinda, and that the marriage should be postponed.

The legend recounts that nine days after the mysterious ring ceased to be felt on the finger of de Wittenberg. Nine days' continuous prayers had been said in the church, and at the end of the time he hastened to mate the beloved Siba his own for ever. Adds the legend: "They led a happy life together to extreme old age."

SILVEREN.

A TRAMP'S LORDLY IDEAS.
A dilapidated specimen of the genus tramp entered the Southern Police Station recently and asked for lodging. He gave his name as John Stone, and his address as Havre de Grace. He was turned over to Turnkey Tom Knight. When shown his quarters in a cell, Stone stepped back as if he had been shot, and said, "Do you mean that I am to sleep in there?" pointing to the cell. "That's about the size of it," answered the turnkey. "Have you no mattress, no covering at all? Must I sleep on the bare board, and run the chances of taking cold?" "That's what you'll have to do," said Knight; "you don't take this for a hotel, do you?" "Well," answered Stone, "I have been used to better accommodation than these you offer, and would never allow myself, under any circumstances, to run the risk of catching cold and perhaps permanently injuring my health. I will have this matter investigated. With a lordly air and a chain-gang walk he faded away out through the door. Turnkey Knight was almost paralysed with the nerve of the lodger, and did not recover for some time. It was learned afterwards that the man had been in the House of Correction, which accounted for his princely tastes.—THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

Last week, near Chicago, Mr. J. Hommedieu's house caught fire, and his big Irish setter was burnt to death in it, because it could not be persuaded that the three children of the family, its especial playmates, were safe. The dog thrice rushed into the burning building and searched for them.

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AGENTS WANTED.

RUBY ROYAL

By JAMES GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"The strongest man in Bernoulli" was a prodigy of muscle and bone and sinew. Strong men are not uncommon in that neighborhood. It being convenient to the Thames side and to the bridges, there reside many of the mighty of limb known as "fellowship porters," whose scene of toil is Billingsgate and the adjacent foreign fruit market.

Their appearance is not prepossessing. They are well enough as young men, plump-straight from neck to heels, and with backs as capacious as a small dining-table; but the enormous loads these brawny men in tattered corduroy habitually carry bow their legs and round their shoulders before they are thirty, and not infrequently afflict them with a squint as well. They think nothing of shouldering a matter of three hundredweight of small shell-fish contained in a reeking bag, and bearing the load with a lightness step across a single plank gangway that connects the wharf with the river between the barge and the quay. At Bernoulli, too, may be found the broad-backed race of grain runners, who, as though it were mere fun for boys, trot in line, and for hours together, to and fro from wharf to granary, with mighty sacks of seed that cling squat to the shoulders dead as dough.

The strongest of these should be a person of peaceful disposition, a sober man, and one neither of a vaunting spirit or a hasty temper, or it may be had for weak folk who cross them. But things are not always as they ought to be, and, as it happened, Bully Budge was as rough-headed, as brawny, and as overbearing a fellow as could be well imagined. As a young man of three or four-and-twenty, Bully (it was "Bully" when he was a boy, but it was found fitting to substitute the one vowel for the other before he was sixteen), did not know his strength. Once he was last man on the iron ladder that reached from the street to the fifth floor of the granary, and Bully, with the rest, was grain-carrying. But the man in front of him did not climb fast enough, and after a short interchange of uncomplimentary language, he dropped his own load to the ground, and thrusting his head between the other's legs, carried him aloft, load and all, to a height of fifty feet.

He is but a year or two beyond thirty when we make his acquaintance, and no longer a water-side porter. Two years previously he was offered a much superior situation, and accepted it. But when, he was "offered" the job it is scarcely correct. They never advertised for a man for the mixing-room at the chemical works. The manager of the department made it somehow known that there was a vacancy for some one in sound health and with a tough constitution—the tougher the better—and that the wages were £10a week.

In the event of an applicant making his appearance, they treated with him frankly. The job was not what might be called a desirable one. It was in the mixing-room, and the steams and vapours from the poisons were bad for weak lungs. But very much depended on a man starting on the work hale and hearty, and with a determination to lead a temperate and strictly sober life. There was no reason why such a man should not live to be three-score and ten—older, if he had the good sense to put by a few shillings a week out of his handsome wages, so that he might retire when he was about fifty or so.

Bully Budge had just come out of prison, where he had served two months for breaking the collarbone of an inoffensive pedestrian who objected to being pushed off the pavement into the muddy road, Bully being too drunk to know the curb from the wall. But he was sober enough when he applied at the chemical works. He had never earned more than five-and-twenty shillings in a week in his life, and to double it at a jump was tempting. The noxious vapours might hurt some weak chap, but he wasn't to be measured by the ordinary standard. Nothing was ever known to hurt him yet. Show him another fellow who could drink off a pint of neat rum without being the worse for it? Don't think to frighten him into such twaddle as "noxious vapours" after that!

But he didn't mention about the pint of rum to the manager at the chemical works. He simply inquired the terms, and being informed of them at once expressed his willingness to take on with the job.

"Very well, my man," returned the manager, "you are free to do as you please about it. You look the kind of fellow for the work anyhow, and if you bear in mind all that I have told you, I don't suppose you will come to much harm."

And Bully Budge went to the chemical works next morning. It was just the job for a reckless "rough," and in that capacity Budge made the most of it. Except for a very few shillings indeed, he spent all that he earned on himself, and got more or less drunk every night. Those who associated with him were generally of the lickspittle sort, who would let him dominate and brag as much as he chose so long as he treated them with plenty of beer. His constant brag was of his undiminished strength. What did he care for the poison vapours? He liked 'em, and wouldn't do without 'em if he could. They gave him an appetite for his food, and agreed with him better than the air of the country. And for the lungs were they? Look here! And then he would bang at his broad chest with his great fist like an amateur Salvationist bandman banging the big drum.

"And bear this in mind," he was in the habit of adding on such occasions, and with a cunning twinkle in his nearest eye that betokened him to him to be in earnest: "don't you go for to think that it's Robinson's choice, and that I say the poisons agree with me because I'm obliged to work among 'em. I wouldn't care a— if I was sacked to-morrow. I'd sack myself at a moment's notice if anybody at the works said anything to upset me. And why would I? Because I know how to live without work. That's a fact, and calling me a liar won't alter it. I gave 'em a hint of it once. I'm afraid Budge," the gaffer says to me, "I'm afraid that you haven't acted on the good advice I gave you about putting by a few shillings a week. There's no need for it, master," says I, "I've got something else already pared up with I'll answer the same purpose." So I have, and it won't spill for being kept. When I want it I'll use it, but while I keep my present health and strength I can afford to do without it."

But for all his bragging of his strength, among themselves, and when he was not present, Bully Budge's companions shook their heads. The poisons were getting hold of him, they said, slowly but surely. Most of them had been acquainted with the last two men who worked in the mixing-room at the chemical works, and had shed averted eyes for the symptoms perhaps. One had stood it over five years, but the other had "dropped" in less than three. Bully Budge had been taking his fifty shillings a week for two years and a half, and for all his bluster and his wanton acts of brutality just to show how strong he was, he was haunted with a lurking suspicion that the enemy was gradually getting a grip on him.

One evening, when he was with his friends, the conversation turned on his former feats of strength, and among others some reminded him of his carrying the grain-runner, load and all, up the iron ladder.

"And I could do it again. I could do it this instant," blustered Budge. "What! you doubt it? Then, just to show you that I am equal to it, let the heaviest man of you get on to my shoulders, and you shall see me stand, close-footed, and jump over this form with him."

It was some time since they had witnessed any of his muscular feats, and were willing to humour him. The heaviest fellow there was not more than about eleven stone, however, and Bully Budge laughed scornfully, and cut a caper when the man, springing up on to a table, bestrode Budge's neck. But when he had placed himself before the form for the close-footed jump, he was seen to have wila-

as, as the man on his shoulders afterwards described it, he distinctly felt a convulsive shiver down Bully's spine. Then he was observed to tremble, and, staring aghast and bewildered at the onlookers, the trembling increased, until it fairly shook him down on to his knees.

"I—I am too drunk!" he exclaimed, as, released from his living load, he scrambled up on to his feet. "I have had a heavy day of it, and it was a fool's trick for a man in my state to try. I'll go home and get to bed."

And with his face still white and his features strangely twitching, he abruptly took his departure. Their looks betrayed that they knew he was telling a lie when he said that he had been drinking heavily, and, as though suspecting that they might be watching him, he went up the street towards his home, but, arrived at the end of it, he turned another way.

"Has it come?" he gasped, short of breath, as one who has been running. "Has the infernal stuff made good its grip on me already? Am I churchyard-booked and as good as done for? Hoah! I don't believe it. I have felt like it, though not quite so bad before. I only want some rum!"

And Bully Budge had some rum. At six rings, he drank with no other object than to allay the mortal funk his failure at the close-legged jump had put him in. With steady perseverance he at length succeeded, and gradually becoming valiant again, he ordered another half-pint of rum, just by way of showing those about him that he was as good a man as ever. The measure emptied, he kept on drinking for no other reason than that he had money in his pocket to pay for more and still more rum, and when his last penny was gone he bullied the landlord, who would not give him trust, and knocked down the potboy, who stood in his way demanding payment for the last quarter, and staggered, roaring drunk, into the street.

When Bully Budge arrived at that stage of intoxication he was a dangerous animal to encounter, and those who knew him got out of his way.

The policeman on the beat did so. Luckily, the pavement was tolerably clear, but presently Bully encountered a harmless and unsuspecting little old "sandwich" man, carrying fore and aft a pair of advertising boards almost as tall as himself. Not much more than the old fellow's battered tall hat and his feet were visible, and Bully gave the former such a ferocious open-handed spank as he passed, that the little old man disappeared entirely, and there was nothing to be seen but the sandwich boards swinging aloft, one against the other. The policeman on the beat got a glimpse of this feat as he was coming round the corner, and discreetly bobbed back again and went the other way.

Bully Budge was not so far from his home but that he managed to get there in a few minutes. He was married, and a brutal husband to his wife, who had never been very strong, and her health was now fast failing her. Had it been her fate to be kindly treated and well fed it might have been different with her; but, as already mentioned, Bully Budge required nearly all his earnings for himself. If the poor soul got five shillings out of his fifty she was lucky, and beyond that she had to depend on her own exertions and the state of the match-box trade. Fortunately they had no children of their own, but a little girl shared their stretched room with them. This was a niece of the wife's. Her parents were both dead, and Bully had taken kindly to her for her prettiness, just as he would have taken to a handsome toy-terrier or a choice canary, and had the child crown plain as it got older he would have packed it off with as little concern as it would have cost him to hang the dog he was tired of or sell it for so much as it would fetch.

But little Cris lost none of her good looks. She was five years old when Bully Budge took her, and now she was twelve, and, despite her ragged frock and her old shoes, out of which more often than not her stockings too were peeping, Cris was the pride of the alley and a little beauty. A bright and sweet-tempered little creature as well, and ever willing, waiting cheerfully on her aunt, who was half an invalid, fetching the match-box material from the factory and carrying back the work done, with many a spell of hard work till midnight and past to earn a halfpenny an hour.

In general, even when he had been drinking, Bully Budge treated Cris tolerably well—except when the put herself between his wife and himself to save the ailing woman from a blow. Then, as likely as not, Bully's heavy hand would deal her curly head a smack that would send her spinning to the wall.

This, to the red-hot indignation of Tom Piper, the tailor's son, who lived on the next floor, and who on such occasions was always on the alert to listen.

Tom was not what might be called an exemplary lad. His age was fifteen, and his poor father had done his best to teach him the tailoring business, but Tom, who was a likely-looking fellow enough, preferred the run of the streets, and was not in the least particular in his choice of companions. But he fairly worshipped little Cris, and had the heart of a lion to defend her. Had he possessed muscular development in proportion, and been older, Bully Budge would have been made aware of it; but what could he do when he heard poor Cris sobbing and clench his teeth and his fists, and score up another grievance against Bully, to be added to one of these days if ever he saw Tom Piper, had the chance.

Tom saw Bully roaring and raving in the street, and hastened home to apprise his wife of what she might expect. She had been ill all day, and was in bed, so frightened Cris informed him when she heard the alarming news, and they were yet talking on the stairs when the passage door was burst open with a bang, and Mr. Budge appeared on the scene. He was laughing instead of swearing, and his trembling wife, with clasped hands, hoped for the best. Bully Budge was really hilarious, and, exulting in his strength renewed, he set to work to exert it on everything that came in his way. Therefore, the street door being on the latch, he struck at it with his iron fist a straight hit from the shoulder with the result already mentioned. Ascending the stairs he plucked out a banister rail as easily as though it were fastened with a thread instead of with stout screws, and snapped it into short lengths in his hands as he could have snapped a clay pipe stem. When he reached the room where his wife was, with a mad laugh he flung open the door, and the whimsical idea suddenly seizing him, he saw the poor woman crouched up on the bed with the tattered counterpane about her thin shoulders, he caught hold of one of the bed-posts, and, with furious mirth, gave it such a tug that the old bedstead collapsed with a crash, with the terror-stricken and shrieking woman in the midst of the wreck.

Cris, who was in the room, flew to her aunt's assistance, but a cruel blow sent her reeling, and set her screaming as well, and in her fright the child screamed, "Murder!" Tom Piper heard her, and for the moment in another way he was as mad and as reckless as the Bully himself. Rushing into the room, and without allowing himself an instant for reflection, he went at Bully Budge and hit him full in the face and flush on the nose.

It might have cost the rash youth his life, but Bully Budge was still in a merry mood, so, instead of flooring Tom with a blow of his fist, he retaliated by catching hold of him by one leg, and, incontinently spanking him as he held him upside down. After which, still roaring with laughter, he carried him outside the room and dropped him, head downwards, over the banisters.

Then the police came—three of them—and Budge got off laughing and showed his teeth. The fight was a brief one, but lively while it lasted, for the constable held their staves in their hands, and Bully was armed with a leg of the broken bedstead. He was ripe for murder then—for anything—when, from behind, down came a staff with a sounding thud on his head, and, scow-

ling as a log, they carried him off to the police station.

CHAPTER II.

THE POISONS ASSESS THEMSELVES.

When the magistrate, making full allowance for that tremendous blow on the skull the policeman had dealt him, as well as for the excellent character that was produced from the chemical works (it was deuced awkward to find another man for the mixing-room)—when, I say, the worthy magistrate, addressing Bully Budge, remarked, "You will go to prison for three months, with hard labour, and I hope you will come out an altered man," he could have had no idea of the extent to which the hope would be verified.

Had his worship chanced to pass the prison gate that morning when it opened for Bully's exit from incarceration he would not have known him for the same.

His own dog scarcely would, and that is saying a great deal.

The poisons had done it for him! They had made good lodgment in his system before they threw off the mask and declared themselves, and when they started they made short work of their victim. In three months Bully Budge had become a mere boney caricature of his former self. His muscles had softened, his sinews turned lax and limp as catgut placed in a damp cupboard. His shrunken cheeks made his massive jaw bones appear twice their former size. His trousers were ridiculously wide for his dwindled legs, and he lent on a stick that a charitable prison warden had given to him.

He had been well cared for, too. His dilapidated condition demanded it. Within the first month of his confinement he had so rapidly fallen away that hard labour and ordinary prison fare were out of the question, and he was sent to the infirmary and put on special diet, including eggs and mutton chops, and port wine. But the poisons in his tissues—in the very marrow of his bones, would take no denial, and dragged the strong man down lower and lower.

But they did not at present affect his ferocity of disposition to any great extent.

The prison chaplain was painfully cognizant of that fact. Over and over again that good man had sat by Bully's bedside and exhorted him to let his thoughts take a more serious turn, since there could be no doubt that his constitution had been fatally undermined; but it was of no avail. Bully at first responded with a growl, and cut the sermon short by turning his face the other way and pretending to snore. But the chaplain was persistent, and returned to the attack again and again, and desisted only when, with frightful language, Bully bade him go and put his head in a bag, and threaten him with his dinner, consisting of boiled mutton and capercaize.

But he was subject to such paroxysms of fury, and a few minutes afterwards forgot all about them, which the doctor said was owing to the damage done to his skull in that encounter with the police. The probabilities, according to the medical officer, were that he would never recover the full use of his memory, which would grow weaker.

All things considered, the prison authorities were willing that he should stay in the infirmary a week or two after his time had expired, but Budge wouldn't hear of it. It was entirely through his being cooped up in that infernal place, he declared, that he had lost so much sharp to say to her when he got home, and when he had his liberty.

Besides, he hated to settle old scores. Treacherous as regards everything else, his memory served him well enough as that related to the events of the night preceding his being locked up. He knew which policeman of the three it was who had struck him down, and he meant squaring accounts with him for one.

Then his wife! It was all her fault, confound her! With her shrieking and squalling for the police that three of them were down on him at one time, and he should have something short and sharp to say to her when he got home. And Cris too! An ungrateful little baggage. He would have no more of her nonsense, but send her packing first thing.

His mind was so occupied with these schemes of vengeance that he paid no heed to the good chaplain's parting admonition, and he hardly thanked the warden for his gift of the stout walking-stick. He was so eager to get outside.

But when he got outside, and had walked a few steps, to his dismay he was brought to a gradual standstill.

It was a raw, cold morning, and the cutting east wind, a few feet of him and sent him staggering for shelter to the porch he had just left. He was weak, and his great knees seemed to creak in their sockets as he made another feeble attempt to make another start.

Crushed in spirit and bewildered with a consciousness of his utter helplessness, he at length reached a point where he would have to cross a wide road, and as he stood trying to muster up courage to ask some one to lend him a hand, who should appear suddenly before him but little Cris!

She was hurrying from the contrary direction, and, as he ran against him, but he did not for the moment recognize her. She was dressed differently from when he last saw her. The child now wore a black frock and a little bonnet of the same sad colour, and she had a decent pair of shoes on her feet. Then he caught sight of her face and she of his, and, still staring at him, she uttered a cry and clasped her small hands.

She could not believe it was him, he was so changed, but she was presently reassured when he addressed her by name, and asked what she was staring at. Then Cris burst out crying, and, being not tall enough to reach any higher, she hugged the great knuckly fist that grasped the walking-stick, pitifully kissed it again and again.

"I came on purpose to meet you, uncle," said the child; "but I didn't know you. You have been ill! Oh, why did you not let us know?"

Bully made answer, aukily, "What would have been the good? A thundering lot they cared how he was! And he wound up by demanding, "Why the blazes didn't your aunt come herself to meet me instead of sending you? She's sprawling a bed, I suppose!" He shook her roughly from his arm while he was speaking, and Cris turned her tear-stained face up to his to answer solemnly:

"I'm as dead, uncle. She died three weeks ago."

Bully was awfully weak. The startling news sent a thrill through him, and his limbs trembled so he was glad to lean against a lamp-post.

"Dead?" he repeated huskily.

"And she did not forget you, uncle. You were in her thoughts till the very last," and poor Cris's red eyes were brimming again, and she could scarce speak for sobbing. "She gave me a message to give you, uncle dear, just before she died. Tell him from me, 'was poor aunt's last word, and never more than now I am leaving him. Tell him that my last prayer was that his health, and the strength of which he is so proud, may be long spared to him, and that he may never be brought so weak and low as for so many years I have been.'"

He had turned his head while she was speaking, and when he again looked down on her, her own eyes were dried in amargement to see tears in his.

"Let us get home, for I'm 'mighty ake!" he remarked with a broken voice.

"I am weaker than water. Could you help me along, just a little bit, by holding hold of father arm?" Thanky, kindly, Crisay.

Thus Bully Budge, a blow three months before could have dealt a horse a blow that would have felled him.

Very slowly and with frequent rests, for the strong wind was against him, they made their way home. Cris had much to tell him. He was greatly relieved, and for the first time since he had known him, the child heard him say, "Thank God," when she told him that his wife was no longer by the parish. He had seemed no help for it till it occurred to little Cris, who was wise in the ways of the world, that it might be worth

while to go to the chemical works and tell the gentlemen there about it.

The experiment was successful beyond her expectations. The gentlemen at the chemical works had not the least suspicion that their strong man of the mixing-room had broken down, and they were anxious that he should come back again when he was discharged from prison. They had tried two applicants for the situation—face Budge had been in confinement, and one was led home ill before the end of the first week, and the second after six weeks had given notice to quit. They had no doubt that Budge would be glad to come back when he had served his time, so they generously advanced the handsome sum of five pounds to bury the poor woman.

Budge uttered a grim little laugh when he heard that.

"But them and their p'isons! they owe me more than that!" he exclaimed. "They owe me the value of my wasted strength and for shortening my life, and they shall pay too! I know enough about their business to—to—"

"My memory cuts away from in me a queer sort of way now and again," he explained to the child, "but that isn't through the poisons. That's through the crack on the head the policeman gave me."

When they had nearly reached home, Cris bethought her of one or two little things her uncle would require (the funeral was a very cheap one, and there were still a few shillings remaining from the five pounds) and, as Budge preferred to go to the house alone as less likely to attract observation, the child left him at the end of the street to make her purchases.

But an unlooked-for difficulty confronted the poor hobbling invalid at the very threshold of the shoddy from which he had been for three months estranged.

The said difficulty was embodied in Tom Piper. That chivalrous though rash youth had neither forgotten nor forgiven the painful and humiliating treatment he had received at Bully Budge's hands on the eve of the latter being sent to prison. He was a light weight and agile, and the drop from the top flight of stairs to the next had merely bruised him a bit without breaking any bones.

But Tom had pluckily resolved that he would not tamely knuckle under to such indignity. Anticipating Bully Budge's return home, privately and unknown even to Cris—to whom he was more devoted than ever—he had taken lessons in the pugilistic art so as to be the better able to defend himself when next he had to face the enemy. The house passage was dark, and Master Piper, in his customary frolicsome way, was taking the stairs 'live at a time, the more quickly to reach the street door, when, without dreaming of his being there, he came bump against Bully!

But he was in the merriest mood, but he will growl if his corns are jumped on, and Bully Budge growled. Recognising the voice, and instantly recovering his presence of mind, Tom Piper leapt back, and placing himself in a sparring attitude, followed the scientific advice for which he had paid ninepence a lesson, and had "first shy" by giving Bully Budge "one in the wind" as hard as he could let drive.

The result was not less disastrous to the invalid than it was astonishing to Tom Piper.

Had Budge possessed his old strength and stamina, he could scarcely have felt the blow and he would have been in the merriest mood, but "doubled him up," to adopt fistic phraseology, knocked him clean off his legs, and prostrated him in the dark passage, where he lay, wheezing and coughing, and unable to rise again.

Tom could have crowed with delight. Of course he knew nothing about the total wreck the poisons had made of poor Bully, and it was too dark to see him. So he naturally attributed the flooring of his enemy entirely to the skill he had acquired at Bludge's sparring academy, and still making play with his fists, he danced round the fallen foe and dared him to come on. But he suddenly desisted, hearing some rasping ejaculation, and they knocked him clean off his legs, and prostrated him in the dark passage, where he lay, wheezing and coughing, and unable to rise again.

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again began counting on his fingers. "That seems right! But is it?" and his hand wandered to his forehead. "No! I've lost one. My memory, my treacherous memory! Let me see, let me see!" and he counted again. "Yes, yes; that is right!" and he despairing face brightened again. "Now, quick! I give me the money!"

"The money, uncle? I have only two or three ha'pence. It is Friday night, you know, and the club money does not come till tomorrow afternoon. It won't be long to wait till then, dear."

But at the suggestion that he should wait, Budge stamped his foot angrily.

"I mustn't wait! I dare not run the risk of waiting!" he exclaimed. "Give me the money, I tell you. Why do you tell me lies and say you have none? Where's the money-box?"

"The money-box, uncle? Oh, you wouldn't take that? It is more Tom's than mine—"

But while she was speaking Budge had reached the box from a shelf, and with shaking hands he turned out its contents on to the table, and counted it, and thrust it into his pocket. Then, without another word to either of them, he put his hand in his pocket and took out a small bag and a huddled out of the room and down the stairs.

Poor Cris was in great distress.

"Oh, Tom, Tom! What shall we do? What is the matter with him?"

"He's gone mad," was Tom Piper's prompt response. "Tom's poison has finished him up, as regards his body, and now they've mounted a stage higher, and started on a new job."

"But what is he in such a hurry to go out and buy? What is he so anxious to get that he cannot wait until tomorrow for it?"

Tom Piper shook his head ruefully.

"Rum," was his monosyllabic reply.

Cris uttered a little scream, and without waiting to put on her bonnet started down the stairs. She was such a long time gone that Tom went to the street door to wait for her. Her prolonged absence confirmed his suspicion that poor Budge's brain was softening under the influence of the poison, and that the old thirst for rum had returned to him.

"He has gone to the first public-house," thought Tom, "and poor little Cris is with him, begging him not to drink, but to come back home with her. I'll go to them. I was a fool! I did not go with her when she ran off."

But he had not run many yards down the street before he met with Cris, who was hurrying back alone.

"Where is he?" Tom asked eagerly. "Is he at the house and Cris?"

"Hush, no! Let us get back to the house quick, Tom, for he is coming home as quick as he can, and is not far behind. He does not know that I have been watching him. He hasn't been to any public-house."

"Where to, then?"

"To the chemist's. I peeped through the shop window and saw him buying some stuff, and something in a gallipot, and then he went to the crockery shop and bought a— a pumpkin, I think they call it."

But Tom looked puzzled, and scratched his head.

"Isn't the time of year for pumpkins, Cris. Besides, if it was, he wouldn't go to the crockery shop for one. What is it like?"

"It is a sort of earthenware saucepan—"

"Oh, you mean a pumpkin. Some doctor's stuff, and something in a gallipot, and a pumpkin. Poor fellow!" and Tom shook his head sorrowfully. "he's a deal madder than I thought."

But they could hold no further conference on the subject, as Budge was heard ascending the stairs. It was marvellous how much stronger he had become all of a sudden. He had not been out of the house since he came from prison, and if he had his stick again found it necessary to steady his steps in going from one room to the next by holding on to articles of furniture. But whatever it was that was exciting him had braced his failing nerves and muscles and they heard him coming up without once stopping to rest.

He came in with a pipkin in one hand and a large gallipot filled with what might have been taken for treacle, only that it smelt so much like coal tar, in the other. Beyond bidding Cris to make up a good fire, he took no notice of her or Tom, but drew from his pocket the five or six different stuffs he had bought at the chemist's, and, fetching a dish from the cupboard, began to mix them, measuring quantities of each with great care with a teaspoon. Much stirring and pounding seemingly was required, and he worked away with the air of a man confident of results and with so much energy that beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

He had mixed in all his powders but one, and he had that in one hand and the spoon in the other, when his briskness suddenly relaxed, and, laying the articles on the table again, he gazed blankly before him.

His memory had failed him at a critical moment!

He sank on a chair with both hands clasping his head, and so remained for several minutes. Then, muttering "No, no! that can't be right," he got up and paced the room, now and again pausing at the table as though to renew the mixing process, and then in doubt, turning away. It was evident to the two wondering watchers that when at length he again took up the spoon and the powder it was with great uncertainty. He was sparing in the use of the latter, which seemingly was precious, and as though bearing in mind that there was no money to buy more if he made a blunder, he used but half of it and saved the remainder to give himself another chance in the event of a first failure. He put it in the pipkin with the other stuff, and coal tar in the proportion, and then set it on the fire, and, kneeling on the hearth, commenced stirring it.

It was late, nearly twelve o'clock, and Cris whispered to Tom that since he had to be at work by seven in the morning he had best be off to bed. But Tom wouldn't hear of it. He had no doubt now that Budge had gone clean out of his mind—were there not all the evidences of it?—and though just now he was only a harmless lunatic, who knew what turn the mad might take presently? So there the two sat, away from the fire at the far end of the room, and shivering with cold.

They could not even talk together. Budge squatting on the hearth and feeding the fire with coke from a basket beside him, listened with an anxious ear to the bubbling of his queer brew in the pipkin, and once, when he heard the murmuring voices of Cris and Tom, he turned to them, and bade them in such savage tones, "Sit quiet, that they dare do no other than obey him.

One o'clock—two—three—chimed from the neighbouring church, and still Budge crouched at the little glowing coke fire and the bubbling pipkin, stirring, and listening, and occasionally testing a sample of his mystic concoction by withdrawing a small portion with the wooden spoon and holding it up to the light. Tom and Cris, dead sleepy, nodded on their chairs.

Suddenly, however, there was an alteration. They were startled to wakefulness and well-nigh out of their wits by a jubilant outburst on the part of Mr. Budge.

"Hooray! See, see! I've won it! I've got it! It is here! The precious Ruby Royal! Hooray! I was afraid that my memory was too far gone—that I should never be able to recall the secret I had made mine in the mixing-room. For all their cunning, it was my secret as soon as it was theirs, and they shall give me a share of the thousands they have made by it. Ha, ha! Oh, Cris! Dear, patient, little Cris! Our splendid Christmas dinner is now sure and certain, and the silk frock, and the sash, and the pretty shoes, and all."

And with the reeking wooden spoon flourished in his hand he was hastening towards her, when the artificial strength by which he had been so long upheld suddenly forsook him, and he tottered and sank down on his knees quite exhausted and enfeebled, and unable to speak above a whisper.

Between them they set him to the next room

and laid him on his bed. But it was only his physical strength that had collapsed. His memory seemed to have quite come back to him. He lay there without speaking till daylight, and then he asked that the pipkin might be brought to him, and he dipped into the dye of glorious hue the grimy ingredients had yielded a strip of linen rag and wrapped it in paper, directed it to the principal partner at the chemical works, and bade Tom Piper take it to him with the message that Mr. Budge wished to see him, and that he would find the reason why in the parcel.

And Tom went on the errand, but before he could return about the principal partner at the chemical works had arrived at the house in a cab and in red-hot haste, and with the bed-room door locked he and Budge had a long talk together, and when he took his departure by Budge's directions he bade Tom Piper accompany him in the cab that had been kept waiting.

In less than an hour that amazed emissary returned, the bearer of a chubby little canvas bag, which gave forth a mellow chinking sound when it was placed on the table, and when it was untied by Mr. Budge, in presence of Cris and Tom, there were revealed five-and-twenty golden sovereigns.

But that was merely a little present over and above the hundred and fifty pounds a year the proprietors of the chemical works had stipulated to pay to Mr. Budge as long as he survived, on condition that he revealed to no living creature the secret of Ruby Royal.

And did that splendid Christmas dinner come off after all? Did it? Ask Mrs. and Mr. Piper. And did little Cris make the pudding, and did she appear at the dinner table dressed in the silk frock and the sash? Ask Tom—happy Tom, who, when he was not feasting his eyes on Cris, was consulting his silver watch, that had but a restless time of it in the watch-pocket expressly ordered for the waistcoat that was part of the brand new suit promised and provided out of Mr. Budge's golden store.

And was that the only Christmas Day the same party met to celebrate? Thank goodness! not the only one. Mr. Budge was enabled to remove to the healthy region of Hampstead, and thither Mr. and Mrs. Piper, with their son, have journeyed for six Christmases in succession. Mr. Budge will never be a hale man again, but, thanks to the kind and careful nursing of Cris, combined with medical aid, the "poisons" have not had all their own way yet, and the shattered man is looking forward with peculiar pride and pleasure to the seventh anniversary of the discovery of Ruby Royal—the coming Christmas—for on that day Cris and Tom—the latter is now the proud owner of a pair of whiskers and a smart horse and cart and a prosperous greengrocery business—are to be married.

A RACE FOR LIFE.
Four Children Chased Ten Miles by a Tribe of Indians.

An Albany (Ga.) News scribe who boarded the train on the South-western Railroad a few days ago, met an old acquaintance in the person of the Rev. R. H. Harris, formerly of Thomasville, but now of the Baptist Church of Columbus, and when Kinchafonee Creek was crossed Mr. Harris was reminded of a story that he had heard a good many years ago, and gave the scribe a most graphic recital of it. Mr. John F. Pilcher, the hero of the story, is now a very old man, and lives in Thomas county. The incident occurred when he was a boy only thirteen years of age, but he recalls all of the details as if they had transpired only yesterday. Way back in the "twenties" the father of our hero settled with his family near Kinchafonee Creek, in what is now Lee county. Bears, wild hogs, and other animals made such frequent raids upon his cornfield that he gave his son John a trusty old musket and sent him out to guard the crop, telling him to shoot anything that he discovered committing depredations upon the growing crop. One day when the father and mother were both away, and John and his sister Mary and a younger brother and sister were left alone on the place, John discovered two Indians in the cornfield helping themselves to roasting ears. His instructions from his father were to shoot all depredators, and he blazed away at one of the Indians and shot him dead. The other Indian hurriedly left, and John at once realised that he had got himself and the family into trouble. He was a redneck, which meant either precipitate flight or death. He hurried to the house, and saddling the only horse that was in the place, he put the two younger children on it and started them off toward the nearest neighbour's house, which was ten miles away. John and Mary followed on foot, and before they were out of sight of the house the Indians were in hot pursuit. Some of the savages stopped to pillage the house and then set fire to it, while others followed the fleeing children. John and Mary were discovered and pursued so closely that they sought refuge in a dense swamp. As they entered the swamp they were fired upon by Indians, and Mary received a wound that disabled her so that she could not proceed further. She had presence of mind enough to secrete herself, however, and the maddened savages, without knowing that one of their bullets had stopped her flight, rushed by without discovering her. John continued his flight and succeeded in eluding the Indians in the cover of the dense swamp. He knew that the nearest neighbour lived ten miles below on the Kinchafonee, and that he could reach the place by following the stream. He got his bearings before nightfall, and started out on his lonely and perilous journey. He reached the neighbour's house early in the morning and found that his little brother and sister had arrived safely the evening before. Meantime, the news of the trouble between the Pilchers and the Indians had been sent out to other neighbours, and a few white men had gathered to go in search of John and Mary. John told his story and proceeded with the party to where he had last seen Mary. The girl was found in the swamp where she had lain since the day before, but her wound, while it disabled her, was not serious, and she recovered. After John Pilcher had grown to be a man he was called to Columbus on some business. A large band of Indians were in the city, and one of them, evidently a sort of chief among his tribe, walked up to him and, looking him straight in the face, said:—"Kinchafonee!" It proved to be the same Indian that was with John's victim in the cornfield, and he had recognised in the man the boy that became his deadly enemy on the Kinchafonee several years before. John knew that it would not be safe for him to remain in Columbus another hour, so he mounted his horse and hurriedly rode away.

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A table prepared for a working man's society in Leipzig represents that a loss of different members of the body reduces the capacity to gain a living in the following proportions: Loss of both arms, legs, hands, or feet, 100 per cent.; loss of right hand, 40 per cent.; of right thumb, 30 per cent.; of one eye, 22 per cent.; of left thumb or right index finger, 14 per cent.; of any finger, 5 per cent.

There was a sensational interruption of "A Winter's Tale" at Palmer's Theatre, New York, the other night that started the players and amused the audience. A well-dressed elderly man, accompanied by a lady, had been watching Miss Anderson with growing enthusiasm. When one of the actors in the third act uttered the words "She is false," the elderly man sprang from his seat in the side aisle of the parquet and shook his clenched fist at the actor. "You're a liar, sir," he shouted, and started towards the stage. The audience glared at the man in amazement, and some of them laughed. Some gentlemen hurried down the aisle, caught the excited man by the coat, and with two ushers accompanied followed later street. The stranger's companion followed later with a flushed face. The excited spectator came back a few minutes afterwards and tried to get in to see the rest of the play, but a policeman persuaded him to go home.

OFF AND ON.
By ANDERSON GRAHAM.

"It is time," I said to myself, as I turned from the looking-glass where I had been vainly trying to arrange my dwindling curls to make them cover the bald spot which seemed larger every time I looked at it. "Full time," I added, as turning to look out at the window into the park, where the half-stripped trees lay in a light October mist, I caught a view in the mirrored door of the wardrobe of my portly circumference. There was no disguising the truth—I had become middle-aged. I looked more like the heavy father of fiction than a young bachelor. I was thirty-six, and though eleven had rung from the ball clock, I dawdled over my toilette as I tried by those salutary reflections to reconcile myself to the bygone ordeal I was about to face. "Pretty and not too fond," I soliloquised, as I gave the old killing curl to my moustache. "Poor, but stylish, Lucy will without extravagance gracefully maintain the dignity of Power Court. Her aunt thought herself very clever in getting me to propose, and I fear was a little too pressing in making her consent; but it is time for me to get married, and it will be a relief to her, poor thing, for her life here cannot be a pleasant one."—then I leisurely descended to the breakfast-room.

"Late as usual," said Jack Fortescue, who, as I entered, was devouring toast and eggs with his usual appetite.

"Well, you are no earlier," I retorted.

"Oh, I have had two hours' shooting," said Jack, "and I have a long drive before me. You see I return to town to-morrow, and I must run over to Yevern. Will you come? We shall not be back to dinner. I am going to take the new mare and a light dog-cart."

Though I am not what is called a keen observer, it struck me there was a kind of rasp in Jack's voice, as though there was some trouble which he was forcing himself to keep back. However, I consented, and in a short while we were spinning along the lane as Jack loved to spin. We said very little to each other. Jack seemed to be full of his own thoughts, and as for me, there is nothing I dislike more than chatter. Over a succession of cigars, I mused in a lazy and idle way about the matrimonial problem. Any remarks that passed between us were of the most commonplace kind.

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"Aye," he replied, "but with a mouth of iron, and pulls like the very—holloa, what's the matter now?" for in the middle of a steep ascent she came to a dead stop, and with ears thrown viciously back, refused to move. "Let her have her breath for a moment," I suggested, and for five minutes or so we remained still. Then Jack shook the reins, and encouraged her to go on, but the only result was a slight retrogression. Upon that he gave her a smart touch with the whip, which she no sooner felt than she dashed up the hill like fury, and flew with the speed of wildfire along the level at the top, utterly beyond control. Jack just managed to keep her in the middle of the road, and to get her under subjection again by letting her go at full pace up the hill that followed.

"It will be as well for us to get home before dark," I said.

"I am afraid we cannot," he replied. "I told them not to wait dinner for us, and not to be disturbed if we remained away all night."

"Oh you did, did you?" thought I, for if I have a horror of one thing more than another, it is staying at a hotel.

But as it happened there was no need for that, though before Jack had got his business done, and we had partaken of some luncheon, it was nearly eight o'clock. A cold foggy night it was, with a thick drizzling rain. After we got past the last lamps of the little town, the darkness was intense. Jack could see the red glow of my cigar, and I could see the fiery point of his, but nothing else was visible except the little circle of light not reaching the ground about each of the lamps. The mare pulled harder than ever, and on the soft muddy roads we rushed through the mist almost noiselessly. "One must trust to the horse here," said Jack; "horses always go more safely in the dark, and if it has not sense enough to keep out of the ditch, I can't help it." Our only means of knowing where we were was to watch the window-lights of the farm-houses. Several times we narrowly missed a collision, but we were saved by the mare, for her sharp eyes detected anything approaching long before her driver did. Shortly after we had passed the little public-house on the edge of the moor, and were about six miles from home, the mare came to a dead stop in the middle of a pitch, just as she had done in the morning. "Well, this is a nuisance," remarked Jack; "but I suppose I must humour her," and he began to apply all the moral suasion of which he was master, nay, even began to back a little. "Look out," he cried, and I knew he was taking a tight grip of the reins—then swish came the whip on the horse's loins. In a moment she sprang forward, as before, but this time she had to yield to Jack's strength of arm. "I changed the bit," he explained. But the mare was not conquered. Under Jack's vigorous coercion she again stopped, and next time when the whipcord touched her flanks she dug up her heels, reared, sprang to the side—and I remembered no more till I awoke to consciousness among the wet grass. A man had run up from the inn with a lantern, and when it was found that, but for the shock, I was unhurt, we set about releasing the mare, which was struggling under the shafts of the dog-cart. Jack was for resuming the journey, but I refused point blank. "No, Jack," I said. "It is quite easy for you to risk your neck. You are young, poor, and unmarried; but it is different with me. I have a certain dignity to support, and though hardly in a position to call myself a family man, I am practically so; nearly married, and within an ace of becoming the head of a household." At these words Jack groaned so that I asked him if he were hurt, but answering me it was nothing, he yielded to my wish. The rain had now ceased, so for greater ease in walking we stripped off our wet overcoats and left them with the landlord, who promised to take care of all the things till the morning, when we could send a servant for them. We borrowed a couple of walking-sticks, for Jack said if we must walk he would take the short cut across the Wold, and in that case we might need them. As we lighted fresh cigars before starting he grumbled a good deal at being forced to surrender, but as his reasoning had no firmer base than a superstitious belief that two spills never occurred on one night, it was not strong enough to surmount my objection to again placing at the mercy of the mare the limbs of a man about to be married.

The fog had cleared a little as we set off; but we had not gone a mile when we either entered another bank or it thickened worse than ever. It was impossible to see where we were going.

"Are we on turf or mud?" asked Jack.

"Heavens know," I replied, "but it is very easy to find out," and I flared a vesuvian close to the ground. We were away from the path and on

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THE HISTORY OF A PARISH CLERK 200 YEARS AGO.

I, Peter Dobyns, by the grace of God clerk of this parish of Dumbleton, writeth this history. Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion I have called to take upon me the function of a parish clerk; and to that end it seemed meet and profitable to me to associate myself with the parish clerks of the land, such, I mean, as were right worthy in the calling—men of clear and sweet voice and of becoming gravity. Now it came to pass that I was born in the year of Our Lord 1688, we were our worthy benefactor, Rev. Bousor, did add one bell to the ring of this parish, so that it hath been wittily said that the same day did give to this church two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk. Even when I was at school our mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice, and furthermore observed that I took a kindly affection unto the black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in the singing of godly ballads—such as "The Lady and Death," "The Children in the Wood," and not a few other children in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, when I was a boy, I always led the Psalms next after Master William Hartwell, my predecessor, who, it must be confessed (to the glory of God), was a most excellent parish clerk in that his day. Yet, be it acknowledged, at the age of 13 I became a company keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love for ringing; so much, that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole county.

Neither could I be absent from wakes, being called thereto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies I gave up myself to unspiritual pastimes—wrestling, dancing, and angel playing—so that I had often returned to my father's home with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Grafton by Joe Wyatt, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon; and in the year following I broke the head of Harry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Prestbury I encountered Bill Sykes, weaver, and beheld my head was broken the second time; and again, at the wake of Waybrook, a third time, and much blood did trickle therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, What man is there, however dexterous in any knowledge or craft, who is for aye on his guard?

I was looked upon as a follower of several fancies. Thus was I led by the comeliness of Susanna Swift, for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye and pleasant nature, and we were fanned together in holy wedlock on the Sabbath day. The minister, who had looked well on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners, liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then became vacant by the decease of good Master Hartwell.

No sooner was I elected into mine office but I laid aside the powdered galloon of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself in some way of an ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of the clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shroud of the lion's vestment of Aaron. The next day, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the Psalter how did my voice quaver for fear! And when I arranged the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wife of Mr. Justice Sandlow, the grave Mr. Justice Trumby, Lady Cholmley, and the two virtuous gentlemen, her daughters, the great Sir Thomas Tvery, knight and baronet, and my young master the squire and lord of this manor. Notwithstanding which it was my good luck to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation, but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church. First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yeelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth. Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto babies in tearing away their aprons, which they proudly marched in church, or, worse, it put me, for I remembered the days of my youth. Thirdly, with the sweat of my hands I did make smooth and plain the dogs' ears throughout our great Bible. Fourthly, the pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed. And, lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender; yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose water, and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy—so much so that parish clerk, minister in cleaner linen. Notwithstanding these, my public cares, I did not neglect my usual occupation as a handycraftsman. Shoes did I make, and if intrusted, mended, with good approbation. Faces did I shave, and clipped hair. Chirpury also I practised, but to bleed ventured I not, except the poor. Upon this, my twofold profession, there passed a merry tale how that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes, and with black soap for his face, but these were the sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than the truth; for it is well-known that great was my care and skill in my craft. Yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself without fetching blood, and was sought unto by my Lady Frances to shave and trim her poodle dog, called Toby—that is to say, Tobias. I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the same lady, to set an heel-piece thereon, and received such praise that it was set all over the parish I should be recommended to the king to mend shoes for his majesty.

Now was the long-expected time. Arrived when the Psalter of David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his lute—so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our abundant quaver trilling done away, and in place thereof was instituted the sol fa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters like unto ourselves, and I also was ordained to adorn myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow parishioners in this new manner of worship. While they were thus humming through the nostrils like a sobor, I would not forget that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psalter, and the church on Sunday was filled with their new halilulujahs. The minister preached about the apostles being instructed to travel without shoes, but that precept did not extend to their successors. He could as well talk of Moses pulling off his shoes, or of tanning the hides of the bulls of Haran, or of Simon the Tanner. That the preacher may consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adopt his text is true. The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, for the House of Commons give and it shall be given unto you—or before the Lords, giving no offence that the ministry be not blamed. To the shame of mothers I speak not, thereby I might delight many grave women in the parish, but the same who have made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal their infirmity rest in peace.

I did institute a weekly assembly of diverse worthy men at the Rose and Crown alehouse. I brought myself in these days that much profit might accrue unto the parish, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read

unto them the Post Boy, Mr. Roper, and ye Letters of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves, our society being composed of the following persons—Robert Jones, farmer; Amos Turpin, collar maker; George Phillips, excise man; Thomas Brown, wheelwright. Mr. Jones was a man of fine parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shod the horse of a Whig fanatic, but he lamed him sorely. A Turpin, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough; G. Phillips, a sufferer also of zealous and laudable freedom of speech. Now were the eyes of all the parish open upon these our weekly meetings. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof to the ministers in London, so that the bishops heard thereof. Moreover, Sir Thomas M.P., spake of the same to the other members of Parliament. So thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and lawgivers, and henceforth, even as we desired, thus did they.

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased thereby. There have died of the falling sickness two stumbling horses, also one of their riders; smothered in onions seven rabbits; stifled in a soldier's breeches two geese of soot throat seven sheep and two calves at the butcher's.

Still born in eggs of turkeys, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-nine; drowned, nine puppies; of wind in the bowels, seven; bottles of small beer; started to death, a child nursed at the parish charge. Collections—Reparation nine churches, 2s. 1d.; fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. 10d.; for an inundation, a King Charles' great from my Lady Frances.

It is reported that the minister christened a male child last week, but it wants confirmation. From the squire's house on Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in the great hall. There were present the parson and the farmer; the parson eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parson.

From the justices meeting. This day a jackdaw, well-known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to cage for crying cuckoo to a justice of the quorum, and same evening certain apples for hissing in a disrespectful manner as they were roasting, were committed to lamb's wool. Same day a pig was put to death for squeaking on the 10th of June.

We have nothing material as to the stocks, only that Dick Wiggins was left in them last Sunday for swearing. It is reported my Lord D—'s huntsman, Jack Griffiths, called to his daughter Margaret, Bring me my shirt, for I am going before my lord, and she answered him from up the stairs, "Which shirt will you have, father, the one without the collar or the one without the sleeves?" From the Bank's Library.

BOZ.

AN INGENIOUS GIRL.

An ingenious girl has, says a New York paper, hit upon an ingenious method of self-support. Some time ago she was bitten by the amateur photographic mania and became an adept at catching picturesque views. With one of those clever little detective cameras she amused herself whenever her fancy led her about the city, picking up here an old apple woman, with skirts fluttering and cap blown back by an unkindly breeze, there a ragged newsboy with her bundle of papers, or a group of babies tumbling on the grass in the park, and somewhere else an Italian woman with a huge bag of stale crusts balanced on her head, full of artistic possibilities. The girl has something of an artist's temperament, and though she could neither paint nor draw, she had an eye for the essential features of a picture, and for what would or would not compose well. Many of her photographs were really pictures, and being caught instantaneously preserved all the spirit, action, and freshness of life. An artist friend saw them one day, and to her surprise offered to buy half a dozen of the best for suggestions for studio work. Two or three days dwelling upon the idea thus given her, she resolved to turn what had been play into work. She and her camera are out every sunny day, from ten o'clock until three nowadays, and an hour in the dark room of an evening brings out some of the characteristic scenes of city life transferred to her camera and ready to be transferred into cash. Her work has quite a vogue among the studios, and clever suggestions are often taken from it. She finds her best market for figure pieces. An attitude, a smile, an expression, often serves as a revelation of some queer phase of humanity.

THE CROSS-EXAMINER.

If women were allowed to suggest improvement in the human race, the first thing they would do would be, says the New York Graphic, to make it possible to have the head turn on a pivot with a spiral spring to throw it far enough away from the shoulders to look at the back of their dresses. A man has a subtle confidence that his coat is all right at the back, but a woman seems to have an everlasting haunting dread that there is something wrong there. These are secrets that a woman rarely gives to a man, secrets of how she manages to design those marvellous dresses so that it really looks as if she were the real, bustle and all. But when a woman has a clever child, and she wants his latest remark put in the paper, she does not care if it is really immoral or if it give away the profoundest secrets of the female figure prison-house. I did not know they used such things. I had seen them in milliners' windows, of course, and sometimes far back in the dim recesses of the milliner's back workroom where bright eyes glance up from the needles and thread and throw a flash on the duds as he goes along like a beautiful bug in the sunlight. But I thought they were merely professional perfunctory things. She told me she had one she was using to fix up a dress upon, so she could judge of her figure and the contour. I don't blame the child. There is a cloud of doubt on the subject in my own mind, and perhaps the woman I adore may be after all but a wire figure with a head and working on springs. She was labouring away, I don't know what a dress or this dummy, and the male boss of the family, young and innocent, sat watching the proceedings. After about fifteen minutes of deep meditation, he suddenly said, "Mamma, 'What is it?'" "Say, was that a real live woman once?" "I guess so," said the mamma, busy with her adorning. He relapsed into thought for five minutes' time. "Mamma, how did they pick all the meat off her skeleton?"

A "tootometer" has been invented which will make a noise that can be heard ten miles.

A young man at Vinalhaven, Me., who attended the farmer's ball, put on the sheriff's coat by mistake. While escorting home a "beg" girl he found a pair of handcuffs in his pocket, and the young woman tried them on. Unfortunately they snapped and locked, and the hands could not be withdrawn. The girl nearly sprained her wrists trying to extricate herself from her embarrassing position, and did not succeed till the sheriff arrived with the key.

A new explanation of the proverb "good wine needs no bush" is proposed by E. R. Sharpe, who presides over the manuscripts in the Guildhall of London. Bush appears to have been a term for spray of rosemary or other herb which was laid in the bottom of a drinking cup by publicans, "either to give a particular flavour to the beverage, or, as was probably more often the case, in order to disguise the inferior quality of the wine." He cites a confession by Alice de Causton to Mayor Adam de Bury, in the reign of Edward III., in which she acknowledges that she was in the habit of filling the bottom of her quart measure with rosemary, in a similar manner arborvitae, "so as to look like a bush in the heart of the common people."

LIFE'S MERE ACET.

Humour of C.

SINGULAR CONTRASTS SENSE OFTEN MAKES WITH NONSENSE.

Visitor: Say, Quillpen, you are awful for making mistakes in your paper; did you know it? Editor: Well, occasional inaccuracies will creep into the best managed journals, I suppose. Visitor: Exactly. But there is one thing I have noticed you always get in straight.

Editor (eagerly):—What's that?

Visitor: The column rules.—BURLINGTON FREE PRESS.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF TRADE.

Ja-me: Mrs. Growler wants two more yards of that cloth she bought here yesterday, but she says we charged her ten cents more than Wool and Co.

Dealer: How much did they charge her?

Jake: Sixty cents, and we've been getting seventy for it.

Dealer: Well, why don't she buy it at Wool's, then?

Jake: They haven't any; nobody in town has it except us.

Dealer: How much did you say it was a yard?

Jake: Seventy cents.

Dealer: And she wants two yards more?

Jake: Yes.

Dealer: Nobody else has it?

Jake: Nobody.

Dealer: Well, let her have it for ninety cents, then.—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

ALL CASE, BUT NO WORKS.

"And how do you like your pie, Mr. Fogg?" asked the landlady, with one of her winningest smiles.

Fogg: "I'm—don't you think it a little short, Mrs. Carter?"

"Short! mercy, no! That crust is as plain as plain can be."

"Yes; but I wasn't thinking of the crust; I referred to the stuffing."—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

NEW USE OF THE LIAR.

"Now," said the Sunday School teacher at the close of the lesson, "I hope all my young friends here will remember the fate of Ananias, of whom you have just heard, and never tell a falsehood. Once more, what will happen to people who tell what is not so?"

"I know, sir," said a merchant's son who was late and had just come into the class.

"Well, what is it?"

"They put them on the road to work off old stock in a new territory."—MERCHANT TRAVELLER.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"Our house is old and needs painting, and our furniture is real shabby," she pouted.

"But, my dear," said her husband, "think how much it looks like."

"I'd rather it would look new," she responded. Then silence, like a poultice, came to heal the blows of words.—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

RYHME WITHOUT REASON.

"What is the matter, Penciler," asked a travelling man of a friend who was much given to verse writing. "You look downcast."

"Oh, it's nothing, was the reply. "More trouble with the publishers, that's all."

"How was it?"

"Why, I went to the publisher and asked him if he would use my verses."

"Can't possibly," was his reply.

"What's the reason?" said he.

"Ah, there's just the difficulty," said he. "There's no reason to it; it's all rhyme."—MERCHANT TRAVELLER.

REIGN OF THE PETTICOATS.

Titled Foreigner: I have called, sir, to obtain your permission to address your daughter.

American Pa: Eh! Have you spoken with my daughter on the subject?

"Certainly not."

"No, sir."

"Well, I would advise you to see one or both of them first. If I should put in my ear in a case like this I wouldn't have a hair left."—NEW ORLEANS TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF COMMON SENSE.

He (reading): Now that's what I call common sense.

She: What's that, John?

He: A prominent physician says that if men would walk up and down stairs more they would be healthier.

She: That's a sensible doctor. By the way, I wish you'd go down in the cellar and bring up a load of wood and some coal before you go to bed.

John—LOWELL CRITIC.

FROM A MATHEMATICAL STANDPOINT.

Johnny (to step-mother): Ma, I've just been reading about the Revolution; what does it mean when it speaks of minute men?

Step-mother: It means men who responded in a minute to their country's call.

Johnny: Is pa a minute man?

Step-mother: Certainly, child. He would respond in a minute to patriotic duty.

Johnny returns to his book for a moment and then recalls his step-mother with:

"Ma, can you tell me why no one can ever call you pa's better half?"

"No, indeed, I can't, Johnny. Why is it?"

"Because you are only a sixtieth part of him."

"Only a sixtieth part of him. How do you make that out?"

"Why, you say he's a minute man, and now, since his first wife's dead, you're only his second."—PROVIDENCE TELEGRAPH.

SUCH A THING COULD NEVER BE.

Author: (to editor): Have you examined my last story, Mr. Stuppitt?

Editor: Yes. It seems all right, with one exception.

Author: What is that?

Editor: In one place you lost sight of the eternal fitness of things and made quite a blunder.

Author: Indeed!

Editor: Yes, sir. The scene is laid in Kentucky, as you remember, and yet in one incident you make the hero's mouth water.—INDA.

A TASK NOT POSSIBLE.

Brown: Did you ever see a shoemaker making a pair of shoes and notice the —

Gray: Nobody ever saw a shoemaker making a pair of shoes.

B: What?

G: Nobody ever saw a shoemaker making a pair of shoes.

B: Are you an idiot?

G: No, but you are, I think, to suppose a man could make a pair of shoes at once. There is no shoemaker ever makes more than one shoe at a time.—BOSTON COURIER.

HE COULDN'T FIND THE SOUL OF WIT.

Smith: Then you've given up all idea of becoming a writer?

Jones: I have.

S: But I heard that you had all your plans matured, that you were going to avoid prolixity, write nothing but short, sharp, or sententious sentences, that, in fact, you were to be the great condenser.

J: Yes, that was my plan exactly.

S: And an excellent one. A writer working on such a plan would find himself in great demand.

J: I am aware of it.

S: Why didn't you carry your plan out?

J: Well, to tell the truth, I couldn't think about anything to condense.—BOSTON COURIER.

A HINT TO THEOLOGICALS.

Father (to son who has just come home from school): What are you studying now?

Son: Theology.

Father: What? You don't intend to become a

Son: No, sir. Father: Then why do you spend so much time on theology? Son: So that in my old age I can write jokes for the magazines.—ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

THOSE DREADFUL GAMBLERS. Wife (handing husband morning paper): I see that several gambling dens were raided upon by the Pemberton-square authorities last evening, and a large quantity of gambling materials captured.

Husband (warmly): I am glad of it. The police should wipe out those places at once. These gamblers are a very hard class. Hullo! I'm in luck. Those stocks have gone up, and I come out three thousand ahead by yesterday's transactions. Good spee, my dear; you shall have that bonnet you asked for.—BOSTON COURIER.

SHE DEMANDED AN IMMEDIATE SEPARATION.

She was tall, angular, and grim as she walked into police headquarters yesterday and said: "I want a divorce."

"What's the trouble, ma'am?" asked the sergeant.

"Me an' the old man can't agree. Please make out a divorce."

"But we can't give you one, ma'am."

"Oh, you can't! Wonderfully stuck up over poor folks, ain't you?"

"We haven't the power."

"Bosh! You could give me one if you wanted to."

"Indeed, ma'am but you will have to go to the courts."

"I will, eh! I look like a woman who will fool away her time and money going to court, don't I? I demand a divorce, and I don't want to wait all day, either."

"You'll have to see a lawyer, ma'am."

"Are you going to give me a document?"

"I can't."

"Then you go to grass. It's the first favour I ever asked of this force, and it will be the last. You are a stuck-up, no-account, codfish a lot, and the first time I catch one of you in my neighbourhood I'll send him! Do you hear me! I'll send him!"—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

UNUSUAL MODERATION.

There is a certain distinguished lawyer in town who prides himself on his generosity and who is always averring that he tempers his desire for the size of a fee according to the extent of a man's purse. One day a rustic was sent from a relative in the interior to the magnanimous lawyer, who wanted a deed drawn up. The lawyer drew it in expeditious manner, and his grateful client asked him:

"Now, judge, what is your fee?"

"How much have you about you?"

"Forty dollars."

"Thirty-nine dollars," said the lawyer, and then he went round and congratulated himself upon his extreme moderation in not taking that last dollar.—SAN FRANCISCO POST.

LUCK IN HORSESHOES.

The old superstition of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house as a protection against evil spirits and an assurance of good luck is as widely spread in the United States as it is in England or Ireland. It also prevails among nearly all Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and flourishes largely in the East and West Indies and Hindostan. There are three elements united in the horseshoe—in the first place it is crescent shaped; secondly, it is a portion of a horse; and lastly, it is made of iron. Popular superstition has long associated iron with protecting qualities. During the time of the plague in Rome the inhabitants of the Eternal City drove nails in the walls of their houses as a safeguard against the dread disease. When the Arabs in the desert are overtaken by the deadly simoom they seek succour from heaven by crying "Iron! iron!" Celtic, Finnish, and Welsh superstitions all agree that against witchcraft iron is considered the only guard. Custom even recites that it has always been considered a good omen to find an old horseshoe. In the mythology of England horses were said to this day looked upon as luck bringers.

In some parts of England nowadays it is still thought that many forms of disease can be cured by burning a horse alive. A horse's hoof placed under an invalid's bed is considered a specific for many complaints in the north of Scotland. Many years ago in Ireland, so it is said, upon the death of a horse, its feet and legs were hung up in the house, and even the hoofs were kept sacred. All of which, it is claimed, serve as a preventive of ill-luck or disease. Even in New York, among a certain class the horseshoe has been nailed over many a house or door to this day looked upon as luck bringers.

The well-known song which was sung by Edward Harrigan a few years ago made a lasting impression, and served to remind many of the luck attending old iron shoes. One of the stanzas was:

There is a story that is told in Irish history;
Far beyond the days of King Brian,
That luck will surely always wait upon you
If you pick up on the road a horse's shoe.

On account of its form, historians state that the qualities formerly ascribed to the crescent have been transferred to the horseshoe. The Chinese build their tombs at the present day in a semi-circular form like a horseshoe, and the Moors use it in their architecture. Lord Nelson nailed a horseshoe to the mast of his flagship Victory, and guarded as if it had been a citadel.

VENEZUELAN GOLD.

At eight o'clock in the evening we arrived at La Tabla, the nearest port to the famous Callao gold mines, that were for several years among the most productive in the world. Of late, however, their yield has been falling off, until the price of shares that paid \$10 each per month upon a par value of \$200 has dwindled down to \$1. The decrease, it is said, is due partly to a change of management and partly to a contraction of the vein of ore. Shafts have been sunk only to the depth of 800 feet, however, and it is expected that as they progress more will be obtained. The gold was brought aboard in four boxes, each containing two bars of a thousand ounces tied up in gunny cloths, with a wooden buoy attached in case of an accident coming off the steamer. They were thrown down on the cabin floor with apparent carelessness; but two well-armed men watched the treasure carefully all night, and in the morning it was to be landed at Ciudad Bolivar, in transit for Caracas, where it is coined. When the morning came, as it does down here, almost with a bang like Pat's sunset, the steamer was tied head and stern to volcanic rocks half embedded in white sand, alongside a steep hill of the same, some sixty feet high. Up and down its shifting side a few disconsolate donkeys were climbing, carrying grass upon which to feed the rest of the day; and at the top a dark wall stretched along the to a front, showing above it a few yellow-walled flat-roofed houses. And that is all that is visible at first glance of the fourth city of the Venezuelan republic. After this difficult hill was surmounted, the town developed into a rambling lot of streets upon a series of hills, the highest one crowned by a cathedral church and a pretty little square containing one fair bronze statue of the great Bolivar, and four wreathed plaster ones, representing the four countries that owe their freedom to his statesmanship and valor.—AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Word comes from Wheeling, W. Va., that a live bat has been found there embedded in solid rock in a crevice just big enough to contain it, and utterly shut away from the outside world.

The cowboys of North-western Texas are becoming very proficient in lassoing bears. Around Fort Davis the "sport" is extremely popular, and last week E. O. McCutcheon, "the champion roper," after lassoing a black grizzly, led the animal quite a distance, when he met two other cowboys. They also roped the bear, and McCutcheon then dismounted and killed it.

TORTOISE-SHELLS.

The importation and manufacture of tortoise-shell into combs, hair-pins, and other articles of that nature has grown to be an immense business. "I have had forty years' experience in the trade," said the proprietor of an uptown tortoise-shell comb factory to a reporter, "and have during my career bought enough shell to fill the Great Eastern." "Where do you get it from?" "It is found in several parts of the globe, viz., Florida Keys, Bermudas, Honduras, and across to Africa, around the globe, to the East Indies and China, and on the Pacific

THE WOMEN INSPECTORS.

Experience with Smugglers.
In a neat brown stone house in the upper part of the city lives a sharp-eyed, sharp-featured little woman who is employed as a searcher or inspector in the New York Customs House. She is the widow of a once prominent Brooklyn Democratic politician, and the mother of three pretty children. For many years this lady has assisted in the examination of pretty much every suspicious female passenger that has been landed by the New York fleet of ocean steamers at this port. She is in receipt of a comfortable income, and her home is a model of neatness and cheerfulness. "Madame," I said to her recently, "you know something of the tricks of the smugglers, do you not?" We were seated in the widow's cozy little front parlour. A log fire burned brightly in the old-fashioned iron grate, and a basket of tropical fruit stood temptingly within easy reach. Three precocious children—two for whom comfort and delicacy were not infrequently sacrificed to their widowed mother's sudden taking of and before their father's friends rallied to the relief of their old companion's widow and secured her a remunerative position under the Federal Government—stood loyally over their mother's chair and gently caressed her luxuriant locks of brown hair, through which the silver threads were now making their way. The little woman had just returned from the Cunard and French Steamship Companies' pier, on the North River, where every Sunday one of the fleet-winged queens of the ocean land a multitude of foreign excursionists. "Yes," the inspector said, in answer to my query, "I do know something of smugglers' tricks—especially female smugglers, who, I must say, carry on their nefarious business with the most charming frontery. Of course, there are smugglers of both sexes, but for cunning, boldness, and determination the women cannot be approached. Do you know that woman in the brown dress? Oh, well! I mean in this direction. A woman's dress affords her more facilities for hiding small but costly articles, and it is far easier to detect them than men, and, as the older Weller would say, almost impossible to 'circumvent.' It takes an experienced searcher to say whether a woman has got anything concealed about her person, and, as we cannot search every body, some of the clever ones manage to get through without detection. Some very funny afternoon. I recall the experience of only this afternoon. Among the passengers on the Cunard Etruria was a young woman of thin-faced, delicate creature, who appeared rather abnormally developed above the waist. Her appearance struck me as somewhat suspicious as she came up the vessel's deck from her state-room, and, as considerably as the circumstances would permit, I requested her to return with me to the apartment she had just vacated. Well, I found in the lining of her corset a quantity of jewellery, valued at several thousand dollars, which had not been declared as dutiable goods. She was evidently a new hand at the business, and was quite amazed when I told her that the concealed goods were to be confiscated to the use of the Government. Yes, there are a large number of lady searchers in the employ of the Customs authorities. When a woman is suspected, she is taken into a private apartment and compelled to remove her clothing. Garment after garment is taken off, and her boots and underclothing are examined rigorously. This is done despite the most affecting protestations on the part of the victim. It is often hard to say that a lady will pass this ordeal successfully. Nothing dutiable is found upon her, and the searcher is afraid a mistake has been made, but a lucky rip of the corset covering, dress or hat lining, brings to light a glittering mass of carefully concealed precious stones or costly laces. "I presume you are obliged to put aside all sentiment in making your searches?" "Most assuredly. We become the most matter-of-fact people in the world. As a class, female smugglers imagine in their early efforts that their sex will protect them from a personal examination. An amusing incident of this comes to my mind. One of the circumstances to which I have brought over a lady passenger who was detained by the authorities upon information received. A stout, elderly looking female, who had been the suspected passenger's companion on the voyage, accompanied her friend to the search room. The stout lady was loud in her denunciations, and threatened all sorts of vengeance on the bold, bad Customs people who were giving her friend so much trouble. But I found a quantity of fine laces and several unset diamonds. Now, here is the amusing part of this case. When the old lady and her about-face friend were called upon after the goods had been seized, one of my lynx-eyed assistants observed something peculiar about the set of the unsearched woman's dress. In an instant we knew that something was wrong. We examined the old lady's skirts, while both women shrieked. Now, hanging around this woman's dress, securely tied with tape, were some highly valuable jewels, which are subject to a heavy duty. I recall another case which occurred off the Pierpont Steers' dock in this city. A line of steamers from Havre puts in at this pier. I was watching the landing of one of these steamers one day when the appearance of one of the female passengers aroused my suspicions. She was middle-aged and wore a profusion of jet-black hair. Her face was wrinkled and careworn, and offered a noticeable contrast to her youthful locks. I politely intimated my desire to search her, and began by exploring the mysteries of that beautiful hair. I discovered it to be a wig so skillfully constructed that the chignon concealed a number of precious stones. This led to a more thorough examination, and I can assure you that the lady was not a very pleasant person. An old trick of female smugglers is to have rare jewels and laces sewed up in the folds about various parts of their dresses and undershirts. Not long ago I seized some fine Lyons velvet done up in this way. Sometimes I discover precious stones lightly covered with cotton and secreted in the bosoms of these passengers. I searched one woman who was completely enveloped in lace, wound about her person—lace of such a cobweb texture that a roll of three yards of it could be passed through a fine flannel ring. In the day when the lady was walking in the street, I saw a slightly-built woman walking as though she were heavily laden, and I felt sure she required my services in relieving her of some dutiable articles. I found hanging from each wire on the inside of the skirt a selection of valuable gold watches—in fact, quite an invoice of timekeepers. I learned afterwards that the lady was not a professional smuggler, but that those watches were for friends who had personally solicited her to get them English timepieces. She looked very much confused when she detected, and innocently asked whether her friends would be so disappointed." She said that every day attempts to evade the Customs laws were detected. She recalled the celebrated Montour-Ludwig case which caused so much newspaper publicity less than a year ago. The Brooklyn resident member of Surveyor Beattie's staff was closely connected with this case. On the Monday previous to the Saturday upon which the denouement came in this case, collector Magone made public the result of several months' investigation in the smuggling case, in which Mrs. Rose Ludwig, a fashionable dress-maker, of 7, East Thirtieth-street, New York, with the assistance of Miss Bessie Montour, a young elocutionist, of 238, West Twenty-second street, had brought a number of imported dresses to the value of \$10,000 through the Customs House without paying the duty thereon. The story was published fully in the newspapers at the time. The two women had been smuggling French dresses into this country. Mrs. Ludwig was called to account by the collector. She had learned that she had returned to Europe to pursue her studies in elocution. The story was made public on a Monday and on the following Saturday

the cabin passenger list of the North German Lloyd steamship Eider from Bremen bore the name of Bessie Montour. The lady's three large Saratoga trunks were examined in the usual fashion by the Customs lady inspectors and found to contain many valuable dresses. The contents of her wardrobe Miss Montour explained to the collector that she was an actress. She was permitted to depart and her baggage was subsequently taken away. Late that afternoon the collector chanced to look over the declarations taken that day from steamship passengers, which are sent to him each night, and he saw the inscription, "Bessie Montour, actress," on one of the documents. The thought struck Mr. Magone at once that his inspectors had not read of Miss Montour's previous experience, and had passed her baggage—which he concluded doubtless contained many valuable imported dresses—as that of an actress. Special Treasury agents were at once despatched to hunt up Miss Montour, and Surveyor Beattie's female assistant in this city was summoned by telegraph late that night to meet the Treasury agents at the Union-square Hotel. Miss Montour had been located. The lady inspector examined Miss Montour in her private apartments in the hotel, and discovered possibly the most valuable lot of smuggled goods that were ever surreptitiously brought through the Customs House. The dresses were all exotic, and several months later sold at auction for the benefit of Uncle Sam. The greater part of the dresses were bought by prominent actresses. Upon the person of Caroline Hors, a saloon passenger on the steamer Ems, from Bremen, this lady inspector, only last week found a petticoat of what appeared to be real lace. Examination, however, showed the garment to be rolls of valuable lace, upon which no duty had been paid. This lady inspector is authority for the statement that a great deal of smuggling is done in a quiet way by naval officers. Of course these gentlemen bring presents for their mothers, wives, and sweethearts from foreign countries, but the goods are generally too costly and rare to admit of this explanation, and notwithstanding stringent rules and strict watch, the game goes on. "Oh, yes," said a passenger to an inspector lately, "I've got some new clothes. How many? Oh, about five suits, three silk hats, I think, and two opera hats, a watch or two. My wife? Well, I don't think she's got anything. Yes, she has a few yards of lace and some shawls; well, just a few yards of lace and some shawls. I forgot to say I've a box or two of cigars. No, sir, there's nothing in my baggage of a dutiable nature." The passenger was quite surprised to find how differently the officer regarded his formidable list of articles, and still more was he surprised when the inspector demanded the keys of his trunks and scattered about an array of dutiable goods, among which was a small library of new and uncut books. Two tricks were recently played upon the inspectors of an amusing character. They had a large number of children's carriages and wooden horses to pass, but were much surprised to find them extremely heavy. There was a wrinkle, but where? Happy thought. The officers ripped open the cushions of several and found, neatly wrapped in cotton wadding, a considerable quantity of gold watches and jewellery. On another occasion a prominent importing firm bringing to this country enormous quantities of hollow leaden toys was found to be doing so to escape the higher duties of pig lead.

REMARKABLE SNAKE YARNS.

Abner Turner "farms it" in the Stoney Cove Valley, within the shadow of a large chain in the Catskill range. Turner related a most remarkable snake story, which he vouches to be gospel truth. He had hauled a wagon load of logs from the woods into his yard to convert into kindling wood for the winter. He had saved off a length of one of the sticks when he discovered that the centre of the log was decayed, and the substance therein was altogether different from what he had before seen in that quality of wood, being of a dull lead colour, with a black shiny rim. He continued sawing until he had finished the stick. The centre of each length was the same as the first. Being curious to know what caused the singular rot, he took a small stick and began poking the stuff out. The substance did not adhere to the wood, and slipped out easily. To his astonishment he found that he had part of a black snake. He poked the remaining lengths out, and putting the pieces of the reptile in a straight line he was astounded to see that he had saved up a snake that measured six feet two inches in length. The head and tail parts showed signs of life, and the more careful he looked the more he was amazed. Turner said the snake had crawled into the hollow log for a winter's snooze. The old farmer also told of a farm hand that worked for him who came to his death by a rattlesnake. The man was on a mowing machine, and on the trip across the field a wheel of the machine ran over a rattler, cutting it in two. The man jumped off his seat to throw the carcass of the reptile to one side. He took hold of the tail part and was in the act of giving it a yank, when the head part, as quick as a flash, turned and buried its fangs in his man's right hand. The victim was filled with shock, but he failed to counteract the effect of the poison. The man died an hour later in terrible agony. Turner is a prohibitionist, but his most intimate friends say that he sees snakes once in a while.

AN EXCITING ELOPEMENT.

A despatch to the *Globe Democrat*, dated Omaha, Neb., November 21st, says: "Last night an old-fashioned elopement took place under very exciting circumstances. On the morning train two gentlemen arrived from Kansas City, one of them claiming to be Tony Burns, head bartender at the St. James Hotel in Kansas City. The other's name was McDuff. The latter hailed the hatter and was driven to the Barker, where McDuff remained for supper. The other, drove to 917, South Thirteenth-street, and went upstairs, returning after a short time accompanied by a young lady. They then drove to the Millard, where they had supper, after which they returned to the house where the young woman had been found. A delay of twenty minutes took place, when the pair hastily rushed from the house and jumped into the waiting vehicle. As the man closed the door he ordered the driver to 'let them fly.' The horses were lashed up and off they started at a rapid gait. They had scarcely turned, however, before a woman, the mother of the young lady, appeared and hastily cried 'Stop the hack! I command you to stop the hack!' The young man inside put his head out, side the window and shouted, 'And I tell you, let them go.' And they did. The mother followed for a block, and when the vehicle turned east on Williams-street, gave a scream and fell to the side-walk. The girl in the hack noticed the occurrence from the back window, and swooned. She had sped along Williams to Tenth, then Pacific by the river, stopping but once, when the man endeavored to revive his prostrate companion. Being successful, the eloper ordered the driver to continue his journey. They stopped again at Twelfth and Dodge-streets, while the bartender went to the Millard and got his grips. When he returned he was accompanied by his friend, whom he had left at the Barker. They were driven to the Missouri Pacific Depot, where they took the train for Kansas City. The depot police had been informed of the matter, and took them out of the train, while the telephone was worked unsuccessfully to find out who it was wanted. They were detained. By this time train time had arrived, and the party got on board and left for Kansas City.

A citizen of West Springfield, Mass., was considerably surprised at receiving a letter directed in a woman's hand and containing a withered leaf. His heart ceased throbbing when he read that the writer, who signed herself "A Christian Endeavourer," was one of a party who stole some flowers from the grounds near his house and wished to do her part in making restitution, and hoped her companions would do the same.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

(FROM THE "PITTSBURGH DISPATCH.")

A very wealthy man, who made his money in oil many years ago, recently came to the city to see how his daughter was getting on at school. The old man is not a particle changed from what he was when his farm, merely gave him a living. But he's made up his mind, as many another chance made millionaire has, that his children shall have all the educational advantages his money can give them.

Well, the old man called at the school and saw the principal. He asked how his daughter progressed in her studies. The principal replied that the girl was doing well enough. Then the old man went on to say that he wanted his daughter to take up several new studies.

"But, my dear sir, really the—the—the—" began the principal in protest.

"The expense isn't you're talking about," asked the oil king. "If it is you need better yourself no further. I can pay the bill, my mind."

"No, my dear sir, it is not the expense; but I'm afraid that your daughter has not—has not the capacity to undertake any further tasks at present."

"If it's capacity she wants," said the practical parent, reaching for his pocket-book, "why didn't you tell me that at first. Let it for her at once. Tell me, now, how much will it cost? I'll pay for it right now."

Did you ever try to be cheerful, to talk pleasantly, to look at the whimsical side of the world with a laughing eye, to be philosophic and void of passion and temper, when an old molar tooth in the back of your jaw was beating a tattoo of agony?

No? Then you ought to try it. It's easy enough, of course. All you've got to do when the nerve beneath a ragged tooth begins to jump, is to smile and call your friends to you. Tell them a merry jest or two; ask a riddle, and wind up with a verse from the latest comic song. That's just a sketch of the plan. Fill it in to your own liking.

It has often occurred to me that it would be interesting to know how some of the tremendous nerves the world has produced behaved under the stress of toothache. Now there's a Richard Courtenay, for instance. A terrible fellow, loving the nerve beneath a ragged tooth; careless of what befall him at home most in a shower of sarcasm arrows or a hand-to-hand combat with some giant warrior.

But I wonder what the great Richard looked like with his jaw aching, hissing the fire-dogs in one of the old Norman castle halls? Could he have quietly composed himself to write a gentle note to some fair lady, or pen a penitential greeting to some reverend friar, while the barbed shafts of an angry nerve made his head ring like a stricken pitcher?

A Boston poet alluded the other day to the fact that billiard players never play such a good game as they played a year or two ago. It reminded me of two characters, one a veteran newspaper man, the other a doctor.

The old war horse of the editorial rooms is not to be talked about here, not because he is not interesting, but because every newspaper office has him, and he is in all his aspects so truly venerable that it is not fitting for a junior in the guild to write anything but his eulogy. Eulogies are apt to be tiresome—even to the person eulogized.

But the doctor to whom I referred lives thousands of miles from here, and his feelings could be hurt, even if anything that might be told here could hurt him.

This doctor of whom I speak lived in a large city. He was not dependent upon his profession for a livelihood, and so, though he grew old faster than his practice increased, he was, until the day he died, rich in happiness, always good-natured. For the most part he was seldom to be found in his own office. He preferred to haunt the offices of his college mates in the same quarter of the town. A joke it was, a standing joke, that old Dr. knew more about his neighbor's practice than his own. And while the old doctor laughed, and his friends laughed at the saying, he and they knew it was nearly true.

One fault he had, if fault it may be called. He loved to boast of the great operations he had performed when his hand and eye were younger, and the stories he told of miraculous cures used to make students' eyes glisten and their hearts beat faster, till they got used to the doctor's habits and learned his failings. For he particularly loved a party of medical students for an audience.

One day, I've heard it told, the old doctor ran into a great medical office, and with a prodigious air of flourish and humbug, he loaned some surgical instruments. As the glittering weapons were being brought to him he told the students, two of whom were reading big anatomical tomes at the time in the office, that he was about to perform an operation requiring the greatest surgical skill. He of all the surgeons in town had been chosen for the work. It involved life and death. The students asked to be permitted to accompany him to the scene, but he permitted them only to stand by, and he was to be seen as I got sense, and when Dr. Kane, the famous Arctic explorer, asked mother to allow him to send me to school. I was only too glad to urge mother to accept his offer. Mother let me have my way. I told the doctor promptly the truth about the spirit rappings. I was then thirteen years of age. He married me three years later, but died immediately, and the income left was insufficient to support me, and I was driven back to association with Katie and Mrs. Underhill. I broke loose from the fraud—which had grown up to a religion under the careful nurture of Mrs. Underhill and a vast number of cranks, liars, frauds, and fools—several times, but poverty chased me to it again. There was plenty of money in it, and it was an easy life except on the conscience. Why, we used to play the most infamous tricks on our dupes. (Laughter.) Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, took a fancy to us, and so did Mr. Bennett. We used to go to their house and drive to the opera, and then to supper, and then to their parlours, where we would give a little private rapping. Mrs. Bennett did not know how the raps were produced, but she knew there was fraud somewhere, and resolved to take a hand in it. So she picked up a rug one night and beited Mr. Bennett over the head with it, and the dust flew—oh, dear! (Laughter.) I thought the old gentleman would choke. After that she used to sit on him every night in the dark with cushions and pillows and nearly kill him. He knew blessed well it was a religion, but could not tell who was hitting him. During this time of my life I was welcome at the greatest houses in Europe and America. See these letters of Horace Greeley, the Prince de Bourbon, and princes, dukes, earls, and nobles by the score. I was very famous then and quite the rage for a time in Paris. Most of these men were good-natured sceptics whom we amused, but they could not account for the raps. Do you want a communication?

"Why not?" Mrs. Kane laughed and got into her big old-fashioned wig and the raps began. Mrs. Kane's manager sat on the edge of the bed. "Watch me and try to see how I do it," said Mrs. Kane. "Now ask questions." The reporter: Are you a spirit? Three raps meaning "Yes." "Are you a good spirit?" "Yes." "Then you know Henry Ward Beecher?" "Yes." "Is he for Cleveland this year?" "No." "He has had new light since 1881?" "Yes." "Are they interested in politics in the spirit land?" "Yes." "Is it a kingdom?" "No." "A republic?" "Yes." "Is Ben Franklin President?" "Yes." "Will Cleveland be elected this year?" "Yes." "Will he get over 50,000 majority in New York State?" "Yes." "Is Free Trade good for this country?" "No." "Is that what the Democrats want?" "Yes." "Will not Hill beat Cleveland in this State?" "Yes" (very emphatically). And so forth. Half a dozen spirits would answer yes or no at once, by rapping very loudly from all over the room, and yet no one could see Mrs. Kane move a muscle. She made the additional raps by standing on one foot and lifting the other away up under her dress. "I hate and loathe this stupid, idiotic belief in Spiritualism, and hope that to-morrow night I may have an opportunity of speaking to many of its dupes, so as to undo as much of the mischief I have caused as possible," she said. "I will be much better prepared than I was in New York last Sunday. Dr. Richmond, who will appear with me to perform, and expose many of the tricks of the mediums, will bring with him a certified cheque for 5,000 dollars, for presentation to any Spiritualist who can produce so much as a straight strach on a slate which cannot be accounted for by natural agency."

Hanson Craig, of Kentucky, is probably the heaviest man in the world. His weight is given at 792 pounds, and it requires thirty-seven yards of cloth to make him a suit. He is 6 ft. 4 in., is 31 years old, and weighed 11 lb. at birth. When 2 years old he took a \$1,000 prize at the baby show in New York, tipping the beam at 29 lb. at the time. His father weighed 115 lb. and his mother 125 lb.

AN APPLE ON A STRING.

How the Fox Sisters Began to Practice Spiritualism.

A little black-haired, brown-eyed woman of spare form, smiling face, and nervously energetic, with an easy manner of speaking, sat in one of the rooms of the Mansion House recently, and told to a reporter of the *Epoch* and another gentleman her most extraordinary life story. She was the celebrated Margaret Fox, the elder and cleverer of the Fox sisters, founders of Spiritualism, who was to appear at the Grand Opera House to-night, at 8 o'clock, with her sister Kate, to publicly expose the methods by which they, when children, first imposed on their mother, then on the neighbors, and afterwards on vast numbers of people all over the United States.

"Why, Katie and I started the thing in a mischievous way," she said. "I was not 7 years of age and she was a year and a half younger. Mother was always looking for ghosts and believing in something extraordinary. She was a thoroughly good woman and entirely ignorant of the deceptions we practised. We lived on a farm in Hyde-park, near Rochester, and slept in the same room as our mother. We had a low trunk bed near their bed, and we used to play. One night we brought an apple tied to a string up to bed with us. We kept bouncing it on the floor to tease mother, and she could not account for it at all. Father said it was us. He never believed in Spiritualism, not he, but mother could never catch us bouncing that apple for we hauled it in and swore we knew nothing about it. When she came near. She got terribly excited. The knockings continued for several nights, and mother could stand it no longer. She said the raps were made by spirits, and called the neighbours in on the 31st of March, 1848. About thirty people came. The room was only lighted by a tallow dip. We could not use the apple but I trapped on the side of the crib. The people were wild with excitement and ready to believe anything. Any body could have done what we did. They asked us leading questions, and I made one, two, or three raps, for they said, 'If you mean yes give three raps, and if you mean no give one rap.' Mother said, 'Was there a man murdered in this house?' 'Yes.' 'Two raps.' 'Are you a disembodied spirit?' 'Yes.' 'Why do you disturb my innocent children?' 'No answer.' 'Who murdered you?' At this point they called over the names of all who had lived in the house. When they came to the name of a man named Bell we rapped to say that he did the murder. By the same means we told the neighbours that the body was in the cellar. Finally they found something which they said was hair. I guess it was some of the hair. We were rapping that the body was removed to the creek. Away they all went and dug in the creek. Hundreds of people collected and jeered and hooted them, and pelted them with eggs, but they bore it like martyrs. They found the skeleton of a horse, and discovered that people had put it there for a joke. They discontinued digging in the creek, but held to their belief in the genuineness of the communications they got from us. We were by this time afraid to tell the truth. We two children were taken to Rochester and an older sister, Mrs. Leah Underhill, wife of Daniel Underhill, of 72, Wall-street, went with us as a chaperone. She took us aside and said to us, 'Now, girls, you must tell me how you do that.' We were afraid of her and told immediately. She saw there was plenty of money in it, and got long dresses and told us to practice making the raps with our toes, and we soon became proficient at that. She could only make her points were not settled. She could only make one rap. She had long dresses made for us that came down to our feet, and no one could see our toes move. Here is how it is done (at this point Mrs. Kane fairly filled the air with loud raps, proceeding apparently from the floor, and made by cracking the joints of both big toes at once or alternately. She sounded them as loudly as a castanet). Well, that's how it began. I abhorred the life of a crank, and when Dr. Kane, the famous Arctic explorer, asked mother to allow him to send me to school. I was only too glad to urge mother to accept his offer. Mother let me have my way. I told the doctor promptly the truth about the spirit rappings. I was then thirteen years of age. He married me three years later, but died immediately, and the income left was insufficient to support me, and I was driven back to association with Katie and Mrs. Underhill. I broke loose from the fraud—which had grown up to a religion under the careful nurture of Mrs. Underhill and a vast number of cranks, liars, frauds, and fools—several times, but poverty chased me to it again. There was plenty of money in it, and it was an easy life except on the conscience. Why, we used to play the most infamous tricks on our dupes. (Laughter.) Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, took a fancy to us, and so did Mr. Bennett. We used to go to their house and drive to the opera, and then to supper, and then to their parlours, where we would give a little private rapping. Mrs. Bennett did not know how the raps were produced, but she knew there was fraud somewhere, and resolved to take a hand in it. So she picked up a rug one night and beited Mr. Bennett over the head with it, and the dust flew—oh, dear! (Laughter.) I thought the old gentleman would choke. After that she used to sit on him every night in the dark with cushions and pillows and nearly kill him. He knew blessed well it was a religion, but could not tell who was hitting him. During this time of my life I was welcome at the greatest houses in Europe and America. See these letters of Horace Greeley, the Prince de Bourbon, and princes, dukes, earls, and nobles by the score. I was very famous then and quite the rage for a time in Paris. Most of these men were good-natured sceptics whom we amused, but they could not account for the raps. Do you want a communication?

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CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

By our LITERARY TOM SMITH.

SANTA CLAUS.

It was getting near Christmas time, and Johnny had been naughty, so his father to punish him said he would send word to Santa Claus not to bring him anything. The little chap was very disconsolate and woe-begone for a while, but in a short time he was seen writing what looked like a letter. "What are you doing?" asked his father. "I'm writing a letter to Santa Claus, papa." "It isn't any use; I've told him not to bring you anything." Then Johnny brought out his letter—"Dear Santa Claus: You needn't bring anything to me this time. I have been a very bad boy. But please bring me good papa a box of nice cigars, a woolly horse with a long tale, an a drum, an a horn, an a wagin, an a big box of kandy, an anything else you can think of." COSA.

Why, seeing that the number 13 is unlucky, should 14 not be so? Because it is 4, 2, an 8. What suit demands a fee but no lawyer? A bathing suit.

What is a frank young lady's best example of capillary attraction? A handsome moustache.

WANTING TO BE GOOD.

A little maid of six, tired of ever "climbing up the climbing wave," one night ended her prayer, "Please, God, make me a good little girl without my helping." Little Sarah, the adopted child of an old couple, coming down late to breakfast one morning found the toast gone, and in her infantile rage, cried out, "Grandpa, you old hog, you've eaten all the toast!" During the day her grandmother, in a very kind way, expostulated with her, and at night asked the little one if she did not think she ought to ask forgiveness. After invoking a blessing on "mamma and papa, and Towser," she added, "Forgive little Sarah, too, for calling grandpa an old hog, but you know, Lord, he did eat all the toast!" This frankness reminds us of the Scotchman who prayed for all this village and neighbourhood, "except Allan Tamson, him I cannae forgive."

WISD SAWS.

To 'can't make good wine by putting cobwebs on de bottle, sah!

All politicians are not bad, says a Yankee, but we do not call to mind just now anyone who has picked out the good ones.

The man who sells what he does not own cannot cheat the man who never pays him for it. A great deal of business is done on that basis.

DRAWN TO IT.

What was the most remarkable case of absorption ever seen? A schoolboy on a front seat watching Grace at Lord's. No? Well, then, it must have been that of the cat which stepped on some floating sawdust in a mill pond under the impression that it was solid!

SUGGESTIVE.

Some time a Scotch preacher preached in a vacant pulpit "with a view." On the Sunday evening one of the elders remarked to him, "We have been much pleased with your sermon, and I am very sorry we are never going to see you again." This suggestive remark convinced the candidate that he was not likely to be elected to the vacant pulpit.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

A farmer just out of town was asked by a neighbour to lend him a pair of salt. The farmer happened to be in a bad temper and gruffly refused. The farmer's son, a young lad, felt so badly at his father's refusal that he went and obtained a pair of salt and carried it to his neighbour's—a cold, wet, dark tramp—to find the salt was wanted for a sheep kept in the back of the house, which the neighbour had stolen from the lad's father.

AT MUDIE'S.

"Have you the new work by X?" asked a visitor at Mudie's over the counter the other day. "I am not sure," said the assistant, "but I'll look." It was a busy afternoon and the book was hard to find, but he got it at last. "Here it is," said he; "what name please?" "Oh, never mind," said the visitor, "I'm not a subscriber. I only called in to see if you had the book. I wrote it."

CONSCIENCE.

The Heavens Chinese was not an exception to the general rule when he was discovered with cards up his sleeve. During the American war, says a veteran, all the soldiers played, but they greatly disliked going into battle with the cards on them they used for cheating. So when we heard the first boom of the cannons and the clatter of musketry as the picketmen began to fire, and we knew that the battle was coming, you would see me by the hundreds pulling the cards from their pockets and throwing them on the road.

BETTER.

First Dude: "I begin to think I stand some chance with Miss Eacy, old chappie!" Second Dude: "Possible?" "Yes." "Have you pressed your suit?" "No; but I've pressed her."

HINTS ON COURTSHIP FOR YOUNG MEN. Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics, or her mother in religion.

If you have a rival, keep one eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two.

Be shy of paper—you never know what will come of it.

If on the occasion of your first call she looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away some time.

When it is cold, finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch all the way to the gate and thus lay the foundation of asthma or catarrh to help you to worry the girl to death after she has married you.

ONE FOR THE BOY.

Milkman: Did you wish to settle for your last month's milk?

Housewife: Not to-day. I guess you will just have to chalk it up as you usually do.

THAT WICKED COUSIN.

She was a dear little woman, and hubby wanted her to stay at home all summer. She had her eye on a fashionable and expensive watering-place, which he knew would mean a cool hundred out of pocket. Did he storm and rave, and argue, and talk of bankruptcy? Not at all. He urged her to go; he was eager, almost insistent; he pook-pooked every objection, and then he got his wicked cousin Charlie to write him a mysterious letter about horses and little dinners, and left it where wifey could find it, and inside of a week she declared that nothing would tempt her to leave home for longer than the two weeks of her husband's vacation.

ABOUT SALARIES.

"Do you receive a large salary?" asked an interviewer of a barman. "Yes," said the latter, "I draw the pay of about a hundred men daily."

Actor to Editor: "I have called to ask if you would be good enough to put in a par- saying I have just refused an offer of a hundred pounds a week?" Courteous Editor: "With pleasure. Is there anything else I can do for you?" "That's all, thank you—unless you could lend me half-a-crown till next pay night."

THE HEIGHT OF MEANNESS.

It is said that the meanest man in the world is the proprietor of a Philadelphia store. Not long ago he posted up a notice in his shop to the effect that henceforward none of his female hands should wear any except button shoes. On being asked his reason for this singular regulation, he

defended himself by saying that he lost money on every girl with laced boots. "I have in my employment," he said, "about 100 girls, and each of them wears laced shoes. These shoes become untied on an average five times a day, and it takes two minutes to fasten them up again. At that rate each girl loses 10 minutes a day. That makes altogether about 16 hours, or two days' work, and as I pay them at the rate of 4s. a day, that means a loss of 6s. a day, or over £120 a year. For that I can send my boy and girl to school or pay my gas bill, and I propose to save it."

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN CLUBMEN.

First Clubman: You look depressed, Brown. Second ditto: I am depressed. I went home late last night, slightly under the influence, and my dear little wife would not say a word to me this morning. I feel pretty badly, I can tell you. First Clubman: By Jove, old chap, I wish I had your complaint. When I go home "tired and troubled" you bet I catch it. Why, she'll almost talk my head off, and she'll follow me all over the house lecturing. Not talk to me! Why that is just what I want her to do. You are the luckiest fellow I know!

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

First of all it was awkward that the best man met with an accident and couldn't come; and then it was unfortunate that such a bashful, inexperienced youth as Singsby should have been asked to take his place. His nervousness was contagious, and infected the bridesmaid, who mixed up in her mind two things she wanted to do, one being to arrange her dress improver, and the other to put a flower in the groomsmen's coat. In her confusion she first put the lily in the portion of her dress which needed arranging, and then, seeing her error, hastily tried to pin it to the gentleman's coat tails. The ceremony was a Scotch one, and close at hand lay a tray with lunch on it. From this he took a biscuit and handed it to the clergyman when he should have given him the ring. Hurrying to correct his error, he next offered it to the bride, thereby coming very near marrying her himself. When the ceremony was over he was handed an envelope containing the fee, but instead of giving it to the clergyman he broke the seal, and thinking it was for himself, put the money in his pocket while he gave the parson the broken envelope. Then he went away and the couple missed the train.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Bashful wooers often develop astonishing ingenuity when it comes to popping the question. Most people have heard of the Scotchman who took his sweetheart to the churchyard and said "Maggie that is where our forebears all lie, fathers and mothers;" then after a pause, "When you would you like to lie there Maggie?" A New York wooer hit upon a far more ingenious plan than this. "Mae Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me; now, before you put it on, I want to tell you if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds." He did not need to take it back.

JUST ENOUGH TO TRICK.

"Now, Mr. Florizel," said Mrs. Godolphin, "What would be your terms for giving me a course of, say, a dozen lessons in painting?" "But, Madam," answered the artist, "I could not be so dishonest as not to tell you that I think you have almost passed the time of life in which one can commence with advantage the study of art, that is if you think of taking it up seriously." "Oh, but I don't," frankly answered the would-be pupil. "I only want to learn enough to be able to teach."

THE PICKPOCKET.

"Dear," she sobbed timidly (she was a bride), "My pocket has been picked!" Without a word (She was a bride) he never once demurred: But from his pocket-book, nor even sighed, A crisp new note, and asked "What was it, dear, A ten or twenty? See, I have it here!" (She was a bride.) "Only ten!" with pretty blush she cried: But looked so sweet, that joyfully he laid The twenty in her hand, and thought he paid Small price for her quick kiss—she was a bride—Then turned, but a loving whisper met his ear: "Perhaps—perhaps—I ought to tell you dear!" (She was a bride.)

Her voice sank lower still; she faintly sighed, And sought for words she could not seem to find;

At last: "Twas I who picked it: do you mind?" Of course he didn't mind—she was a bride—But thought it such a pretty little trick He laid down twenty more for her to pick. (She was a bride.)

ALICE WILKINS-ROLLINS.

AN AMATEUR PORTER.

One afternoon not long ago a suburban masher, coming up to town in the afternoon, found himself opposite an exceedingly pretty though slightly countenanced-looking girl, whom between Finsbury Park and Farringdon he tried his hardest either to fascinate or to lead into a conversation. But she was too shy to return his advances, and thanked him with only the faintest smile when he shut the door for her, offered to let the window down, offered her a newspaper, and paid other little attentions. At Farringdon she got out, and he, following close behind her, heard her ask a porter if there was anyone who for sixpence would carry her luggage as far as Fleet-street. A bright idea struck her admirer. "I don't mind earning sixpence in that way," he said. "Thank you," she replied in a suddenly business-like way, "take them up, then." That ended the romance. He offered to walk at her side, but was promptly ordered to go behind, and the miscellaneous population of Farringdon-road promptly entered into the humour of the situation, so there was a crowd round when at length she stopped a "bus," where there was room for only one, and saying, "Put them down—there's your sixpence," jumped in and was off. He blushed and the people stared, but he pocketed the coin at last and marched off, a hearty burst of laughter following him.

RATHER THIN.

Herefordshire and Gloucestershire are rivals to one another in the matter of cider-making. A farmer from the latter was one day at a friend's house near Hereford, and, while partaking of the home-made beverage, asked, "How much did you make this year?" tasting the specimen as he spoke and grinning at its sourness. "Fifteen barrels," was the answer. "If you had possessed another apple," said his visitor, with another sip, "you might have made sixteen!"

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

Wife: Charlie, what monsters the rolling deep must contain!

Husband: Thousands of 'em, darling.

W.: You have sailed; did you ever see any of them?

H.: Yes; I see one now.

W.: Goodness! Where?

H.: Right in front of you.

W.: Why, I see nothing there but my mother bathing.

THE NEW AUTOMATIC-BOX. The smiling missionary is the latest novelty in automatic boxes, and is intended to replace those which say "Thank you" when you drop in a coin for the hop-pul. By the arrangement a parson prays up his head and smiles whenever a con-

tribution is made to the fund in which he is interested. "Drop in a penny and see the parson smile" is the inscription intended for the lid.

OSIRIOUS. "Has there been any trouble, Smith, between you and your wife?" "Nothing that I know of. Why?" "Oh, it isn't of any consequence, but I saw her at the Divorce Court the other afternoon with a very set look on her face and taking voluminous notes, so I thought there might be something in the wind."

THE ROGUE. A lady in a villa a few miles out of town is doing up the front garden a bit, watering the roses and sorting the geraniums, when a tramp, such as London only produces, puts his head through the gate, showing one of those impudent, humorous, smooth, laughing faces which Hogarth loved to paint. "Go away," says the lady, angrily, "you can have nothing to eat here." Replies the tramp, lifting his ragged hat politely and making a most gentlemanly bow. "I beg your pardon, madam. I want nothing to eat. I have just had a capital dinner at your neighbour's house over the way, but if I might trouble you for a small cup of coffee now and a cigarette it would be an eternal favour."

IT WASN'T PLAT. A little boy came into his mamma with his clothes all torn, his hair full of dust, and his swollen face bearing unmistakable traces of a severe battle. "Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his parent, "How often have I told you not to play with wicked Grubbin's boy?" "Mamma," said Willie, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

TERT WILL MEET AGAIN.

A venerable old clergyman was one day riding on the outside of an omnibus, the only other passengers being three lark youths, who, seeing the parson, began in a loud voice to tell one another stories and indulge in talk of the most shocking description. The old priest sat still till he arrived at his destination; then, before alighting, he turned to his companions and very politely bade them good-bye—"till we meet again." "You needn't say that, old cock," cried one of the lads, "we shall never see you again, my boy." "Yes, you will," persisted the parson, "I'm chaplain of the gaol."

THE RULING FASHION.

The outlying Northumbrian hamlets have always been famed for the number and boldness of their poachers. Few are aware of the fierce rivalry between different families in this respect; the feeling settling down to sheer hate on some occasions. Some years ago a young Presbyterian minister had a curious revelation of this feature. He was sent for to the death-bed of one of the ruggedest and wildest sons of the soil, a man who had never been within a church door for years, but still wanted the minister to await his last as a matter of form. "I hope you are ready to go, William," said the minister. "Aye, aye," grunted the sick man in reply. "I hope also that you are at peace with all men—that you have forgiven all your enemies." "Forgiven, man! I forgive Harry Wakeford?" "If you wish for grace," "Well, well, I forgive him." "But you must do more than that, you must pray for him." "Pray for him?" questioned the dying Borderer, with a glint of his old savage energy. "I pray then that he may go to h—," but the heathen died before the word was finished.

A WISE CHOICE.

One day a countryman stepped into a photographer's shop in the Strand, and asked how much was charged for getting likenesses taken. "Fourteen shillings a dozen for Imperials," answered the photographer, "and seven for duplicates." "Ah, then I think I'll take duplicates," said the countryman.

BRIGHT SCHOLARS.

"Now, my children," said an examiner, "you know a little Latin, tell me the word for a flesh-eating animal—derived from carnis, you know." Up go several hands, and "carnivorous" pipes a treble voice. "Very good. Now what are animals that eat grain—gramen, you know." Immediately "graminivorous" was answered. "Now here is a harder question, what do you call a creature that eats everything, fish and grass, from omnis, you know. What, nobody knows, just think a little. Ah, I see that little fellow has discovered it." From a far-off corner a tiny Scotch boy cried, "A gusty brute, sir!" The name examiner asked what was the highest form of animal life, and got the reply, "The giraffe, sir."

WHY DID THEY LAUGH?

"Bobby, how is your sister, Clara, to-night?" "Oh, I guess she's pretty well, only she's awfully sober." "Yes. So she was last night, all the time I was there. I said some of my funniest things, but she looked sober the whole time." "Well, that is funny. The door was hardly closed on you before she and May began to laugh as though they'd died, and kept it up till they went upstairs to bed."

TO THOSE WHO ARE MARRIED.

This was read in the private diary of a married lady. "Ah, me, why waste time in jealous watching of one's husband. In the early honeymoon months it is unnecessary, and afterwards useless." In her husband's for the same date might be seen, "There is a cheerful ring in an engaged girl's laughter. What becomes of it after she is married a month?"

A VALUABLE SITE.

The proprietor of a little villa perched right up at the top of a hill in the neighbourhood of Paris was very anxious to sell it to a retired tradesman. But the latter, who was not eager, said, "Well, but look here now, if I were to buy a house like this, what on earth could I do with it?" "Make it into a hotel," quickly replied the would-be vendor. "You have no conception of the number of balloons that come this way."

CATARACT.

Brown did not invent gunpowder, but had some one not done it before him he was sure to have found it out, for in his own eyes he is clever enough for anything. One night at a little party he was talking with a celebrated doctor, who happened to give him an explanation which for some time he did not grasp. At last, however, he seized it, and exclaimed, "Why, how stupid I am!" "Dear me, doctor," said a lady sitting near, "Have you been operating on Mr. Brown for cataract?"

WAT BET NOT DROWNED.

A passenger who was crossing between Dover and Calais for the first time, asked if ever any one was lost on the passage? "No, never," said the captain; "sometimes it does, indeed, happen that a passenger will fall overboard, but we always find them again if they do—in about a fortnight or so."

THE OLD SCOTCH CHRISTMAS.

The substitution of New Year's Day for Christmas is a comparatively modern innovation in Scotland. In the eighteenth century all the Scotch kept Christmas; but, while the Episcopalians called these days of Yuletide mirth and jollity the holidays, the Presbyterians called them the Fast Days. On Christmas Day there used to be two tables, at one of which all the married guests were set, and at the other the unmarried. By way of gentle reminder, the health of the latter was drunk by their elders under the name of the bairns. But their great justifications were made

at funerals. John Sterling Keir tells of a man whom he met staggering home one night, and who answered to the question whence he came in that condition, "From the house of mourning." The exclamation of the dragons at Falkirk who were present at the Abbot of Abbotsham's burial is well known—"Jolly dog! A Scot's burial is merrier than our weddings!"

WANTED. The following articles have been advertised for, and will be purchased for their weight in gold by anyone who has them for sale.—The hook and line with which a fisherman caught a cold; the hammer which broke up a meeting; a fluke from the anchor of hope; a hinge from the gates of death; a necklace from the ivory gate of dreams; buttons from a coat of paint; spectacles for the eyes of a potato; dye for the beard of an oyster; earrings for an ear of corn; cheese from the milk of human kindness; butter from the cream of a joke; and eggs from a nest of thieves.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.

Old Anthony Murray, of Dollerie, was a stout old Tory, who lived at the time when tea first began to come into general use in Scotland. He despised the new beverage himself, but in his fine hospitable way offered it to his guests, and if they chose to have it, would say, "Well, get the kettle for them." Sometimes, however, he played odd tricks on such effeminate specimens of humanity. One night a neighbour came—tears were in his hard drinking times, and host and guests were all a little under the influence—and as some of them were having tea he was asked if he would care for some. Yes, he would if it were qualified with a little brandy; upon which Murray ordered the kettle to be filled with that liquor, on the sly, and a teaspoonful was poured from a little bottle into every cup to maintain the deception. The visitor expressed himself satisfied beyond measure with the excellence of the tea, but he did not keep long awake to enjoy it.

TORMENTED WITH TOOTHACHE.

It occasionally happens that a great drunkard when he sees the error of his ways will try to reform himself by taking up his residence on one of the small Orkney Islands where no drink is sold, and teetotalism is a necessity of nature. One of these, being frightfully tormented with toothache, went to the doctor to have the tooth pulled out. It was stubborn and the operator not very skilful, so the sufferer's jaws were torn about a good deal in the struggle. To keep the sufferer from fainting, the doctor gave him a glass of whisky. Would you believe it, that man suffered frightfully from toothache afterwards. Until he had not a tooth left in his head, he went every week to get one pulled out; he always looked as if he were about to faint, and he invariably got the whisky. He is now a captain in the Salvation Army.

YANKEE DELICACY.

In Boston the young ladies are so modest they faint at a bare idea; they cover their naked eyes with spectacles; they will not sit in the lap of luxury—nay, they blush when one mentions the lapse of ages, thinking lapse the plural of lap; and when they go to the seaside, they live in terror lest their waists should be encircled by the arms of the sea. These examples were collected by Mr. Austin Dobson, but he did not complete them by explaining why and when a fond parent uses the term Western Side.

A MACABONIC.

Parvus Jacobus Hornes Sedebat in corner, Edens a Christmas pie, Inferiit thumb Extraheret plump, Clamans, "Quid sharp puer am I?"

A LITANY.

From want of gold, from wives that sold, from maidens old, by sharpers sold—preserve us! From foppish sneers, mock auctioneers, and woman's tears—deliver us! From stinging flies, and coal-black eyes, and babies' cries—deliver us! From seedy coats, protested notes, and leaky boats—protect us! From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded bores, and dry-good stores—protect us! From shabby coats, and torn cravats, and flying brick-bats—save us!

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

William Hamilton, the poet, lived in very hard-drinking times, and was himself a deep imbibor. One night, at a gentleman's house, when the guests went to get their horses to go away, they were all very drunk, but especially William, and when all the rest had mounted he was missing. Candles being brought to search for him, he was at length discovered among the horses' feet, hardly able to do more than articulate, "Lady Mary, sweet Lady Mary! when you are good you are too good." He was alluding to the legend of the man who, being unable to mount his horse, prayed to the Virgin for aid, and was so much strengthened that at his next leap he jumped over it.

AFTER KINGSLEY—A LONG WAY.

Three women went shopping out in the West, out into the West-end of London town. Each had on the bonnet she kept for her best; and they ordered things wholesale and had 'em put down. For men must work and women must waste; and what's earned at leisure is spent in haste, though the husbands all are moaning. Three men sat up at a late hour, and trimmed their accounts as the sun went down. They looked for a squall, and they looked sad and sour, and their coat sleeves were rolled up all ragged and brown. For men must work and women must waste, and though the husbands all are moaning. Three wives they are out in the bairn's hands, on the sowing of one who wants money down. But the debtors, poor devils, can't meet their demands; so they go to a sponging-house kept in the town. For men must work and women must waste; and the parents are beggared, the children disgraced, and good-bye to paps and his moaning.

A COOL REQUEST.

Near a little town in the Midlands is a fine est-ge, the game on which used to suffer severely from the depredations of a clever, bold poacher. It was impossible to take him, for his operations were all carried on in solitude, and he had a watchful guardian in the shape of a wise little dog. Still every little game gets played out at last, and the poacher, who drank all the proceeds of his depredations, fell into misery. What was the proprietor's surprise one Christmas time to receive a visit from the individual he had tried often to take in the act! Conscience-stricken at last, he said to himself, Never was he more mistaken. The man came to beg a Christmas dinner, "for," said he, "I've been very ill with the rheumatism, sir, and am not able now to lie out at night." "I called him an impudent rogue, and gave him half-a-crown," says the gentleman now when he tells the story.

THE WIDOWS AGAIN.

Bishop Barnett was one of the simplest and kindest of prelates, qualities of which advantage was sometimes taken. On one occasion a young lady, the widow of a clergyman in his diocese with whom he was on friendly terms, to whom, in fact, he had been exceedingly kind, took it into her head that she was deeply in love with him. Finding that he was long in proposing, she went to him in a lonely walk where he was accustomed to

think out his sermons. After some remarks had passed, she said, "Oh, my lord, I had a revelation last night!" "Indeed," he replied, "I hardly imagined you would have been so highly honoured, what is it?" "I scarcely like to tell you, it was so extraordinary." "Tut—speak up, I may be able to help you." "Well, my lord, it was that you and I were to be married." For a moment the Bishop was silent and abashed, then he said slowly, "I think it strange and wonderful, but before acting upon it we will wait and see if it comes to me also." It did not come.

A USELESS SACRIFICE.

Mrs. Stirling, the mother of Lord Elbank, was, in her youth, very good looking, though rather eccentric. One of her lovers protested that he was ready to lay down his life for her sake. "Oh, nonsense," she retorted, "I do not believe you would part with a joint of your little finger for my whole body." Next day the gentleman returned and presented her triumphantly with the joint of one of his little fingers, which he had had amputated to please her. But he made a mistake. She still would have nothing to do with him, "for," she explained, "the man who has no mercy on his own flesh will not spare mine!"

ONE OF QUIN'S JOSES.

When Mr. afterwards Sir Andrew, Mitchell was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Tweeddale he begged a literary club to excuse him if he should be less punctual in attending. "Gentlemen," said Quin, who was also a member, "that reminds me of what once passed on board a man-of-war. The captain asked a sailor what he was doing. 'Why nothing, please your honour.' 'And what may you be about?' said he to another, 'Helping John, sir.'"

CHOOSING THE MINISTER.

Lord Dundas used to tell some curious stories about the manner in which old-fashioned Scotch congregations used to choose their minister. In a Clyde-side church a number of candidates had preached without making the slightest impression. At last a young man appeared, of whom the headie conceived so good an opinion that he said to him: "Sir, there are two nails in our pulpit, one of which our late worthy minister used to hang his hat. None of the rest have hit on it. If you put your hat on the right nail it will please." He did so, and was chosen. Here is another and funnier example from Glasgow. A candidate preached there who had a very severe cold. Having forgotten his handkerchief he was obliged often while preaching to wipe his nose with his hand. The people fixed on him as a homely lad, who blew his nose on his loof!

IT WOULD FIT HER NEIGHBOUR.

A young lawyer used to visit a wealthy lady whom he was very desirous of pleasing for the sake of the large amount of business she could put in his way. But this was difficult, for she was a frightful scold, and had an ungovernable tongue. One Sunday morning, when he was staying at her house, she went on so bitterly about a certain Lady S—, who was also a friend of his, that to change the subject he offered to read her a sermon from Butler, for she affected to be very religious. She agreed, and he, who was not very familiar with this kind of literature, started at random, and never noticed till he was in the thick of it, that the subject was "The Government of the Tongue." He was bound to go on, though he said to himself, "By Jove, I've done it now; she will take it all to herself." That shows what he knew about feminine nature. She listened with the greatest attention, and when he was done said, "Thank you very much. It is a most delightful sermon. The writer must have composed it for the special benefit of Lady S—. It fits her to a T."

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A Melbourne newspaper has been occupying itself with making a collection of those quaint sayings of children which are the delight of mothers, though the majority pass unrecorded. We all know for ourselves the little three-year-old who says things like this, "Auntie, the moon is going to sleep now; see 'em pull the sheet up over it." So, too, the unfortunate bachelor uncle who is getting bare as to his top, seldom escapes from a mischief like her who, when she got on a chair to comb his hair, called out, "Mamma, auntie, look here, quick; uncle is barefooted on the top of his head." Nor is the following story at all incredible—A little girl, five years old, was sitting down beside her mother on a stool outside in the park in San Diego, California, one lovely day, with slate and pencil in her hand. She was trying to draw a house, but gave it up after a good deal of rubbing and cleaning the slate. Finally, after a short pause, the little girl decided she would draw the San Miguel mountains, whose majestic peaks rise east of the city. She had just completed part of the outline of the mountains, when, as she glanced up for another look, a thick fog passed over them. "Oh, mamma, mamma, just look!" she exclaimed, "Dad has wubbed out San Miguel mountain!"

SELLING SIR JAMES HANSEN.

We suppose that the following story was like Japhet—in search of a father—when it got hooked on to the anecdotal biography of the President of the Parnell Commission. Sir James is well known, is a most correct and conscientious man, one who hardly ever makes a mistake. But he did stumble once. A demure, somewhat dressed jurymen, in melancholy tones, claimed exemption from serving, and Sir James, in kind and sympathetic tones, asked "On what ground?" "My lord," said the jurymen, "I am deeply interested in a funeral which takes place to-day, and am most anxious to follow." "Certainly, and your plea is a just one." The man departed, and a moment after Sir James Hansen learned that he was—the undertaker.

DRAWING THE BADGER.

The scene of the following story has been depicted, some being inclined to attribute it to Tottenham Court-road, which at Christmas time long ago used to be given up to cock-fighting and badger-baiting, but it seems certain that it actually occurred at a small public-house in Cheltenham about 40 years ago. An old fellow named Marmon was a great character in those days, and he possessed nearly the ugliest sheep-dog in the neighbourhood. Well, they were all talking one day about a badger in a box, when, to their surprise, old Marmon burst in with, "I bet any man I'll draw him with my dog Ned." At first they thought he was joking, but as he persisted the bet was taken, the money staked, and the badger with the badger produced. They thought Marmon had let himself in, for a more cowardly-looking brute than his dog it would have been hard to find. But they did not know him—the man, not the dog. Very quietly and methodically he proceeded to tie the mouth of his cur with a stout rope; then deliberately took it in his arms and showed it, stern first, into the box. Immediately, of course, the badger fastened on its hind legs, and then old Marmon drew it out